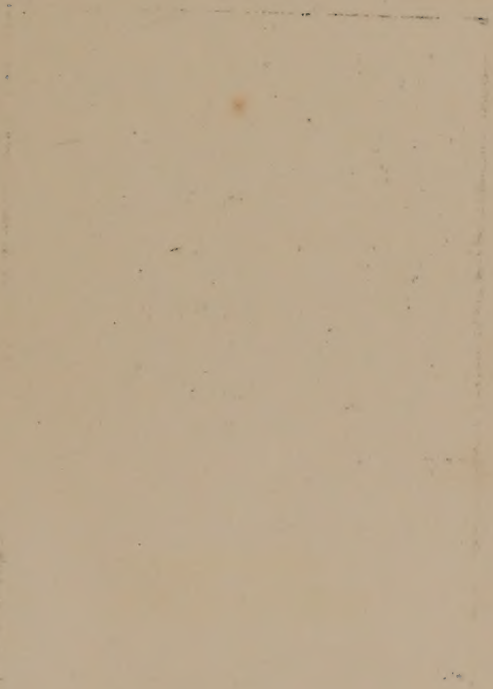
The Social Side of Diplomatic Life

Maude Parker Child



THE SOCIAL SIDE OF DIPLOMATIC LIFE

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The Royal Belgian Family

Left to right: Princess Marie-José; Prince Charles Theodore, Count of Flanders; Queen Elizabeth; King Albert; and Prince Leopold, Duke of Brabant

The SOCIAL SIDE *of* DIPLOMATIC LIFE

By

MAUDE PARKER CHILD

ILLUSTRATED

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PUBLISHERS INDIANAPOLIS

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FOREWORD

When it was suggested that I write about my experiences as the wife of the American Ambassador in Rome, the first thought was of the diaries which recorded these events in chronological order.

Upon further consideration the conclusion was reached that this chronicle of current details and impressions formed an incomplete picture without the inclusion of the more general observations which had been induced by them. The narration of both, it was hoped, might prove of greater interest to the reader than the mere literal transcription of daily routine.

The wife of a diplomat is certain to participate in scenes of pictorial and occasionally dramatic flavor; the wife of an American diplomat, in addition, faces certain problems which differ from those of the representatives of other countries. These duties and pleasures I have tried to set forth in much the sequence in which they occurred during almost three years' residence abroad and during various visits to a dozen capitals of Europe.

M. P. C.

Washington, D. C.

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THE SOCIAL SIDE OF DIPLOMATIC LIFE

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CHAPTER I

FROM WASHINGTON TO NAPLES

JUST after my husband had been appointed ambassador to Italy, I happened to be lunching with two enthusiastic women in Washington. "Diplomacy must be fascinating!" said my hostess. "Just think of the people one meets, and of the statesmen who make history—perhaps over one's own dinner table—"

The other guest interrupted her with a superior smile. "That day's past, my dear. Business is the most important thing now. Haven't you heard of the new shirt-sleeve diplomacy? It's the office, not the drawing-room, that counts to-day. The relationship between nations depends upon economic interplay!"

She sat back complacently and accepted another helping of sweet-breads from the impassive butler.

"But what difference does it make whether it's economic or political interplay?" the hostess retorted.

"It all boils down to mutual trust and liking. Therefore the social end must be vitally important!"

This restated a question to which I had just begun to give personal consideration. On my trips to Europe and the Orient, which up to this time had been unofficial, I had enjoyed the hospitality of many of our diplomats, but I had taken for granted that their social diversions were quite separate from their real business of representing our country.

But if it were true that the two activities were closely interrelated, I saw that it would add greatly to the interest which the new experience promised, and materially to the responsibility!

During the busy weeks of preparation for life in Rome, I was confronted with so many problems of a domestic nature, which inevitably attend a transatlantic journey in midsummer with two little girls aged one and three, that I found no time to reflect upon the more hypothetical questions which are a luxury of leisure.

The ten days' voyage on a comfortable Italian ship, however, afforded an opportunity to take out of mental pigeonholes certain observations which had been tucked away during an unusually interesting winter.

For after Mr. Harding's election but before he had taken office, Washington was a hotbed of naive intrigue. Every one wanted something and made little attempt to disguise it. Office-seekers, who had been crumbless for eight years, now emerged from all

parts of the country, hungrily stalking whole loaves or half loaves of political appointments and favors.

But for every dozen men who wanted to be secretary of state, at least a hundred women expected this place for their husbands. For voracious as were the potential officials, their wives were usually much more ravenous.

Dinners, balls, teas, and most deadly of all, little intimate luncheons, were given continuously by ambitious women, who, either because they wanted official position or because they desired a good list for the new social season, wanted to entertain the men said to be "close to the new president." This was the magic phrase of that winter. All entertaining seemed to swing around it.

As my husband knew Mr. and Mrs. Harding intimately, we had unusual opportunities to observe both sides of this game. But although this insight was illuminating and extremely amusing, it led sometimes to embarrassing situations. For instance, President Harding told my husband, weeks before the official announcement was made, that he wanted him to go as ambassador to Italy.

It then transpired that a great number of other men ardently desired to go to Italy as ambassador, and, moreover, deluded themselves into the belief that through some potent influence, usually "a certain senator," their wish was to be fulfilled. It seemed to me that I could go nowhere without hearing this matter discussed. Indeed, one aspirant took me into a

corner after an exceptionally good dinner one evening, and after swearing me to secrecy, confided that he was certain he was going to be appointed the new ambassador to Italy!

"For years this has been our dream," he said. "And all winter now, my wife has been busy pulling wires. I am practically sure we shall get it! She knows how to play the game, all right."

He looked across the long drawing-room at his handsomely gowned wife who was seated on a small sofa talking earnestly to a member of the Foreign Relations Committee.

"Look at her!" he said proudly. "She never wastes a moment. For years she's been leading up to this. She knows just the right people to approach, too."

Fortunately, some one else came up just then, and my confiding acquaintance left. Later in the same evening the senator whom I had seen talking to the wire-pulling wife also gave me a confidence.

"I'm worn out!" he said. "It certainly will be a relief when all these appointments are announced officially. Do you know what that woman expects?"

"Indeed I do." We both laughed, for he was one of the half-dozen people who then knew of my husband's appointment.

"Well, even if it weren't all settled, I'd be against their going. She's hounded me for months, invited me, weeks in advance, to all sorts of parties, and she nabs me wherever I am and tells me how wonderful it would be to go to Rome." He sighed.

© *Wide World Photo*

Honorable Henry P. Fletcher (second from left, front row), Baron Russo, Franklin Mott Gunther

Mr. J. H. Thomas of the British Embassy

"But then, she's not the only one. At least twenty other women have done the same thing. And if it's not Rome, it's Madrid, or Paris, or London. In fact, I'm so tired of it all that I've about decided to refuse all invitations until every darned appointment is published in the papers. I've about reached the point where if one more woman talks cabinet positions or embassies to me, I shall tell her that for this reason alone I'd be glad to keep her husband out of public life."

"It doesn't seem to be a very successful method, then, does it?"

"No! I should say it's not successful. The proof of office seeking is in the getting, and not one of the new appointments has been made from this group!"

I was to learn later in Rome after Mussolini had come into power and there was a scramble for political and diplomatic appointments resembling that which followed Harding's election, that most men who have favors to distribute agree with the senator.

This, however, was evidence on the negative side; it merely proved that the unwise interjection of politics into social life might prove fatal to the success of both.

It is difficult to determine the exact moment when thoughts which are apparently unconnected fit themselves of their own volition into a pattern so complete that one may call it an idea. During the long sunny days on board ship, between excellent meals of *risotto Milanese* and *polenta Napolitana,* and writing notes

to friends whose flowers and books filled the sitting-room of our *suite de luxe,* whose walls had been especially decorated with flowered yellow silk for a former voyage of Caruso, I reflected upon examples of various phases of diplomatic life which I had observed during unofficial activities.

However, these various incidents had not yet formed themselves into a clear impression even when we found ourselves entering the beautiful Bay of Naples. They were put back again for future consideration, although this time into one pigeonhole and metaphorically fastened together with an elastic band destined to hold countless other diverse yet related experiences.

The first tangible evidence of the new official life appeared in the presence of a white uniformed officer of the Royal Navy, who greeted us in the name of the Italian Government. We were informed that we need not wait for the usual landing of our ship but would be taken immediately across the harbor in his launch to our hotel. Our baggage entered, of course, without examination, according to universal diplomatic usage.

Benjamin Riggs, Second Secretary of our Embassy, had come down from Rome; he met us at the boat, together with Coert du Bois, who was acting consul in the absence of our able Consul-General, Mr. Byington. By good fortune, we were to see Mr. and Mrs. du Bois on many other occasions, each of which increased our regard and affection for them.

A huge American flag had been hung over our balcony, and on that night of full moon it seemed as if every strolling serenader in the streets of Naples came to sing beneath our windows. The bay was shimmering and white; in the distance Vesuvius occasionally sent up a shower of red sparks, and the powerful baritone voices below changed from *O Sole Mio* to *Bella Napoli* and back again.

All of the problems of material details, even that important duty of finding a house when we arrived in Rome, seemed remote and trivial. Even then the incomparable beauty of Italy had begun to make itself felt as well as seen.

"Diplomatic life augurs well," I thought sleepily, even as I looked through my dictionary for the Italian equivalent of "enough."

"Basta! Basta!" we called then to the serenaders, with another shower of small coins to make sure they understood.

As the singers gradually departed the more distant sounds of the fishermen in the little boats of the harbor became audible. But before the heavy shutters had been closed, the moonlight which a moment earlier had seemed destined to reveal only what was romantic and care free, now fell upon a table in the center of the room. It revealed a pile of notes, telegrams and visiting cards, all of which would have to be attended to at once.

CHAPTER II

GETTING SETTLED IN ROME

It was broad daylight when we arrived in Rome. We were met by the entire embassy staff, headed by the Counselor of Embassy, Frank Gunther, and his pretty vivacious wife, (Louie Hunnewell). Even before we reached the Grand Hotel, where rooms had been engaged temporarily for us, the difficulty of renting a suitable embassy had been discussed.

We dined that night informally with the Gunthers on the terrace overlooking the garden of their charming house, and they gave us a list of available places. Our immediate problem, however, was to find some cooler spot than Rome where the children might escape the stifling heat of August and September.

The most picturesque diversion of the next few crowded days was furnished early one morning by the arrival at our hotel of three magnificent scarlet coaches drawn by white horses, with footman and outriders in gorgeous scarlet and white livery which were sent from the Quirinal—the royal palace—to take my husband, accompanied by his staff, to present his credentials to the king. Our military and naval *attachés* were in full dress uniform, while the rest of the men were self-conscious in evening clothes, with black

studs in their shirts and bands of crêpe around their silk hats in deference to the court mourning for the King of Montenegro, the queen's father. The newly arrived ambassador is only completely accredited and ready for official work after this ceremonious presentation to the king of his letter of credentials from the president.

At the first large dinner given for us the Brambillas were hosts. Julia Brambilla was the daughter of George von L. Meyer who had been American Ambassador in many capitals, including Rome, and it was quite fitting that she should have married an able Italian diplomat of career. No one enjoys with more zest than she the entire panorama of official life. Later she was to furnish me with a striking example of her skill in the diplomatic as well as the social side. The other guests were the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Marchese della Toretta, Baron Romano Avezzano who until lately had been the Italian Ambassador in Washington and whose wife was American; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, of the British Embassy who were justly termed decorative; Frank and Louie Gunther, and Cleveland Perkins who had gone with us as my husband's personal secretary and had quickly become a loyal and invaluable friend.

We waited for some time for young Prince Eugenio Ruspoli to turn up, but we had arrived at coffee before he dashed in, went down on both knees in front of his hostess and kissed her hands in apology. The other diners in the Grand Hotel were mildly

amused; he remained with his tall figure in this abject position while he explained that he had entirely forgotten his promise to dine until the clock had struck eleven. We were told that his mother had been American; it began to seem as if every one we met had either English or American connections.

Donna Beatrice Theodoli, whom I had met the winter before in New York, sent me lovely flowers from her villa. We were delighted to find that her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Blair Thaw, were staying with her and her husband, Don Francesco Theodoli. Donna Beatrice has made for herself an enviable place in Roman society, particularly among the distinguished old families of Vatican affiliation whom few Americans encounter.

With the Gunthers we motored out to Fiuggi, a delightful resort in the hills two hours from Rome, and were so pleased with it that we engaged rooms and prepared to move the children the next day.

Several other members of the diplomatic corps were staying there, for the heads of missions usually remain in Rome in the summer only at times of political crises.

Sir George Buchanan, the British Ambassador, and his wife, the Lady Georgina, were among our first acquaintances there. They had had long experience in diplomacy, and Sir George had been given Rome as a retiring post. He was a man of unusual cultivation and of gentleness, yet he did not allow his interest in the minor poets to lessen his perceptive-

ness in regard to undercurrents of politics. Lady Georgina, then an invalid, talked to me a great deal of her experiences and observations during years of diplomatic life.

Their only daughter, Meriel, had shown marked aptitude in writing, and altogether we all found much in common.

Two of the outstanding figures of the American colony in Rome were also staying at our hotel in Fiuggi. They were Mrs. Berdan and her intimate friend, Mrs. Woodworth, who had given up residence in that which she always called her beloved America, so that she might live near her frail daughter, the Countess di Cellere. Although they were both over eighty they were possessed of extraordinary charm and individuality. Our friendship, which began there under the giant trees of the pineta where the children played and I tried to master the impressive pluperfect of Italian verbs, was one of the greatest rewards of my entire stay in Rome.

For part of the time Mrs. Haseltine was there. Her husband had been a well-known painter during that period when so much American talent had made a famous group in Rome. Herbert Haseltine, her son, who now lives in Paris, is a distinguished sculptor of animals. Mrs. Haseltine inspired us with a desire to go immediately to Siena, where she spends part of every summer.

In Siena we ran into Mrs. Hasbrouck, wife of our new naval *attaché*. She is a woman of such fineness

of character as well as personal attractiveness, that we were delighted to have her as a member of the official family.

Another remarkable woman at Fiuggi, for whom I grew to have not only admiration, but affection, was the Princess Yousoupoff, a Russian. She was suffering from a painful affliction of the eyes, but was usually at home in her cool darkened sitting-room in the afternoon, where we all felt it a privilege to be admitted. Her son, young Prince Yousoupoff, came later to the United States.

Every one commiserated with us in our attempts to find a house. "Why doesn't a rich country like America provide a permanent embassy for her representative?" was the standard question, not only of foreigners, but of our own people.

"Even a little country like Siam has its own legation!" some one declared, "and as for the larger ones, when a new British ambassadress comes to Rome, she can go directly from the station into a spacious, dignified embassy, built by their government for entertaining, fully equipped and furnished, and partially staffed with permanent servants. Added to this, the remuneration of the British Ambassador is almost three times that of the American Ambassador. It's a disgrace to our country that each of our new ambassadors not only has to pay his own rent but has the added burden of house-hunting!"*

*The salary of the American Ambassador is $17,500 a year. In some capitals more than this entire amount is paid for the rent of a suitable embassy.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Underwood Johnson who had preceded us had stayed in a hotel. We had determined not to do this but we became more and more discouraged at the seeming impossibility of finding a place which would be adequate for entertaining and also livable.

Of course, innumerable houses were suggested. Every day at least a dozen letters were received at our hotel telling us of "exactly the right thing." And day after day, in the intense August heat, we would start out hopefully to investigate these marvels only to find them unsuitable in some way. Those which had the requisite number of bedrooms were usually modern villas with small drawing-rooms, and dining-rooms.

The old *palazzi* apartments which pleased us because of their charm and beautiful high-ceilinged *salons,* rarely had more than two bedrooms.

Then some one else came along and said that the Duchess of Sermoneta, the owner of the famous Palazzo Orsini, was willing to rent the central wing, consisting of forty-six rooms and a private garden, which she had spent the last two years remodeling and furnishing for her own use.

We went through narrow cobbled streets toward the Tiber, beyond the Piazza Montanara, then turned into a wide gateway where a liveried porter stood guard. The dust and noise and heat were forgotten as we went up a winding drive, through giant chestnut trees, to the great palace of faded yellow traver-

tine, which had been built during the Middle Ages upon the ruins of the Roman Theater of Marcellus.

At the central doors we dismounted and another liveried porter showed us up the great marble staircase, carpeted in red velvet. In the entrance room we saw the huge throne of tapestry bearing the Colonna arms (the owner was born Princess Colonna), showing that hundreds of years ago there had been a Colonna Pope, who, when he visited his family, had been seated beneath this canopy.

We went from one cool and spacious room to another; three beautiful drawing-rooms, the dining-room and the library all opened with French windows into an enchanting court garden which has existed for hundreds of years. Precise little flower beds, gay with snapdragons and daisies and the dwarfed mandarin trees, were surrounded by gravel paths; the gentle splashing of seven fountains emphasized that curious stillness which occurs only in surroundings of great age. Vines of lemons, oranges, wisteria, yellow and pink roses climbed in their season upon the ancient walls; forget-me-nots, mignonette and lemon verbena grew there, too—there was everything in that garden!

As soon as we had seen it we knew that the place would be ours if we could humanly arrange it. Moreover the palace had not only a romantic atmosphere due to its great age and interesting history, but every room showed the exquisite taste of its owner. There were even the prosy advantages of four newly in-

stalled bathrooms, central heating, and open fireplaces. We signed a two years' lease, as we hoped to return to America after that time.

The next step was to engage servants. One by one I saw various applicants for the position of major-domo—as he was the keynote of the staff—until I secured an excellent man who had been in charge at the well-run Austrian Embassy before the war. Next in importance was the *chef*—then the others were easily found.

On the first of October we installed ourselves. Our rooms were fragrant with lovely flowers sent by Mrs. Nelson Gay, an American who had a splendid apartment next ours, and who proved to be the most delightful of neighbors. Mr. Gay has the finest Risorgiomento library in the world, and his sincere interest in many phases of Italian intellectual life has made for him a unique place in Rome.

My strictly official duties could not begin until after I had been received by Her Majesty, Queen Elena, who was still in the country. This afforded a pleasant respite before the beginning of an arduous social season. We succumbed quickly to the charm of Rome and spent many hours walking through the old quarter, going at random into churches and galleries, with one memorable afternoon on the Palatine with Boni, the famous archeologist. He was old and beginning to be infirm, but he kept up his great labor of love in reconstructing Rome as it had been in the days of Cæsar. Even his garden through which we

walked after tea contained only flowers and shrubs which were known to antiquity.

These weeks of comparative leisure were also useful in adjusting ourselves to an entirely new regimen.

Embassy servants require a different point of view from those in a private house, as the demands upon an official are greater in number and different in kind. The men who answer the door, for instance, must be quick to learn whom to admit and whom to turn away. Yet they must use this discrimination with the utmost politeness. As they deal continually with foreigners, it is sometimes extremely difficult for them to know just what to do. We were fortunate enough to get an excellent *maître d'hôtel* who had had previous experience in an embassy. His only flaw was that he did not understand English, which helped our practise of Italian, but sometimes led to difficulties for our guests. We engaged as an assistant to him a young Italian who assured us of his mastery of English. The first week that he was in the house I received an invitation from an American friend that called for an answer by telephone, so I asked the footman to deliver the message. I gave him the number and name carefully, and instructed him to say that we accepted with pleasure.

After a few minutes he came back beaming.

"They say all very glad come."

"Who? Come where?" I asked.

"You tell me invite all come here Thursday. All coming."

At last, after much cross-examination, we discovered that he had invited the entire police force of Rome to dine with us!

He was able to speak English, to be sure, but at that time he could not understand a word that was spoken to him and dared not tell us for fear of losing his position.

Housekeeping details proved easy on the whole, however, and were made easier by the unfailing good nature of the Italians. It sometimes seemed as if they rejoiced in those last minute announcements that there would be six extra people for luncheon or thirty-two for tea. Every morning the white-capped Neapolitan *chef* would appear in the library where I attended to my correspondence, with suggested menus. Often I approved them entirely; sometimes I substituted other dishes. Then I put down the number of people expected for luncheon, tea and dinner.

Various people came informally from time to time; we gave a small dinner for Sir George and Lady Georgina Buchanan, who were leaving for England, and at another time we were delighted to have Edna St. Vincent Millay, whom we had known in New York, and General Peyton March.

Our first formal entertainment was an evening reception in honor of the return from America of General Diaz, just made *Duca della Vittoria.* He told me one night when he took me in to dinner at the splendid house of a delightful American hostess, Miss Kemp, why he chose this title.

"Usually," he said, in Italian, "a duke represents a particular section of the country. His title is derived from that section, and he gets certain revenues with the title. I thought much about this, and finally I concluded that I would not be the duke of any one section. So I asked to be called *Duca della Vittoria* [leader of the victory]. In this way every soldier in my army shares in my title."

Needless to say, General Diaz is a man of great ability and charm, without personal fortune, beloved by all Italy.

Various members of the American colony returned to Rome after summers spent in mountains or seaside resorts. The Gunthers gave a delightful dinner for us to which they invited a number of the outstanding figures in this large group.

There we met Mr. and Mrs. George Wurts, whose splendid dinners we were soon to enjoy. Mr. Wurts was for many years in our diplomatic service but since his retirement they have found life most agreeable in the Italian capital. No one in Rome today entertains more splendidly; one of the famous courses of their formal dinners consists of magnificent white peacocks (raised at their near-by villa) which are served on gold platters. The very decorations of their table, always varied, express in lavishness and personal care the spirit of hospitality for which they are noted.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gay we met distinguished people of all sets and of all nationalities.

Another charming compatriot is the Duchess d' Arcos, whose husband was formerly the ambassador of Spain in Rome. They now occupy a beautiful apartment in the Palazzo Brancaccio. Their dinners are marked by rare distinction and elegance, yet their most unforgettable quality arises from the warmth produced by the hosts themselves.

Madame Tommasetti, who was the daughter of Mrs. Berdan, is another American woman who has lived many years in Italy. Her first husband was Marion Crawford, the novelist, and after his death she married Signor Tommasetti, a delightful and cultivated Italian. At their luncheon table we found excellent conversation, and met from time to time a number of interesting people. Madame Tommasetti herself talks brilliantly but is equally eloquent as a listener.

We dined in the Palazzo Colonna with Countess Marcella Gianotti, whose mother had been American and whose father had been master of ceremonies at the Italian court. She is a handsome woman with great skill in entertaining, and her parties were always delightful.

We were proud that two of the loveliest women of the entire diplomatic corps—Madame van Roijen, wife of the Minister of Holland, and Mrs. Kennard, whose husband was counselor of the British Embassy, were Americans.

One of the two or three most beautiful women in Rome, Donna Diana Pearcy, had an American

mother. Her father, the Marchese Theodoli, was Italian. She has never been in the United States, yet she carries a certain indefinable flavor of western vigor beneath the poise and charm of her Latin heritage.

Another early acquaintance and permanent friend was Salvatore Cortesi, for many years the Associated Press correspondent in Rome. As his wife had been an American he had often been in our country and has many close affiliations with it. His true understanding of the United States and his earnest desire that the two countries understand each other, cause him to be a link of the greatest value. But beyond this, his delightful humor, great intelligence and above all, his genuine kindliness made him a person of delightful companionableness.

We also met and liked Edgar Mowrer, an American journalist of literary ability, and his wife, a talented English girl with keen interest in every branch of modern art. At their hospitable apartment in an old *palazzo* we met many interesting people whom we would not have encountered in the ordinary course of diplomatic life.

It was a source of great pleasure to us when Mr. and Mrs. Felix Lamond arrived in Rome. Mr. Lamond opened the Music department of the American Academy, and no one could have been better equipped in enthusiasm and ability to inspire and encourage young composers. Mrs. Lamond is equally skilled in the realms of hospitality and friendliness.

I grew to be very fond of Mrs. Lewis Iddings, whose husband was a retired American diplomat. At dinner at their house we met the distinguished French Ambassador, Monsieur Camille Barrère, and his wife. Madame Barrère asked me to come and see her informally, without waiting until after my presentation to the queen, whose arrival from the North had been postponed.

CHAPTER III

PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN

In November a note arrived from the lady-in-waiting then on duty at the Royal Palace, announcing that the queen would receive my husband and me together on a certain afternoon at four o'clock. This ceremony was very simple, without any of the medieval pageantry which had accompanied my husband's presentation.

We went in our own motor in conventional calling clothes to the Quirinal, where footmen escorted us to her majesty's apartments. The Countess di Trinità welcomed us, then the doors were flung open and we entered a lovely square gold and yellow drawing-room, in the center of which stood the queen, a tall handsome woman with black hair and kindly brown eyes, dressed in black with beautiful pearls. At the threshold I curtsied; we advanced a few steps, I made another curtsey; as I reached her and she gave me her hand with a gracious greeting, I made the last of the prescribed curtsies. She asked us to be seated and talked informally for perhaps half an hour.

Among other things she told us that she subscribed regularly to the *American Medical Journal.* We had heard that she had keen interest in the ad-

vance of science and even as a young girl, the daughter of the King of Montenegro, she had busied herself with work among the children of the poor. Now her clinics are a splendid testimonial to her scientific knowledge as well as her warm maternal sympathies. When talking of subjects which really interest her, the queen loses the trace of shyness which her disinclination for formal life has produced. She told us in the most amusing way the comments of her children about her English—which as a matter of fact is very good, but about which they tease her, as their own is perfect.

Royalty terminates all interviews, usually by indirect signals, so one must watch attentively. In this case the queen said: "I hope you will enjoy your stay here," and as we thanked her we rose. In backing out of the room I made three curtsies again.

Shortly after this the Queen Mother, Margherita, received me alone in much the same way, except that as she greeted me, and again as she said good-by, she kissed me on both cheeks. This is in accordance, I believe, with the former court tradition of considering diplomats as "courtesy cousins." The queen mother was justly famous for her charm, intelligence and wide range of interests; she had also the irresistible quality of being genuinely interested in people. For instance, when she spoke with regard of several American residents of Rome, I told her that I had just heard of the sudden death of the husband of one of them. She expressed deep regret, and the widow

said later that her majesty wrote in her own hand that very day.

"But," she added, "she has always been kindness itself. A few years ago when she learned that my daughter was very ill and had to be sent to the hospital, she at once dispatched her own carriage, saying that the springs would jar her less than any other in Rome. I think of her not as a brilliant queen but as the most understanding and sympathetic of friends."

After these two royal visits had been paid, my days became crowded with engagements.

First of all, I called upon the wife of the minister of foreign affairs, and then in order of precedence, upon the wives of the other ambassadors. The hours of all these visits were arranged by an interchange of formal notes, as they were not an empty matter of leaving cards but were to serve the useful purpose of our becoming known to one another. Each of these calls was then returned, also by appointment.

After that I had no more official calls to make. The entire diplomatic corps leave cards upon new officials, but with this exception Roman etiquette demands that no one shall call without being previously presented.

This rule resulted in a stream of people being brought up whenever we went out; the next day a shower of cards would be left upon us. These could be returned by messenger, fortunately, and the names of the callers transferred to our lists.

Foreign diplomats play a different part in Ro-

© *Wide World Photo*

Prince Humbert, Sir George W. Buchanan and attendants

Prince and Princess Yousoupoff

© Wide World Photo

man society than in our own capital. Washington hostesses are eager to entertain the representatives of other countries and will therefore rush to call and to send invitations weeks in advance, even sometimes by cable, before the new ambassador has sailed for America. But in Rome, the eagerness is more on the side of being entertained by the diplomats, especially the British and the Americans, from whom most is expected.

This is not due to lack of hospitable inclinations so much as to a high standard of entertainment which post-war economic conditions make impossible for many Romans of the old aristocracy. They have an inherited love of splendor and elegance which is difficult to adjust to the casual unplanned entertaining of modern society. Therefore in many cases, believing that they can no longer give dinners and balls on a superb scale, they prefer not to give them at all, and those in the court or "White" set—as distinguished from the "Blacks" of Vatican adherence—are apt to look to the foreign embassies and legations for entertainment.

Another dictum regarding the exchange of cards which did not affect us, but disturbed a great many unofficial visitors, decreed that the newcomer, with the exception of certain diplomats, shall call first upon the established residents. Bearing in mind that even in this case a personal introduction is necessary, the stranger bent upon doing the correct thing found himself hopelessly bewildered.

"Who is the woman in black, with pearls, the Duchess or Princess or Something you introduced me to?" was a uniform question at teas or receptions.

All the other members of our staff had to obey these rules; some of them carried little note-books into which they would write down the approximate names of all the people they could remember, as soon as they had a moment when they would be unobserved. Then they would go home and look into the White Book—which corresponds with the Social Register in American cities—hoping that they could find in it the correct name and address of the elusive duchess or princess.

The Romans, however, were more apt to forgive a breach of punctiliousness than were certain members of the resident American colony. If the young *attachés* and secretaries, or their wives, failed to call on them within a day or two after they had been presented, it was sometimes considered a matter of real gravity.

After learning the procedure of the court and diplomatic circles, it was well for the newcomer to become acquainted with the inner intrigues and more especially the enmities which lay beneath the social surface. The feuds of the Kentucky mountaineers and the *vendette* of the Sicilians were no more vital to their participants than were these tea-table antagonisms. Nor could these be laid to the Latin temperament, by which northern people like to explain everything which eludes their understanding. The

Americans, including some of the permanent residents and certain women who had married Italians, were well to the front in this phase of social life. There is danger of course that the newcomer will be so overwhelmed by this gossip that she will become self-conscious.

One afternoon when I was expecting a small group to tea, the earliest arrival told me of the deadly hatred existing between two of the women I had asked. Presently one of them came in, and I prayed that she would leave before the other arrived. But my anxiety was wasted. When the second woman entered the room, her avowed enemy arose and kissed her on both cheeks!

When the head of a diplomatic mission goes to any new country there is always a sharp contest between a number of residents there as to which one will act as social impresario. Some of the claimants will be natives of the foreign country, some expatriated members of the diplomat's own country, and others may be fellow diplomats. The preparatory work for this strategic position often begins as soon as the appointment is rumored, and it is sometimes so subtle that it is hard to detect. But it not only represents a nuisance, it has sometimes proved a real factor of misfortune if the diplomatist or his wife is not fully aware of its pitfalls.

In capitals where society is keenly interested in official entertaining, the desire to establish intimacy and to occupy the position of adviser to a new ambas-

sadress or minister's wife means a great deal to many people. Not all such aspirants are actuated by unfriendly motives; on the contrary, they usually desire to be helpful, but the significant fact is that they present their advice without waiting to be asked for it.

Especially in countries where the aristocracy is impoverished is it true that much of the brilliant entertaining is carried on to-day by the foreign embassies and legations. For this reason the persons who can advise a new diplomat whom to ask to his parties are able to pay off many of their own social debts as well as to score many of their social enemies. For although the advice as to whom to include piles up very fast, the even more insistent counsel as to whom to exclude is mountainous.

A bewildered newcomer who took all advice seriously let a woman she had known at another capital make out a list of twenty-four guests for her first dinner. Later the same day, before the invitations had gone out, the hostess happened to mention the dinner to another friend of hers. The names of the guests were exhibited.

The visitor glanced at them, then exclaimed in shocked surprise, "Oh, my dear, you surely aren't going to ask her!" She pointed to the first name on the list.

"But Madame —— told me she went everywhere and that I must not fail to invite her."

"Perfect nonsense! She has no right whatever to be asked to an embassy. I've known her for years.

Why, before she was married—" But her sharp eyes detected other names equally reprehensible. "You can't ask those people together. Impossible! My dear, haven't you heard—"

Then she picked up a pencil and made a list of her own, excluding all the unofficial people the first adviser had suggested, except two or three of the professional diners-out which every city contains and who tactfully keep on friendly terms with every one.

During the heated controversies which arise from time to time in every community, large or small, sophisticated or simple, one pictures these well-groomed dinner guests in immaculate white evening shirts and glossy silk hats walking with great skill on the conversational tight rope stretched from one camp to another, siding openly with neither, but subtly conveying the impression to each that in this camp lie their true sympathies.

These people, then, who seem literally to go everywhere, were left uncensored on the list. The half-dozen diplomats were left. Ten names were replaced.

To the newcomer, who had not had time to get her social bearings, one duchess was much the same as another, unless there was some definite reason for substitution. Her new adviser had given her, to be sure, a great deal of gossip; but then, so had the acquaintance who made out the list. In fact, she had heard so much gossip during her first month that she could not possibly sort it out in her own mind.

She decided, however, on a sensible course of action. Taking the two lists to a woman who had made no attempt whatever to force advice upon her, but who had lived for a long time in this capital, and who, moreover, was an unmalicious woman of the world, she consulted her.

"One list is as good as the other," she said. "One represents one little coterie, and the other another. But intrinsically they're about the same." She added, "I've not rushed to you with advice, because I knew how many other people were doing it, and when I first came here my worst mistakes were due to following other people's suggestions. But if you really want me to tell you some of the things my own experience has taught me, the first is, don't rush into entertaining. It's not going to make the slightest difference whether you give a big dinner now or wait for another month, when you yourself will begin to know whom to ask."

"Then you wouldn't take either of those lists?"

"No, I wouldn't, personally, because if you do you will identify yourself with one or the other of the little inner groups of the smart international set. They carry much less weight in the established society here than they believe, and you would do well to avoid intimacy with either of them. If you feel you must give a large dinner at once, then stick to the diplomats who have already entertained you, and some members of your own staff—though not more than two couples at once, and the members of your own colony to whom you are indebted."

This was the best kind of advice, and the diplomat's wife followed it. If she had listened to either of the two self-appointed counselors she would have become automatically a partisan in a bitter quarrel of quite childlike origin, which shortly began to be waged between these two groups.

Sometimes, however, though much less often, bad advice is given deliberately. The usual motive in these cases is competition. I remember a very formal official occasion when, due to the court's mourning for a royal relative, all the ladies-in-waiting and the wives of ambassadors and ministers wore black evening gowns. Suddenly a foreign diplomat's wife appeared in a gown of vivid mustard yellow. She was extremely conspicuous, and of course her gown was commented on most unfavorably. It seemed at first a very tactless and *gauche* breach of official etiquette, but the reason behind her mistake was said to be due to the fact that she had asked another diplomat's wife, and had been informed that mourning had been suspended for that evening.

Sometimes rivalry exists between the representatives of various countries, sometimes between members of the same official staffs. Of course where this condition prevails the proper social cooperation is difficult to obtain. Sometimes the wives of *attachés* engage in the greatest rivalry, which amuses the onlookers, but is taken very seriously by the participants. Sometimes the competition is between the bachelor members. Wherever it exists, however, let

the newcomer beware of taking advice that is not substantiated by some disinterested and experienced person. I know a young bachelor who mortally offended a famous hostess by appearing at a formal dinner in a dinner jacket and black tie. He had received the invitation by telephone and, having just arrived in the capital, asked a fellow *attaché* for advice. The other man, knowing that at this house the invitations for even the most formal occasions were telephoned, nevertheless told the newcomer that a black tie would be *de rigueur*. The hostess, who takes entertaining with great seriousness, was really offended to find her most obscure guest appearing so informally among twenty-four distinguished people. She never asked him again.

Almost all anecdotes of diplomatic social life are concerned with the mistakes which people have made. One learns in time that these stories, like all others, become greatly exaggerated as they go from one narrator to another, but at first it is disheartening to hear the stream of stories concerning the *faux pas* of one's predecessors, some of them going back twenty or thirty years.

I said one night to Sir Ronald Graham, who replaced Sir George Buchanan as the British Ambassador, "Don't you hate to hear all these stories about the mistakes of your predecessors?"

"Yes, but there's one thing worse," he answered, "and that is to have people tell you of the wonderful things your predecessors have done!"

This method is sometimes used to goad new diplomats into elaborate entertaining. "So-and-So always gave two cotillions with beautiful favors every winter;" or "Mrs. ——, who was a most successful ambassadress, had an evening at home once a week with dancing."

But they do not add that many of the customs to which they refer were only a small part of a brilliant social fabric which has altered vastly since the war.

CHAPTER IV

LEARNING THE TECHNIQUE OF DIPLOMATIC SOCIETY

Our first official dinner, given by the French Ambassador and Madame Barrère in their magnificent Palazzo Farnese, left nothing to be desired in the way of background, however. No other embassy in Rome had the dignity and distinction of this one, nor were any dinners more perfectly executed. Monsieur Barrère, who had been in Rome for more than a quarter of a century, was an excellent source of information for the newly arrived diplomat. He was able not only to give technical advice but on the human side was of even greater helpfulness.

It was said that the young wife of a newly arrived minister had gone to him at one time in his career to consult him about the seating of a large number of distinguished guests whom she had invited to her first dinner.

It was obvious that her purpose in asking so many people of official prominence at one time was to increase the prestige of her husband's rather minor position.

"What shall I do with all these people?" she asked. "I've four ambassadors and two cabinet mem-

bers and a minister of foreign affairs and the prime minister."

"There's only one thing to do if you want to save your dinner from utter ruin," said the experienced diplomat. "That is to go to bed and send word to all your guests that you are ill." She looked so bewildered that he explained in detail. "If you are asking very high officials and want them to be pleased—as of course you do—you must give them a high place at your table. You couldn't possibly do that with all these."

"But I thought they'd like to come with other distinguished people," she protested.

"Not too many of them," he said. "You can ask two or three—usually at the embassies when we invite the minister of foreign affairs, we ask one or two ambassadors, but no more—two ministers, perhaps; and then, if we are to have thirty guests in all, we include some unofficial people, two or three *attachés,* with one or two couples from our own embassy."

The minister's wife went home and went to bed, canceling the invitations to this party. When she redistributed her guests, according to the ambassador's suggestions, she found that it was necessary to give three dinners in order to include properly all the people she had hoped to have at one. Her dinners were very successful; when an American, at the third of the series, complimented her on her quick mastery of the proper grouping of people she told him the story.

"The dean was certainly right," he said. "And

it's a principle that applies to entertaining outside the field of diplomacy too.

"No star really enjoys an all-star cast; if you want to make a distinguished man feel distinguished you must do it partly by contrast."

I thought of this story when we gave our first official dinner, on the occasion of General Henry T. Allen's visit to Rome, with a detachment of splendid American soldiers from Coblenz, to present the Congressional Medal to the Italian Unknown Soldier. In accordance with diplomatic convention, we invited the minister of foreign affairs as our ranking guest. He was then at the conference at Cannes, and telegraphed his regrets. So we then asked General Diaz, head of the army and member of the Royal Order of the *Annunziata.* This confers the fictional relationship of "cousin of the king," and it is always said that *Annunziati* may sit down in the king's presence. Whether they avail themselves of this privilege I do not know, but there arises confusion as to whether, under Italian practise, they shall take precedence, as royalty does, over diplomats. Diplomats, strangely enough, think they should not. However, General Diaz sent word that he was unable to accept, as he was in mourning for a recently deceased relative.

So we then invited as ranking guest, Monsieur Barrère. He and Madame Barrère accepted. Then, two or three days before the dinner, another telegram came from the minister of foreign affairs, saying that he and the Marchesa della Toretta would, after all, accept.

This was quite easy to manage, as it simply meant putting him first and Ambassador Barrère second. But later in the day General Diaz wrote, saying that, in compliment to General Allen, he had reconsidered and would attend! The Navy Department then had to be represented by its member of the *Annunziati,* Admiral Thaon di Revel.

No two men would be more welcome dinner guests, but where were they all to sit? We flew to the foreign office for a decision; they refused to commit themselves.

"The question has never been definitely decided," they said in substance. "The Italian court says *Annunziati* should come first. The council of ambassadors at Vienna years ago said the contrary. But, after all, you are accredited to the Italian court. That means putting our head, the minister of foreign affairs, third, and our best advice is to do so."

Finally we decided to "do as the Romans do."

Later in the evening I explained to Monsieur Barrère the peculiar set of uncontrollable circumstances which had produced our dilemma. He was extremely understanding and sympathetic about it; in fact our friendship with him and with Madame Barrère and their daughter Jeanne, was destined to be one of the most rewarding features of our Roman experience.

The technique of seating an official dinner requires mathematical as well as diplomatic ability. It is necessary that each guest should have his correct

place, in relation to every other, and, although the exact rank can be learned from the special department of protocol of the foreign office, it is sometimes very hard to make the respective dinner partners congenial as well as correct.

A further complication is that some women—as, for instance, ladies-in-waiting—outrank their husbands.

Usually, however, there is little excuse for the failure to seat official guests in a way satisfactory to every one if sufficient attention is paid to it. Curiously enough inexperience may be less of a handicap in this regard than over-confidence.

A woman of my acquaintance whose husband is the foreign ambassador to an important European nation made several enemies at her first dinner party at a new post. With complete self-assurance she seated her foreign guests just as she would have seated people at home. In her own country titular rank counts more than official position, with the exception of the very highest. Therefore she arranged her table according to this theory, but she failed to realize that in the new country many people used titles to which, strictly speaking, they had no right, and secondly, that here official position took precedence over family titles. She put in the place of honor an insignificant man who used an important title which he was not justified in using, and she seated the men of official rank beneath him.

The indignation which her guests felt and the un-

fortunate first impression which the affair created were deepened because every one felt it would have been so easy for her to find out what were the customs of the country where she was to live.

"A matter of half an hour of her secretary's time," said one of the officials who had been slighted. "It is for the reason of helping newcomers that our bureau of protocol exists."

These useful departments for the guidance of diplomats and officials are to be found in all big capitals, including Washington. And incidentally, although we are a democratic nation, woe betide the unfortunate hostess who does not seat correctly a cabinet officer or a supreme court judge at her dinner table!

If a school for wives of diplomats were to be established (and why not make coeducational the new Johns Hopkins "Foreign Relations" course?), it would be an entertaining game to try to outline a course and to have people of various countries express their ideas as to the qualifications for degrees. My course would emphasize first of all—assuming the fundamentals, character and good breeding, which can not be taught—that she should enjoy official entertaining. Without this underlying enjoyment, no splendor of setting, of costuming, nor of appearance will help her to success over a sustained period.

One diplomat's wife whom I knew well is splendidly equipped in every other way; she is handsome, dresses beautifully, has poise and social experience. But she confesses, and, indeed, it is apparent to a

close observer, that it bores her to entertain any one outside her small group of intimate friends. She gives magnificent balls and splendid, stately dinners, but only the most insensitive of her guests enjoy themselves. There is an indefinite lack which produces a chilling, unrelaxing atmosphere.

On the other hand, I know women who attain great success as hostesses whose technique is less perfect, whose pearls are smaller, and whose tiaras are called by the newspapers "diamond" only through diplomatic courtesy. Due chiefly, I believe, to their own genuine interest in their entertainments, they are able to transform formal official functions into humanly enjoyable affairs.

"What a wonderful gift you have!" the young wife of a diplomatic secretary once said to her ambassadress, who was of this rare group. "You know intuitively just what to say to people to bring out the best in them, and you make every one have a good time. How lucky you are to have been born with that ability!"

"I wasn't born with it!" the older woman confessed. "In fact, when my husband got his first diplomatic appointment, twenty years ago, I was in despair. Official life, and particularly the entertaining it involved, seemed horrible to me." She smiled. "But, fortunately, we had very little money."

"What do you mean?" The bride's blue eyes were round with surprise.

"Well, you see, I was very proud of my husband,

and I soon realized that diplomacy is one of the few fields where a man's wife can be of vital help—or hindrance—to him. I wanted to be of help. Now, if we had been very rich, I might have thought that all I needed to do, to help, would be to give a lot of correct parties, get my clothes in Paris, and look impressive in my limousine. But as we had almost nothing outside our pay—which, of course, is absolutely inadequate—I decided that I should have to find some other way of helping."

She spread her slender hands apart in a gesture of inclusion, which seemed to take in her charmingly decorated, simple drawing-rooms, in which taste made mere luxury seem commonplace. "I decided, therefore, to concentrate on being a good hostess."

The younger woman looked disappointed, as if this were indeed a trite ambition. "Oh, of course," she murmured.

"There's no 'of course' about it!" the other declared. "It sounds obvious and easy, but it isn't. You were kind enough to praise me just now for 'bringing out the best in people,' and making them relax. Well, that's not easy! It takes real effort, and, of course, real interest in people. In fact, that's been my chief reward. I began to try to study people, for more or less selfish reasons—to help my husband. But before long I realized that it was the most fascinating game in the world!"

The younger woman's eyes reflected the other's sparkle. "Do you know what the cabinet minister

I sat next to at luncheon here the other day said? He said that the way you draw people out is simply miraculous, and that you remind him of an expert fisherman who knows the exact moment and the exact spot to cast his line . . . but, honestly, how can you always remember what people have done, and what they are interested in, and so on?"

"Training and interest. If I am lucky enough to have a famous archeologist, for instance, or a great statesman, at my table, I don't want to waste time trying to find some trivial mutual acquaintances and then exclaim, 'How small the world is, after all!' "

The younger woman blushed. "I'm afraid I've done that very thing sometimes."

"Almost every one has. But bear this in mind when you begin entertaining. Most hostesses prepare their menus, and their costumes, and their dinner tables, for their guests. But the most important thing of all they overlook, and that is, preparing their minds! Take half an hour, at least, before a party, and think about the people who are coming. It will give them pleasure, if you know something about them, and it will eventually give you even more."

There is a third type of diplomatic hostess, often likable and charming women, who refuse to take seriously the rigid rules of precedence and official etiquette of the country to which they are accredited. They sometimes wonder, audibly, just what sinister influence keeps their husbands from the official promotion they deserve!

For instance, it was one of this group who desired, in impulsive hospitality, to give an impressive dinner in honor of an American admiral who happened to visit the capital where she and her husband were representing our country.

She sent out correctly engraved invitations, in French, on cards bearing the American crest at the top, to thirty distinguished people. She sent to Paris for a new gown of the formal *décolleté* type with a long train used now chiefly in capitals. She ordered an excellent dinner. The distinguished guests accepted. Everything was going splendidly.

The day of the dinner she told her secretary to make out a diagram, so that she might arrange the guests at the table.

She took the list, and on the rectangular outline of the table, she placed in the center, at one side, her own name. On her right, she wrote the name of the admiral.

"I wonder whom he'd like to talk to?" she said aloud, thus attracting her secretary's attention. "Oh, yes, Madame C—— she's young and pretty." She therefore put in the third highest place some one who should have been tenth.

The horrified secretary remonstrated. "But you can't put the admiral before the minister of foreign affairs, or the ambassador!"

"Of course I can!" the hostess declared, busily scribbling down the other names according to her fancy. "It's ridiculous to have all these cut-and-

dried rules. I'm going to put people where they'll have a good time."

No amount of persuasion could check her. The diagram was copied neatly by the secretary and given to the major-domo, who was to show it to each of the men as he presented a tiny envelope containing the name of the woman he was to take in to dinner.

The host came home late after a busy afternoon with the admiral, and he did not see the arrangement. He had, moreover, that delightful faith in his wife's ability which made him often say, "No, sir, my wife might live in Europe a hundred years and she'd still be just as American as the day she landed!"

The hostess, in her new Paris gown, with her admiring husband, stood in their old world *salon* to receive. The first guests were two of the diplomatic secretaries of their staff, and their wives. The men looked rather uncomfortable. One of them took his chief aside, but they were interrupted by the arrival of several other guests, among them the admiral and his wife. While they were talking, the major-domo appeared and asked the host if he would step into the anteroom, as the minister of foreign affairs had arrived and wished to speak to him. He found his guest fairly sputtering, as he looked down at the diagram of the table.

"I can not!" he kept saying. "I can not! It is not for myself I care. It is the dignity of my office. And my wife! She who ranks only below royalty. You have put her in fourth place! I can not!"

© *Wide World Photo*

Major-General Henry T. Allen

Colonel M. C. Buckley, General Diaz, Ambassador Ricci and Marquis de Bernezzo

For the first time the bewildered host consulted the diagram. "There must be a mistake!" he asserted.

The minister picked up his envelope, and opening it, found the name of the wife of one of the American secretaries who, as a member of the "official family," should have been given the lowest place at the table. "But no! Now I see proof that it is done of a purpose!" he exclaimed.

As he spoke, the ranking ambassador entered, and the minister began gesticulating and talking to him so excitedly that the host slipped into the drawing-room to consult his secretary. The young man advised a complete reversal of the entire seating, and offered to do it immediately. The host insisted upon consulting his wife, who said, "Those men are acting like overgrown babies! What difference does it make where they sit? But go ahead; change it if you wish!" When the secretary reached the outer room, no one was to be seen. The minister of foreign affairs and his wife, the ambassador and his wife had departed.

Four places were taken off the table and the dinner proceeded. The secretary advised his chief not to speak of the incident, as, diplomatically viewed, it might lead to serious embarrassment. But the good-natured, irrepressible hostess could not resist it, so she told the story as a "huge joke" to the admiral, who was on his way to Washington.

This incident occurred some years ago, but the host has never again filled a diplomatic post. His loyal wife declares, "It's all due to departmental jealousy!"

CHAPTER V

THEIR MAJESTIES OF ITALY, ENGLAND AND BELGIUM

One of the usual duties of the wife of an ambassador is to present her countrywomen at court. Since the war the Queen of Italy has not held any audience of this sort, but as this presentation demands that the embassy shall select from all the applicants the limited number permitted to be received, it proves arduous and thankless work, which I was glad to escape. The newcomers among the wives of the embassy staff are presented at the next court function after their arrival.

The first of these affairs during our stay in Rome was the reception given on New Year's afternoon for the entire diplomatic corps. The cards of invitation prescribed "afternoon dress" for women and "uniform or frock coats" for men. This was one case where men were more concerned with clothes than women, for as in our embassy only the naval and military *attachés* wear uniform, the others had to rely upon luck and the Italian tailors to produce the obsolete "Prince Albert."

When we arrived in the large drawing-room of the Quirinal where the guests all assembled at the exact hour named in the invitation, we were welcomed

by various members of the queen's ladies-in-waiting, wearing on the left shoulder of their smart afternoon gowns a diamond "E" backed by a blue ribbon.

Among the most charming of the queen's *entourage* are the Marchesa Centurione, and her niece the Marchesa Guglielmi di Vulci. They are extremely popular in Roman society, as are the Duchess of Laurenzana, lady-in-waiting from Naples, and the Countess Rignon, from Turin.

When the master of ceremonies, the delightful Duke Borea d' Olmo, announced that it was the turn of our embassy we formed into two lines in front of the closed entrance. As the group who had been received just before us filed out of the other door, we were admitted. My husband headed the line of men while the women followed me into the great tapestry-hung hall, in the center of which stood the king and queen, with a half-circle of ladies-in-waiting behind them.

Each of us made the three curtsies prescribed for personal presentation, as we advanced in single file. The queen, still wearing black because of the mourning for her father, talked first to me and then went down the line, speaking to each of the others. On the other side of the room the king was talking to my husband and his staff, which then numbered twelve secretaries and aides.

The queen welcomed Mrs. Donnelly—a charming southerner whose husband, distinguished in appearance as well as in achievement, had arrived short-

ly before as our military *attaché*—and Olive Hasbrouck, wife of the new naval *attaché*.

When her majesty gave the signal that we were to leave the king crossed over and spoke to me and the queen to my husband. As we backed out diagonally, to exit through another door than the one we had entered, the room seemed to stretch endlessly behind us. At last, however, I made my third curtsey and was out. Then in turn each of the women followed, and we went beyond into a buffet tea before hurrying on to Queen Margherita's palace.

The atmosphere produced by the queen mother was less austere than that of the Quirinal, probably due to the fact that she enjoyed entertaining much more than does her royal son.

King Victor Emanuel, to whom I talked for the first time that day, has an exceedingly wide range of interests and sympathies as well as genuinely scholarly knowledge. He shows in his manner traits of shyness and self-consciousness inherent to some degree in all sensitive people, but he is unfailingly kind and considerate of every person who has the privilege of being in his presence.

Once each spring, when the king pays a visit of inspection to see the work of our art students at the American Academy of Rome, my husband and I, accompanied by his staff, were on hand to welcome him. For obvious reasons the king can not in advance set a date for public affairs. The head of the academy, Mr. Stevens, might be notified from the palace some

evening that his majesty would arrive at the academy the next morning at nine! Mr. Stevens would come immediately to our house, then ride, like Paul Revere, to sound the warning to the widely scattered other members of the embassy, warning them that the king is absolutely punctual, and on one historic day even arrived ten minutes before nine!

The Italian monarchs only dine at embassies when they have royal visitors. During our stay there were three such gala occasions, the first of which was in honor of the popular King and Queen of the Belgians.

Later the King and Queen of England were the guests of the Italian sovereigns, and at another time the King and Queen of Spain.

Much the same program of festivities was carried out in all three cases. The duration of each stay was about five days, and on the first evening, the King and Queen of Italy entertained the visiting monarchs and their suites at dinner.

On the second evening they invited the officials of Rome; on the next, the heads of all the diplomatic missions. There was always a gala opera, and finally a dinner given by the visiting king's ambassador. Each day all manner of receptions were held.

When the King and Queen of England arrived in Rome one deliciously warm spring day, Queen Mary won the hearts of the thousands of crowding, cheering spectators as she descended from the train, exquisitely gowned in pale blue taffeta, diamonds glistening in

the bright sunlight, a silver toque on her fair hair, a small blue parasol in her white-gloved hand. Queen Elena, in pale gray with a feathered hat to match, rode with her royal guest to the Quirinal, where the English sovereigns and their suite stayed; the Italian sovereigns lived, as usual, in their villa on the outskirts of the city, motoring in to the palace every morning.

Queen Mary, who had never before been in Rome, proved an indefatigable and enthusiastic sightseer; the royal tourists started out early each day, accompanied by the most learned men in whatever field they were to explore. Among these experts was our friend, Senator Lanciani, one of the most charming as well as distinguished archeologists, who told us afterward of the keen interest in ancient Rome which the British sovereigns displayed. There were, besides, countless entertainments in their honor, most of which were attended by the court, the city officials, and the ambassadors and ministers and their wives.

Shortly before their arrival separate invitations bearing the royal coat-of-arms had been received by my husband and me. These stated in Italian that the Prefect of the Palace by the order of His Majesty the King has the honor to invite —— to the dinner of the court on the day of ——. At the bottom of the card sent me were the words *Abito scollato* (low-cut gown). Before the war it was necessary for the wives of diplomats to wear court trains fastened to their shoulders and extending a prescribed number of feet

on the floor. This is no longer done, but of course every woman wears her handsomest formal gown, usually with a train, and her finest jewels. Tiaras are customary but not requisite. The invitation to my husband carried an instruction impossible of fulfillment by an American Ambassador—*Uniforme e decorazione*—uniform and decorations. In another corner, in place of the conventional R. S. V. P., it stated, "In case of impediment one is asked to give notice." Acceptance was taken for granted.

During the visit of the English King and Queen the staff of their embassy in Rome acted as honorary aides, and the women, headed by Lady Sybil Graham, their handsome and attractive ambassadress, were temporarily ladies-in-waiting to the queen.

After all the dinner guests had assembled in the *salon* of the palace, the doors were opened on the opposite sides, and the royal hosts entered from one door to welcome the British sovereigns entering from another. The Queen of Italy was exceptionally gracious that evening, and in fact even the professional grumblers admitted afterward that this affair had been well done.

After a few moments of greeting, the King of Italy gave his arm to the English Queen, and followed by King George and Queen Elena they started in to dinner.

Two lines were formed, so that it might be easy for every one to find his place at the vast table. The leaders of this second file were the charming young

crown prince and his sister, the Princess Mafalda. The Duke d' Aosta (the king's cousin) and I, came behind them. On our way into the beautiful state banquet room, the royal youngsters in front of us began to giggle and then, both of them looking a little red and embarrassed, stepped into a recess made by a window, and while Prince Umbert attempted to shield her from observation, the little princess tucked up a pale pink petticoat.

Then they started out again at the head of the long procession.

In the center of the beautifully decorated table, gleaming with gold and fragrant with masses of pink roses, the two queens sat next each other. They made a delightful picture, Queen Elena very handsome and dark and Queen Mary equally fair, both exquisitely dressed in silver cloth, glittering with jewels, while the black hair of one and the golden hair of the other were fastened with superb diamond tiaras. On either side of them sat the kings, in full dress uniforms, and next them, the ranking ambassadresses.

No dinner partner could be more agreeable than the Duke d' Aosta, whose sons, the Duke di Puglie and the Duke di Spoleto, promise to be equally fascinating. On my other side was the British Ambassador, Sir Ronald Graham, with whom it was always a pleasure to talk.

To Lady Sybil fell the task of presenting to her queen one by one the wives of the ambassadors and ministers when the excellent dinner had drawn to a

close and we were all assembled again in the outer *salon.*

Usually this ceremony is left to the *doyenne* of the diplomatic corps, but rumor insisted that in this case Madame Barrère had been relieved because of the possible embarrassment of presenting the German Ambassadress, Baroness von Neurath, to the British Queen.

Whether or not this story, like most of those which flew like a cloud of gnats over Rome, was without foundation, I do not know. But when the turn of the German representative came, every one was amazed to observe that Queen Mary was perhaps more friendly to her and talked to her longer than to any of the other women.

The baroness told me afterward that they had had many friends in common and that certain of her relations had known the queen well before her marriage, when she was Princess of Teck.

It was with a feeling of relief and pleasure that I saw this evidence of cordiality, not just because the ambassadress was half American, but more because of the dignity and skill with which she had maintained a most difficult and trying rôle since their arrival in Rome. Surely in this case the social side of diplomacy was of vital importance, and I believe that her part was quite as hard as her husband's, and was carried out with fully as much ability and character.

Incidentally, the only guest I have ever known to be late upon such an occasion was the wife of a min-

ister of a small country, who came, scarlet with embarrassment, into the magnificent state dining-room of the palace after the dinner had actually begun. Due to some unavoidable accident she had been delayed, and yet she dared not stay away altogether. The story goes that after dinner when she was taken up in her turn to be presented to the visiting queen, she apologized profusely.

The queen smiled and said, "The king is always scolding me because I, too, am often late."

Before any royal visit is ended there is usually a whole series of stories which become in time spirited anecdotes. An amusing example of a really authentic story of this kind concerns the annoyance of one king because another king was too early in reaching an appointed place, and the king acting as host was not there to receive him.

"If he only had well-trained people around him, as I have, this could never have happened," the temporary host was overheard muttering. "Being late for dinner is bad enough, but being too early is unforgivable!"

The day after one has been at court, etiquette demands that one shall go personally to the palace and write one's name in the books of the king and queen and whatever members of the royal family have been present. These books are kept in an antechamber just inside the entrance to the Quirinal, which is presided over by impressive guards of unusual height, who wear splendid scarlet uniforms.

This formality of signing the books is done also on the birthdays of the members of the king's household, for it is the only method of paying one's respects and takes the place of the usual calling.

Sometimes a person, unacquainted with court customs, who has been entertained at the palace, conceives the friendly idea of sending flowers or books or some other material token of his appreciation, directly to the king or queen. He finds that it is almost impossible to do so. In the case of a foreigner, if he wants his gift to be considered at all, he must ask his diplomatic representative to present it for him, and even then it may eventually be returned to him with a polite note from some court dignitary.

The visiting kings send their personal cards to the wives of ambassadors the day after they have met them at court, and it gives one a feeling of unreality to be presented with a card engraved with these simple words: "George V."

Every one agrees that the Queen of England is extremely conscientious about her manifold duties. She is at the head of a great number of charities to which she gives her very able personal attention. Her especial interests are in those organizations which benefit needy women and children.

In spite of her duties of this sort, however, Queen Mary finds time to receive and entertain a great many distinguished people. The formal drawing-rooms, at which young English girls are presented before they can be said to have made a proper début,

and the garden parties which include a good many visiting Americans, are a small part of her majesty's social activities, for the court of St. James keeps in personal touch with British celebrities as well as those of international fame. The queen finds great pleasure also in the visits of her grandchildren, the two babies of Princess Mary, who go sometimes to visit her in Buckingham Palace and occupy the same nurseries that their mother used.

Queen Mary is very fond of flowers, and she sometimes personally supervises their arrangement in the royal palace. Soft blue is her favorite color, and it is very becoming to her fair skin and blonde hair. On state occasions she wears magnificent jewels and is very regal in appearance and very gracious in manner.

Having missed, through illness, the festivities occasioned by the visit to Rome of the Belgian monarchs, I was doubly glad to see them later under informal circumstances.

Toward the close of a perfect summer which we spent at Forte dei Marmi, a small seaside resort on the western coast of Italy, near Pisa, we learned of the arrival at a near-by hotel of Queen Elizabeth and her three children,—the Crown Prince Leopold, Prince Charles, and the Princess Marie-José.

In reply to my note asking if the queen would receive me, she sent word by her very nice lady-in-waiting, Countess van den Steen, that she would be glad to see me on either of the next two mornings.

Countess van den Steen explained that the royal family left the hotel and its crowded bathing beach shortly after breakfast every day and motored far out into the country, where they might swim and picnic undisturbed.

The queen entered the small sitting-room after my arrival, dressed in the crispest of sheer white linen dresses and a small white straw hat, with a fresh pink carnation furnishing the only color of her smart morning costume. The half-hour or so which I spent there confirmed the impression which everything I had heard about her had tended to convey, namely, that the Belgian Queen not only ranks high among the queens of the world, but is possessed of such great personal ability that regardless of circumstances, she would be in herself a woman of outstanding prominence.

This opinion, held by most people who know her, is less the result of the queen's long list of accomplishments than of a certain authenticity of personality which emerges even through her almost shy and very kindly manner.

All of the queens are patrons of the arts in the general sense, and more specially are often of great help to artists and musicians. But no queen gives more intelligently or more fully than the Queen of the Belgians. She herself is highly accomplished as a musician, as well as in medicine and nursing, and she paints skilfully. But she is not only creative, she is an excellent, sympathetic and discriminating critic as

well, and gets, as well as gives, real pleasure from her many contacts with accomplished artists and scientists.

This queen brings her skill to bear also on an excellent game of golf, is fond of dancing, and dresses exquisitely. She carries her slender figure so erectly that she appears taller than she really is. She is extremely smart in appearance, although her clothes express her own individuality rather than that of her *couturière*. She dresses in white almost always, as on the morning of my visit, and usually adds a fresh flower for a note of color.

Probably most American women remember the draped turbans of metal cloth which Queen Elizabeth wore during her visit to the United States shortly after the war. It is the only modern fashion launched in our country by a queen, although it is one impossible to make universally becoming. However, every one who saw her admired her so enthusiastically that the adoption of the turban was probably more of a symbol of her popularity than a style as such. For she has such charm of manner, such true interest in life and in people, that she always proves irresistible.

A few days after my audience with her, the Countess van den Steen called at our house one evening.

"The king has arrived," she announced, "and he and the queen will be pleased to dine with you either to-morrow or the next night."

In as casual a voice as possible, I asked, "At what hour?"

"At eight, if that suits you. The king will wear a dinner jacket and the queen an informal gown."

"And will they bring any of their suite?" I counted over rapidly in my mind the number of unchipped *faience* plates which we had rented with our picturesque villa.

"No, their majesties will come alone," said the countess, "and the queen asked me to say that she would be very pleased if she might see your two little girls."

It was a few minutes after eight when their motor-car arrived the next evening. As they came up the steps on to the broad terrace facing the sea where my husband had gone to meet them, I could hear the king saying, "I am very sorry we are late, but it is not my fault."

As they entered the high-ceilinged *salon,* the queen smiled at me and answered, "Our motor-car broke down this afternoon—the first time it has happened—and so I did not return from my afternoon swim until very, very late."

Down came the children, with gay kimonos (sent them from Japan by our good friends Mr. and Mrs. Yusuké Tsurumi) over their nightgowns. They went up to the king and queen and curtsied low. Constance, just three and very round, kissed the king's hand, to his great embarrassment. But the queen would not let them finish their curtsies; in turn she picked each one up in her arms and kissed them on both cheeks.

After the children had gone up to bed we went in to dinner, the queen first, then the king, although I believe strict etiquette demands that he precede her.

We talked of all manner of things, people they had met in America, post-war European politics, various mutual friends. Among other things, I remember the queen saying that Mrs. Woodrow Wilson was one of the most attractive wives of public men she had met, that she had charmed them by her manners and manner, and that altogether she had made an excellent impression when, as the wife of our president, she had gone abroad.

CHAPTER VI

QUEENING IT SUCCESSFULLY

No royal visitors appealed to Romans of all classes more than the Spanish sovereigns. The king is famous for his wit and charm, qualities which win warm admiration from the Italians.

At this time there was recounted that most touching story of the present Queen Mother of Spain. Her husband, who was then king, died in November, 1885. There was no heir to the throne, and it looked as if the succession would have to pass to another branch. But the queen was to have a child the next May, and all during those long months of bereavement, one can imagine her longing and hoping, her praying and despairing—fearful one day that the child would be a daughter, confident, the next, that it must be a son. And one may be sure that the counter hopes and fears of the rival branch of the royal house ran just as strongly, as they tensely waited for the queen's accouchement. At last, in the spring of 1886, the child was born. It was a boy, Alfonso, the present ruler, said to be the only person ever born a king.

His wife, Victoria Eugenia, who is the youngest of the queens of the big nations, is also the most beautiful. She is tall, with hair that is literally golden in

hue, her eyes are violet, her fair skin flawless, and, in short, she is the typical English beauty often described but rarely seen. She was born Princess of Battenburg, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and was married at the age of nineteen.

In evening clothes her fair beauty is perhaps at its best; she often wears an extremely becoming tiara of diamonds and aquamarines, and another favorite among her jewels is a long chain of flawless diamonds. In her earlier photographs one can see that this chain was very much shorter than it is now. It gradually becomes longer and longer, for on various anniversaries and fête days the king presents her with new diamonds to add to it, and so her fondness for it is due to its accumulated associations even more than its intrinsic beauty.

Within the first seven years of her marriage she bore six children, and although her eldest son, the Crown Prince Alphonso, is now seventeen, the queen plays tennis vigorously with him almost every day. When the American Olympic champions were in Spain, not long ago, the queen played in mixed doubles with them and held her own admirably. Then the crown prince and the Infanta Beatrice, who is fifteen, played, greatly excited at having partners of such distinction.

A diplomat who witnessed these matches at the tennis court at the summer palace of the king's mother, said: "And, you know, the queen not only plays a vigorous, excellent game, but she looks so

handsome when she is doing it. She dresses beautifully and appropriately for every occasion. When one sees her in the evening, for instance, it is hard to imagine any one more regal. But after all it is comparatively easy to look magnificent in long trains and diamond tiaras and all the trappings of royalty. And this queen not only does that, but she even looks queenly in the morning, in tennis clothes. Her taste is unfailing."

The queen is extremely interested in the education and development of her six attractive children. She spends a great deal of time with them herself, as does the king, and she brings not only maternal love but intelligence to bear upon their upbringing.

An excellent maxim which she formulated and carries out most successfully, is, "Never let children be idle, and never let them be bored."

She is most warm-hearted and responsive to the needs of less fortunate people, and aside from her strenuous work in definite charities, she gives personal help to painters, musicians, professional dancers, and all sorts of people who have a sincere desire to succeed. She will sit for young painters who have not yet arrived, for instance, in order that royal patronage may help them along their difficult road, rather than give her time to a great artist who has no need of her generosity.

One can not wonder at the tremendous affection which the Spanish people have for their beautiful golden-haired queen, when one considers the warmth

of heart and great personal charm which she possesses, and the watchful, unceasing care which she gives to the development of the heir to the throne.

The Queen of Spain insists that her dark-haired royal cousin, the Queen of Roumania, is the most beautiful queen in Europe. Queen Marie (born Duchess of Saxe, Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland) is undoubtedly extremely handsome, with, moreover, an arresting magnetism which, wherever she goes, always provokes keen interest in her personality. Although she will be fifty this year, she gives the impression of such great vitality, and is, indeed, so full of interests and enthusiasms, that one thinks of her as being much younger.

It is said that not so very long ago an embryo diplomat, who was about to go to Bucharest *en poste,* said to a Roumanian representative somewhere, "Let me see—just how long is it that your queen has been a widow?"

The Roumanian was horrified by this assumption, and politely but firmly stated that there was a very alive and able king at the head of his country.

The foreigner apologized profusely. "I don't know how I could have been so stupid," he said, "except that I'm always hearing about the queen, and I've never heard a word about your king."

It is undeniably true that the Queen of Roumania has impressed herself deeply upon the mind of the public at large, particularly in Europe, where she is certainly the most widely known crowned head. This

© *Wide World Photo*

Queen Marie of Roumania and Friends at St. Briac Golf Club, Brittany, France

With Queen Marie are, left to right: Lady Mary Greville, Mrs. Potts of New York, the Grand Duchess Cyril of Russia, Grand Duke Cyril, Colonel Hall of London, Miss John Phillips, Mrs. Vivian Phillips and Vivian Phillips

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Mrs. Calvin Coolidge

is due to many reasons, which include her beauty, her versatility of accomplishment, the fact that she travels much more than other royalties and is more accessible to the general public. Her books of fairy-tales, fiction and poetry are for sale everywhere. But beyond these tangible reasons lies an indefinable flair for attracting the attention of the public. Some one once summed up this quality by defining her as "the Mary Garden of queens."

Two of her three daughters have married kings: the eldest, Princess Elizabeth, born in 1894, married George of Greece, and Princess Marie married the King of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. The Roumanian Crown Prince, Carol, married Princess Helen of Greece. There now remain two unmarried children, Prince Nicolas, who is twenty-one, and Princess Ileana, who is sixteen. Great interest is manifested in Europe as to the future alliances of these two, as Queen Marie is considered a very able matchmaker. Whenever she embarks upon a royal visit an especial amount of conjecturing accompanies her, for she carries that authenticity of power which should be hers as the descendant of those two picturesquely contrasting women rulers, Queen Victoria and Catherine the Great of Russia.

Of course every visit between one royal house and another releases a flood of rumors about the possible betrothal of the children of the two families concerned. There are now in Europe so many unmarried crown princes and eligible princesses that the

gossips are afforded unlimited opportunity to make and break imaginary alliances.

It was a source of astonishment to the general public when the engagement of the eldest Italian princess, Yolanda, was announced to Count Calvi di Bergola, a cavalry officer of distinguished connections. Surprise was followed by a sputter of disappointment that she had not married into one of the great reigning houses. Yet there was the precedent of Princess Mary of England marrying outside of royalty, and in each case the immediate family of the princess seems to have been glad that their eldest daughter was marrying for reasons of heart and not of state.

An alliance between the thrones of friendly nations is a phrase of magnificence, but probably few queens desire this splendor for their own daughters. They know better than any outsider the grave responsibilities which such a rôle demands as well as the even more distressing possibility of their children's alienation, inherent in the political uncertainties which carry the germs of bitter feuds and wars between any two countries.

Certainly in these days a queen has little time for "sitting in the parlor, eating bread and honey" of nursery-rhyme fame. Their leisure is far less and their duties far greater than those of most women, and they must carry, moreover, the ever-present consciousness that they are always in the public eye, and that their every word and every act is of interest to great numbers of people.

To the diplomatic corps the betrothal and marriage of the beautiful Princess Yolanda meant, among other things, a brief dispensation from the one hundred and eighty days of mourning into which we had gone this time because of the death of the queen's mother.

It began to seem as if black were the only safe color for the wives of diplomats. When the letter from the master of ceremonies at the Quirinal arrived announcing the six-months' mourning I had regarded with regret my new spring wardrobe of bright tints. However, the French Ambassador assured us that after the first ten days it would only be necessary to wear black on strictly official occasions. But when the invitation arrived for the reception in honor of the nuptials of the princess, we were informed that there would be three days' suspension of mourning. When the British King and Queen were in Rome, we had a week's dispensation.

It is always necessary to keep an entirely black costume on hand, however, for various ceremonies, the most impressive of which is the magnificent state funeral service in honor of the first two Kings of United Italy—father and grandfather of the present king.

This takes place every spring in the Pantheon, former tomb of Roman emperors, and is announced by huge black-bordered invitations which are issued to the Italian officials and the heads of diplomatic missions. Coming from the sunlight into the colossal

round temple, lighted only by countless wax candles, one can see nothing except in the center the great bier draped in black, piled high with flowers. Even the light which usually comes from a glass high up in the circular dome is shut out on this occasion by great quantities of black crêpe, which comes all the way down to the four corners of the bier.

After the spectators, dressed in black, have been ushered into their proper places around the circle, the royal family and their suite enter, also in mourning. They sit on the right of the altar, the diplomats on the left. A mass of requiem is offered, countless chanting priests carrying lighted torches march round and round the tomb, and exquisite music issues from a concealed balcony where the finest trained singers stand.

The wedding ceremony of the princess and Count Calvi was held in the morning and for weeks before it took place one encountered in every dressmaker's shop the ladies of the court trying to decide on gowns which would be sufficiently formal for wear at court and yet not too elaborate for future use.

The various ceremonies held at the Quirinal provoked a great many anecdotes of royalty, one of which I heard then for the first time in detail and which seemed to me most entertaining and human.

There is to-day in Europe a queen famous for her charm and intelligence. She captivates those persons fortunate enough to be granted an audience, by her seemingly intuitive understanding of their interests,

their accomplishments, and even of their hobbies and recreations.

Among a number of audiences with royalty, I remember distinctly how delighted I was when her majesty talked to me. Far from being the formal, almost solemn occasion that these affairs sometimes seem, I retained an impression of animated, personal contact.

It must be kept in mind that royalty initiates all topics of conversation. No one else may introduce a subject, or, of course, contradict or disagree. This rule occasionally works hardships on both sides, but its basis is obviously sound.

It is a rule that is used to great advantage by this queen of whom I speak. For, before ever granting an audience, she manages so to inform herself of all the interests of the visiting personage that she can at once direct the conversation into the most pleasant and responsive channels. Her guest, who otherwise might be a little overawed, is immediately made to feel at ease.

The atmosphere produced by this truly great lady will delight any ordinary mortal. But such is the unconscious egotism of even the most modest, that rarely does any one wonder how it is possible, with the hundreds of duties her majesty has to perform daily and the number of persons she consents to see, that she can possibly remember, even though she has bothered to learn, that one's furniture has arrived, or that one loves gardening.

This queen has made it a systematic business. Her capable secretaries collect details of interest regarding the persons she is to receive. This information is typewritten on cards, and for perhaps ten minutes before the person is admitted to her presence, she reads and digests it. Therefore, when the stranger enters, he is charmed by her seemingly intuitive knowledge of his interests and his hobbies. But upon one memorable occasion, the system failed.

Her majesty was receiving, in succession, ten persons from all parts of the world, and of great diversity of interests, even of race. As usual, descriptive cards were made out for each one.

The first to be admitted was a world-famous portrait painter. Her majesty charmed him by her discriminating criticism of his work, drew out his future plans, and graciously dismissed him.

When he had gone forth to sing her praises as the soul of intelligence and tact, she began to study the second card. This enumerated the remarkable success of a great financier who had recently endowed some of her pet charities, and a foot-note, scarcely needed for so astute a reader, declared that he would be rejoiced to receive from her royal hands a decoration.

It required only a moment or two for her to be prepared for this visitor, so she ordered her lady-in-waiting to show him into her magnificent receiving-room.

A quiet, middle-aged man appeared, and after the

queen had given him her jeweled hand to kiss, she began:

"It is so delightful to know that your sympathies, also, are with those poor, undernourished children of the slums. I can not tell you how deeply I appreciate your help."

The man opened his mouth, then closed it. At last he said, "I thank you, Your Majesty."

"And I hope you will not object if our appreciation takes also a tangible form."

His eyes did not light up, as, usually, eyes lighted up at these magic words, so often uttered to large contributors. Her majesty must have concluded that he was extremely modest.

"And do you find here opportunity for adding to your wonderful porcelain collections?" she asked, tactfully steering into less personal channels.

"No—yes—no, Your Majesty."

After another moment or two, she graciously dismissed him.

She began to study the third card. An educator of unique distinction whose hobby was transcribing the songs of native birds—surely an easy and agreeable man to talk to.

He proved to be strangly difficult to draw out on either education or the songs of native birds. Her majesty may have sighed a little after she had graciously dismissed him, and, fingering her superb pearls, studied the fourth card.

This was a famous author. Usually, authors were

not difficult. Moreover, this author had just returned from a thrilling and dangerous exploration.

But he too was shy—at least, she so interpreted his disinclination to discuss either his books (of which she had just mastered short synopses) or his exploration, in which she was genuinely interested.

And so, in the course of the morning, which must have seemed long to her majesty, eight successive persons were graciously received and graciously dismissed. But except for the first man, no audience was a success. The ninth card was studied . . . a famous missionary, who had done remarkable work among the savage tribes. Her majesty read of his accomplishments, then signaled to her lady-in-waiting to bring him in.

There then entered a beautifully gowned and jeweled young woman, who curtseyed the prescribed three times as she approached the astonished queen. The gracious words which her majesty had prepared about Africa were frozen in her royal throat. She had no idea who or what her new visitor was. Her years of experience and her genuine kindliness stood her in good stead, however, and she adroitly succeeded in finding out that this charming stranger was the sister of one of the ambassadresses. Eventually she graciously dismissed her.

Then she stared at the tenth card. It gave her the data concerning the ninth visitor, whom she had just received. Her bewilderment increased.

At that moment her lady-in-waiting returned, scarlet with chagrin.

"Your Majesty!" she cried. "There has been some great mistake! A message sent to me two hours ago has just reached me. The financier who was to have been received by Your Majesty was stricken with influenza this morning and was unable to leave his bed."

"But I saw him—the second one!" Her majesty protested, looking down at the cards.

"But no, forgive me, Your Majesty, but he did not come! The second man was the educator!"

Then the queen began to laugh. For she saw that seven times that morning she had addressed with great care tactful questions regarding achievements and interests of which each visitor was completely ignorant! And of course not one of them, according to court etiquette, could either contradict her or even suggest other topics of conversation.

Probably no one of the eight has ever understood why this queen is famous for her charm or her intelligence. Probably they do not even know to this day that this was a rare case where each one would have been saved much embarrassment, had he only been unversed in court etiquette!

CHAPTER VII

WOMEN AND THE GAME OF INTRIGUE

THE value of the social side of diplomatic life may be observed clearly at international conferences, although even when these instances concern intrigue—that subject which fascinates even the most unimaginative—they are apt to turn topsy-turvy one's preconceived ideas.

A woman who had great indirect influence in world affairs was an extremely attractive friend of mine whose husband was the representative of a minor and very needy country at the Peace Conference. When they were about to leave for Paris, she was astonished to receive a large sum of money from the premier of her country.

"With it you are to entertain," he said. "Entertain well. Dress well. Be charming—be yourself, in other words. People will come to your *salon*. Important statesmen will come, statesmen who can do much for our country."

"But I know nothing about politics!" she protested.

"Exactly!" he exclaimed. "That is just why I am sending you. Many women know nothing about poli-

tics. But you are a pearl among women in that you know it. Never discuss politics! Talk about the theater, the shops, the current gossip."

"Talk gossip to statesmen?"

"Oh, yes—personal gossip is always interesting, if it is not really malicious. Of course, a malicious woman is even worse than one who talks politics. But you are not that, anyway. I know what I am doing."

She carried out his program with great success. During those harassing months in Paris, when every one was working at nerve-racking pressure, and all talk, everywhere else, even at the most informal dinners and luncheons, was political, her *salon* became a haven of rest. Just as the premier had predicted, many of the statesmen of Europe found great relief and pleasure in the relaxing atmosphere she created.

I do not mean that she was unintelligent; on the contrary, she was very clever in her way, but it was a thoroughly feminine way. She listened and dressed charmingly; she talked nonsense delightfully. At the beginning, there was some suspicion that she might be playing the game of intrigue, but as she never discussed politics in any way, she was gradually looked upon as one of the few and highly prized women who had no ax to grind.

One of the Allied statesmen spoke to me of her not long ago. "You know, I still remember those dinners she gave. They were an oasis."

Knowing the political reasons behind her non-political entertainments, I could not resist saying,

"Her country came out pretty well at the Peace Conference, didn't it?"

"Yes," he said enthusiastically; "it deserved to! It was the only country represented that wasn't trying every minute to get something out of it for itself."

Of course, after that, I could say nothing. But I concluded, inwardly, that I knew of no case of modern intrigue more truly successful.

I happened to be in a position to observe at first hand the performance of a certain European intriguer who used entirely different tactics. I saw her often at an important international conference, and for the first few weeks her maneuvers created genuine alarm among the representatives of other competitive countries. Her hope was to build especial friendliness between her own country, which was represented by her husband, and the delegates of an eastern nation which controlled important concessions.

Her method of building up this friendliness consisted in paying elaborate attention to the comfort and well-being of the eastern delegates. She and her husband lived in the same hotel; she had their rooms moved to the same floor; she invited the delegates to luncheons and dinners and midnight suppers in her pleasant little *salon*. She gave them the sort of food and wines they enjoyed. She exerted herself in every way to demonstrate how really friendly she and her husband were in their attitude toward them.

Then as time went on we learned that the eastern delegates accepted fewer and fewer of her invitations,

Finally, one of them burst through his habitual reserve, and, when her name was mentioned, exclaimed.

"I wish that woman were in the bottom of the sea!"

"But she is so kind!" some one protested.

"She is too kind," he exclaimed. "It has become so that we can not go out of our door to get into the elevator without seeing her smiling face. She is there in the morning, she is there in the afternoon, she is there in the evening. And even at midnight when we come in, tired out, she invites us, so kindly, to come in for a little supper. She is killing us with kindness! Besides—" He glanced at me with an apologetic smile. "Forgive me, madame, but it is a custom in our country, benighted as we are, that women should attend to their own affairs and men to their own. And I do not think, madame, that she knows better than we, how we should dispose of our own property!"

But in spite of their occasional failure to accomplish big results, experienced statesmen do not minimize the power of the intriguing woman. They may shudder when they are the object of her maneuvers, but they watch her other encounters with interest.

A woman of this type turned up in Rome while we were there and caused great consternation for a while. She was under forty, dressed smartly, was politically, if not socially, sophisticated, but she had an acquaintance among distinguished people of various countries that seemed to have little justification in either her background or her accomplishments.

She called at a certain embassy and told the secretary whose mission it was to find out the business of unofficial visitors, that she wanted to be presented to the prime minister and to various important officials. She had such an impressive manner that the secretary took her in to see the ambassador. The ambassador suggested to her, in his best diplomatic manner, that in order to justify such introductions, it would be necessary for him to furnish some valid reasons. She merely smiled.

"Oh, I haven't any particular reasons," she said. "I'd just enjoy meeting them."

But she added very shrewd comments on the intricate political situation of the foreign country in which she had just been living and touched on certain delicate international relationships, then hanging in the balance and supposed to be absolutely secret.

The effect was electric—though the ambassador hoped she did not perceive it. He put her off about the official introductions, and without waiting for the usual social procedure, invited her to lunch at the embassy the next day.

When the ambassador went home and explained to his wife that he had felt it necessary without consulting her to invite this strange woman to luncheon, his wife said, "That's funny. I saw in the paper just this morning that she dined at the —— legation the other night. I wonder who she really is?"

The ambassador wondered, too. In fact, that very afternoon he sought out his colleague who had

entertained her and cross-examined him as to her identity.

"I don't know a thing about her," the minister declared. "She just came to me as she did to you. She had a husband—from whom she is now separated, I assume—who was a compatriot of mine. She asked me to introduce her to half the officials in Rome."

"And she came to me because she said she herself was born in my country. She asked me to introduce her to the other half. What can she really want? She knows too much about international affairs to please me. Has it occurred to you that she may be secretly negotiating for the shipment of contraband arms to the country where she's just been?"

"Everything's occurred to me," said the minister. "I'm convinced that she's a secret agent of some sort. I've cabled all over trying to find a clue, but so far I've not succeeded. What do you intend to do about her?"

"Give her luncheon to-morrow and then refuse all her further requests," the ambassador declared. "She is a dangerous woman and I will do nothing for her. Nothing! No matter how much she may importune me."

This was really a brave resolve, for she was an attractive and—if it is ever not a contradiction in terms—a persistent woman.

However, except for the fact that the society columns of the papers duly chronicled her attendance

at the embassy luncheon, she asked no further favors of them—in fact, for weeks they did not even see her.

It was rumored that she had gone away, and the two earnest diplomats sighed with relief and congratulated themselves that they had outwitted her.

Then one night when they entered the stately drawing-room of an official colleague, where a large and formal dinner was being given, the most handsomely gowned of the thirty guests came forward and proved to be the mysterious woman!

After dinner the bewildered men talked her over again. They had learned by this time that she had been presented, without their help, to all the notables she had desired to meet and that, in fact, she was completely launched in the highest official circles.

Then they were more than ever sure that she was hatching some deep international plot. They were uneasy until after she had left Rome. She went on to another capital, from which came rumors of her successes. Her name was constantly in the papers, always coupled with the most important people. For almost a year she continued to baffle every one. And then, by chance, the solution was found. Some one who had known her since childhood appeared and told the whole story, which was afterward thoroughly corroborated. It was so simple that it was hard to believe.

As every one had perceived, she was not a woman of much native social background. But neither was she a political adventuress. She had no secret mission

to perform, nor did she carry any inside information about anything. She was just a daring, clever provincial, without much money, who had picked up, through various admirers, a good many important political rumors, all over Europe. She used this political information as a stepping stone to social success, just as she had in Rome. When the puzzled diplomats thought that she wanted to smuggle contraband ammunition, she was really interested in being presented at court. Her deepest plot was to become known socially, and in this she finally succeeded.

The more one thinks of it, the more clever her scheme appears. If she had disclosed the fact that she was merely a social climber, of course she would not have arrived anywhere. But by creating an atmosphere of mystery, and particularly by causing herself to be regarded as a dangerous woman, she was able to pull herself up the first difficult rungs of the social ladder and then to go gaily up to that which she considered the top.

Another sort of feminine intrigue is said to have been used to good advantage by a delightful woman who has been of great help in the long and distinguished diplomatic career of her husband. At one time when he was negotiating an important treaty with the rather difficult minister of foreign affairs of another country, she gave a small dinner on the very evening when the matter was to be brought to a head.

In choosing her other guests she was careful to include only good listeners. The minister of foreign

affairs not only talked very well, but, like most good talkers, he disliked competition. With even greater difficulty, she procured exactly the sort of things he liked to eat and drink. And at the end of dinner when the butler passed rare cigars, the minister turned to his hostess with unwonted enthusiasm.

"This is the crowning touch to a perfect evening!" he declared. "These are the only cigars I really enjoy, and I appreciate them all the more because my own supply gave out two days ago. Well, well! This is excellent!"

He relaxed still more, and when he and the host departed to settle the detail of the treaty, it was apparent that he was in excellent, mellow humor.

About two o'clock that morning the diplomat returned home to find his wife sitting up in bed, eager to hear his news.

"Everything went splendidly!" he said. "I got more than I even dreamed I should. And I must say, dear, that I think your dinner had a lot to do with putting him into the proper mood. Especially those cigars. But where in thunder did you get them?"

She smiled up at him a little sleepily, "Don't you ever dare tell!" she said. "But my maid bribed his valet to sell me the last ones from his own stock!"

Another less dramatic field of helpfulness lies in the ability of women to parry questions, either direct, or, more difficult still, indirect, in regard to matters in which their husbands are concerned.

"Isn't your husband tired?" "Don't you wish the

Conference would end?" Surely these appear to be innocuous questions and usually they are. But I know a woman whose husband was the head of an important delegation, who answered these trivialities sincerely.

"Yes," she said, "my husband is awfully tired. And I do wish the Conference would end. He isn't sleeping at night, and has lost his appetite."

The minor official of another delegation, who had been talking to her at dinner, presently excused himself and reported her answer to his chief. It so happened that his delegation was secretly playing the game of the faction opposed to the husband's. The next day this faction announced, out of an apparently clear sky, that they had decided to prolong their stay for at least two more months. And the husband, tired and irritated and anxious to go home, as his good wife had truthfully said, was thus maneuvered into conceding some of the most important points on which, up to this time, he had been firmly insistent.

If the question frankly concerns politics, the wife who has cut her diplomatic wisdom teeth will know that her questioner rarely has sincere interest in her own views or opinions; what he hopes to draw indirectly from her are the views of her husband. Therefore, if she happens to hold ideas differing from her husband's, she may best succeed in bewildering her interrogator by complete frankness.

A charming but rather stupid woman of my acquaintance can not resist talking politics. As her

husband is a man of official prominence, whatever she says is assumed to be inside information. Unscrupulous persons lead her on to discuss policies and appointments, hoping to profit by her indiscretions. Her husband realized all this some years ago, and realized, also, that he would never be able to check her talkativeness. So he evolved a simple and effective policy. He confides in her only those facts and opinions which he desires the general public to know. She is content to chatter about this information, sure of an interested audience, but no matter how much she talks, he is never uneasy.

There is nothing more dreaded by most men in important official positions than the woman who insists upon talking politics. Usually women of this sort do not really know the inside of the affairs they attempt to discuss and are actuated chiefly by a desire to extract some first-hand information which they can then relate with a feeling of importance at the next dinner-table. There are statesmen, of course—just as there are occasionally doctors or lawyers—who like to discuss the details of their work with an interested woman, but they are rare compared with the majority who want the contrast of relaxation and forgetfulness of their day's work.

A woman in official life whom men of all sorts enjoy taking in to dinner, once said, "My experience has taught me to believe that if a man is small he will be most pleased to talk of his accomplishments, but if a man is really doing important work he will much prefer trivialities!"

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Major-General and Mrs. Peyton C. March
On the Italian Riviera after a honeymoon tour

© *Harris & Ewing*

Mrs. Nicholas Longworth and daughter Paulina

Women who try to conduct serious political discussions usually succeed only in so far as they draw out, rather than impart, opinions and theories. The reason for this is not necessarily because they are women, but because, by and large, national and international affairs are almost exclusively in the hands of men. We all prefer first-hand knowledge; it is the chief actor who interests us, not his wife—nor indeed, his brother.

There is an acid test that may be applied by any one who wishes to determine the success of giving advice and counsel. This test, the results of which may wound the vanity of many women who like to picture themselves conducting a political *salon,* is simply, do people outside your own family come to you and seek your help?

Three women of my acquaintance pass this test with brilliant success. They are Alice Roosevelt Longworth, Ruth Hanna McCormick (wife of Senator Medill McCormick) and the fascinating Bulgarian girl, Najeda Stancioff, now Lady Muir, who was called, by such a conservative as Lord Curzon, "the most brilliant woman in Europe."

These three women have much in common; each one has had the initial advantage of close association with astute, politically minded fathers, and each one loves and studies the game itself. Many men, both distinguished and unknown, who have the privilege of friendship with these women, do seek them out for advice and counsel. Their influence, therefore,

is not due to effort on their part, but is the natural result of their keen knowledge, wit and wisdom. They have rare charm, though of course, not of the self-consciously feminine kind which relies upon cosmetics and compliments to conceal any lack of intellectual equipment.

I have before me now a long letter from Lady Muir, written since her recent marriage to a Scotch peer, and I predict that the future influence in British politics of this able girl, still under thirty, will be significant. Certainly she has been an important factor in the difficult affairs of her own country, and an outstanding figure at international conferences. I can see her now, coming into the brilliantly lighted ballroom at the hotel at Lausanne, where the social and political aspects of the Near Eastern Conference merged. A young English *attaché* asked her to dance, and although she loves dancing, she shook her head. "I don't dare to, if my father's here." Her father, Monsieur Stancioff, then Bulgarian Minister to London, is an old-school diplomat, quite unlike his daughter in his extreme attention to punctilious matters of dress and protocol.

"But what possible difference can it make whether or not your father's here?" the young Englishman asked.

She spread her expressive hands apart in an indescribable gesture which showed her mixture of Slav and French blood—"You see I didn't dress for

dinner. Father would be shocked to see me dancing in these clothes."

For the first time we noticed that she wore an afternoon gown of black velvet and a small black hat beneath which her abundant hair glistened. However, the music started just then, and with a smile at me, she got up and began to dance.

She smiled at me because I happened to know the reason she had not had time to change for dinner. My husband had entrusted her with a mission of vital concern to certain humanitarian and peace-making aspects of this prolonged parley between the Turks and the Western World.

Another person of outstanding charm whom I met for the first time at Lausanne was Mrs. Grew (Alice Perry), whose distinguished husband, Joseph Clarke Grew, was then American Minister to Switzerland and a member of the Conference. Their sitting-room, directly above ours, had been transformed by her extraordinary skill from hotel commonplaceness into comfort and welcome. There her many friends could usually find her at tea-time, and there we could sometimes persuade her husband to play the piano after the long tedious days had drawn to a close.

Admiral and Mrs. Bristol, our able representatives in Constantinople, had rooms in the same hotel. They have the quality of attracting loyalty and devotion as much as any people I know, probably due to their own fine generosity. When we saw them

later at their post in Turkey, we realized even more fully how splendidly and with what personal warmth they respond to the incessant claims made upon them not only in an official capacity but in the sometimes more exacting one of friendship.

There were several men who entertained delightfully at Lausanne, among them our friend Monsieur Barrère, Ambassador of France at Rome, Monsieur Duca, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Roumania, and Lord Curzon, who was the official head of the Conference. Incidentally, although it was always said that he was a cold and formidable person, he was unquestionably an excellent host and a charming guest. Not only was his conversation brilliant but he had the even rarer faculty of listening when other people talked well.

Curzon was a man of tremendous vigor, who, in spite of physical suffering, worked under great pressure for such long hours that he used the companionship of people he liked as relaxation. At Lausanne, where he was under heavy responsibility, he would work all day, then dine out or have guests for dinner, and later in the evening, at eleven or twelve o'clock, he would begin his labor as secretary of foreign affairs of Great Britain. Sometimes he would only send off his daily pouch to Downing Street at three or four o'clock in the morning, and five hours later he would again be ready for his difficult work in the Conference.

Lloyd George, on the other hand, prefers to use

the dinner, luncheon, or even breakfast table for the avowed purpose of personal conferences and political contacts. His wife, Dame Margaret, and their captivating daughter, Meagen, ably assist him in creating a thoroughly informal, delightful atmosphere in which all sorts of problems can be threshed out. Dame Margaret at first seems a pleasant part of the background for her brilliant husband, but after one knows her better, one realizes that in addition to her splendid lack of pretense and affectation she possesses individual ability and political capacity. We saw them many times in Genoa, at the Economic Conference there, while he was British Prime Minister, and later in Washington and at their house in London, each successive meeting convincing us that no matter what one may think of Lloyd George as a political leader, no one who knows him socially can deny his extraordinary magnetism. He has quick wit, an alertness never off-guard, and a vital, compelling personality. The last time we saw him we had just left Mr. Asquith, who was shortly to become the Earl of Oxford and Craven, and one can pay no greater tribute to Lloyd George than to say that his magnetism was still felt after one had experienced the incomparable charm of Mr. Asquith.

One of the most rewarding phases of the social side of diplomatic life is the opportunity it affords to see at close range the personal side of public men. Mussolini, for instance, whose official appearance is rather formal and serious, is a delightful dinner

guest. But except for occasions when he came for the avowed purpose of discussing affairs of mutual interest with my husband, I have never heard him mention politics. He has a keen sense of humor, flashing irony, and his close observation of people, whether important or obscure, results in quick and accurate appraisals.

I shall always be glad that one summer day when he had lunched alone with my husband and me, our small daughters of three and five came into the drawing-room where we were having coffee. The gentleness and whimsicality which their presence brought out in him and the subsequent talk about his own three splendid children, created an unforgettable picture.

It is not only women who judge men by their social appearance; Mussolini rose in the esteem of many members of the diplomatic corps in Rome after he had been their host at his first magnificent dinner in the Palazzo Venezia.

"It was perfect!" one of the European ministers told me later, when we returned to Italy from two months in America. "It proves what an extremely clever man he is, in all ways. No one has ever given a more splendid entertainment. The dinner itself, beginning with real Russian caviare, and ending with fresh strawberries—in November, mind you! And then the music. Exquisite! The program just long enough. After that a delicious supper. Everything done perfectly! Oh, one can no longer doubt that he is a man to be reckoned with!"

CHAPTER VIII

ENTERTAINING AMERICAN VISITORS

One of the phases of diplomatic life which proved unexpectedly enjoyable, was the entertaining of visiting Americans. All manner of people, distinguished and obscure, from every state in the Union, formed part of this continuous stream of travelers.

One day for instance we were delighted to have our friend Senator Moses, of New Hampshire, lunch with us; on another, Enoch Carrington, a Wyoming ranchman whose wit and perceptiveness made him unforgettable, arrived via a letter from the charming Countess Gizycka. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lamont and Jeremiah Smith picnicked in leisurely fashion with us at Ostia; Marie Dressler sang after dinner when Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Ochs had also been our guests. Senator Phelan, of California, came one day; Senator Hiram Johnson another. Lillian Russell charmed every one who met her at dinner at our house when Charles R. Crane recounted stories of the Near East. Olie Olsen painted the roof tops of Rome after luncheon. And so it went.

One of the most delightful of our guests was Cardinal O'Connell. We invited to a dinner in his

honor some of the bearers of the greatest titles among the "Blacks." Cardinal O'Connell is very popular in Rome, and every one invited accepted with alacrity. They treated him moreover with great deference, the women swept to the floor in low curtsies and kissed his ring. One American woman who failed to curtsey as she was presented to him was soundly scolded by a great Roman princess, blazing with indignation as well as historic diamonds.

It is difficult not to go on indefinitely naming the hundreds of visitors who added variety and pleasure to our days. Moreover we found them on the whole warmly appreciative of any hospitality which we extended.

Occasionally there were people of another sort. We had an amusing experience with a man who bears a distinguished name in one of our great Atlantic seaboard cities. As soon as he and his wife arrived in Rome, they left their cards and a letter of introduction at the embassy. We were giving a dinner of twelve shortly to which I invited them. But that evening as I looked down the table across the daffodils and shaded candles, I thought, in hostess fashion, that this guest was enjoying his neighbors less than they merited. They were both unusually attractive American women whose husbands had distinguished themselves—one in a financial, and the other in an artistic, field.

When the men rejoined us, after coffee, in the drawing-room, the tourist came straight to me. We

sat on a pale-green satin damask sofa while he cross-examined me severely about life in Rome, particularly in regard to expense.

"They told me living was cheap here!" he complained. "But I haven't found it so. I live well, in the best neighborhood at home, on ten thousand dollars a year."

As he had a large family, I expressed surprise. I looked across at his pretty, well-dressed wife.

"Surely that doesn't include many such gowns?" I asked in my turn.

"No!" he snapped. "It does not! And she wouldn't have had to have that one if you hadn't asked us here. I wanted her to wait until we got to Florence, where things are cheaper, but when she got your note she said she hadn't anything she could wear. So I told her to buy a new dress."

He glared at the ten other guests, all of them, by chance, distinguished, but none of them dukes or princesses.

"Of course, as far as I knew," he finished, "it might have been a *swell* dinner!"

I murmured that for formal dinners I did not write personal notes, as I had in their case, but sent engraved invitations, at least two weeks in advance.

This experience, however, was memorable chiefly because it was unique. By and large the American tourists we entertained in Rome more than rewarded us for any effort we made for their enjoyment. Their innate kindliness and good manners were also

a source of pride to us. Most of them realized, too, that mere lack of time often made it impossible to group guests as carefully as one might in ordinary circumstances.

Many times, after parties were carefully arranged, I would receive word that some persons were in Rome for only two more days and hoped to see us, as they had a personal letter of introduction from a mutual friend. Sometimes the sender of the letter would be the president himself; sometimes it would be the most casual of acquaintances. Then would come that problem that distresses all hostesses: "Will they fit in?"

Upon occasion, these last-minute people proved so delightful that they added greatly to the success of a party; for there is nothing more agreeable and stimulating to people who go out a great deal than to sit next to a previously unknown person of real charm.

It is usually only the inexperienced tourist who fails to realize the tremendous pressure of entertaining which bears down upon the heads of our embassies and legations. People who have neither been part of it nor observed it at first hand have no conception of the social and official demands inherent in such a position. Added to this, the American diplomats are on the whole more hospitably inclined toward their fellow countrymen than the chief representatives of any other country.

In addition to my personal experience in Rome,

I have observed at first hand fully a dozen of our other embassies and legations, and nothing has struck me more forcibly than the generous and warmly hospitable attitude toward visiting Americans shown by our ambassadors and ministers. The representatives of foreign nations usually limit the entertainment of their visiting fellow countrymen to those of unusual prominence, but Americans do not.

There is occasionally a misinterpretation of this attitude, even on the part of sophisticated travelers.

I remember a couple who arrived, armed not with just one letter of introduction to us from intimate friends, but three. As they came in the early autumn, before the beginning of the Roman "season"—which commences in December—we were able to entertain them more often than would have been possible ordinarily. Commenting to other tourists on our hospitality, however, they said:

"Oh, well, that's what an American Embassy is for—to entertain traveling Americans."

There happened to be present the wife of one of our experienced diplomats, who was unable to restrain herself.

"That's the attitude which makes American tourists ridiculous!" she said. "If our embassy is merely a social center for travelers, why do you suppose our government doesn't open them in all foreign cities? An ambassador is the personal envoy of the president to the king. His primary social obligations are to the court, the other diplomats, and distinguished

Italians. After that, if he chooses, out of the fullness of his heart and his own pocketbook, to entertain his fellow countrymen, he does so because he wants to. There is no definite obligation. No other diplomatic service in the world," she finished, "expects that one of its duties will be to provide wholesale entertainment for tourists."

It is only fair to say that it is not only the tourists who sometimes misjudge the proper functions of our diplomats themselves, especially those in minor positions. Every now and then one encounters a young man who seems to have chosen this career primarily because he believes it to be the easiest way of attaining social position for himself.

One of our diplomatic chiefs, with a keen sense of humor, had on his official staff a young *attaché* who takes surface distinctions with great seriousness. During his many years' residence away from America he has acquired a scarcely concealed contempt for all his fellow countrymen except the few he considers very smart, and, therefore, of potential social value to himself should he ever be forced to go back to the United States to live.

He said one day to his chief, "Who's going to be at your tea this afternoon?"

The older man, understanding perfectly the other's attitude, answered with a twinkle in his eyes, "Oh, just some American tourists. Are you coming?"

"If it doesn't matter to you, I think I won't," said the other. "I've an engagement I oughtn't to break."

The next day, however, the *attaché* happened to see the guest book. As he read the names of the people who had been at tea he grew more and more excited. Every one of the half-dozen people was a prominent member of the New York-Newport group to which he aspired.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed, "I certainly ought to have been there. Why didn't you tell me?"

"I said they were American tourists," his chief replied quietly, "and so they were."

Of course people with the personal social ambitions of this *attaché* and with his standards of appraisal are the most inimical to the expression of hospitality and to the true generosity shown by the majority of our diplomatic representatives abroad.

Every one who has gone to embassy receptions in various capitals has encountered sooner or later at least one such person, but after the initial irritation has worn off, the onlooker is usually amused by the obvious tactics of the snob. And they inevitably make mistakes even in their own game.

One young man of this sort sat next a rather dowdily dressed woman at luncheon one day at an official party, and as he had a titled lady on the other side, he paid little attention to the American. About the time dessert was being served, however, he caught the reproving eye of his hostess, so he turned toward his countrywoman.

"And where do you live in the States?" he asked in his rather patronizing way.

"Oh, we are farmers," she answered.

His expression showed that he was not surprised. He continued to follow the conversational line of least resistance.

"And in what state do you farm?"

She named the state and county.

"Oh," he said. "Why there are some awfully nice people who go there."

He went impressively through a list of names of his acquaintances there, speaking of each one by his or her nickname. "But of course those people are only there for the summer. When we go home on leave we expect to stay with Zippy Smith out there. You must have seen their place. Her sister, you know, married Lord——"

About that time the scraping of chairs announced that luncheon was at an end.

The dowdily dressed woman smiled. "Yes, I know," she said. "They happen to be my daughters."

She was particularly amused by this incident, because, as she said when she told the story, her daughter had warned her that this man was a climber who would overwhelm her with attention. He did attempt to after he knew who she was, but he not only failed ever to find her in when he called, but his hoped-for invitation to visit Zippy Smith never arrived.

When the visiting Americans are really unimportant from the snob's point of view, they are sometimes deeply hurt by being ignored or patronized.

Fortunately our representatives are rarely snobs, for one such man or, as occasionally happens, one diplomat's wife with this point of view has sometimes prejudiced outsiders against our entire professional diplomatic representation.

There is probably no branch of entertaining in which the guests are more aware of the enjoyment or boredom of their hosts than in extending hospitality to tourists. If this is done perfunctorily, through a bored sense of duty, it might be better left undone in many cases.

"I received six soup tickets this morning," the wife of one diplomat used to complain when travelers presented letters of introduction to her.

Needless to say, she was the type of hostess who does not enjoy entertaining any one outside a limited number of intimates, all of whom call each other by first names, or, preferably, nicknames. When circumstances—or her husband—forced her to entertain other people, her lack of interest sometimes led to indiscriminate groupings.

One bewildered stranger, who presented her with what he called a "letter of introduction" from a mutual friend, and she termed a "soup ticket," was delighted to receive her invitation to a small dinner. He pictured a brilliant assemblage and sparkling conversation, of the epigrammatic, political kind to which he was unaccustomed. Twelve persons sat at the exquisitely appointed table. On his right was a beautifully gowned young matron, who complained

all during the meal that she had sent her pearls to Paris to be restrung and she knew the jeweler had substituted at least two false ones. She took off the necklace and made every one at the table examine each separate pearl and report his opinion.

On his other side, a handsome, dark girl addressed by every one merely as Li-li, told him of the "marvelous little shoemaker" she had just found. "He only charges three hundred lire for the most intriguing alligator slippers!" she kept repeating. She even turned in her high-backed, needle-point chair to show him the elaborate silver slippers which then adorned her slender feet. "This kind cost four hundred—imagine what you'd pay to have them made in New York or London!"

Of course, there was general conversation, too. It chiefly concerned side-splitting allusions to the new infidelities of one Henri. Henri sat at one end of the table, his cerise-lipped wife at the other.

The stranger happened to be one of the greatest living historians. He was accustomed to being taken seriously, even deferred to. When he got back to his hotel that night, he met a man he had known at his university, who was now living in Rome.

"Heavens! What an evening!" he said. "Don't the ——s"—naming his hosts—"know any worthwhile people?"

The other roared. "My dear fellow!" he exclaimed. "'Marie' is the famous Duchess of ——; the last of the great house of ——."

"Well, they didn't act like it!"

"Did you expect them to act like stage nobility? They are really quite human and upon occasion can be brilliant. Probably the trouble was that your hosts didn't tell any of them who you are. Henri's wife, for instance, who is an amateur archeologist of excellent standing, would have been delighted to talk to you seriously."

"And she's a duchess?"

"Oh, there are lots of awfully nice titled people. You see, over here in Europe, there are proportionally about as many titles as there are, say, incomes over five thousand dollars in the United States. Tourists who go home and boast of knowing countesses and marquises and so on are about as logical as a European would be who returned from America and boasted, 'I had the honor of meeting in New York a man who made six thousand dollars a year!' "

It is unfortunately true that the visitor in an alien country, whether he is an European traveling in America, or an American in Europe, is rarely able to enter with understanding into the significant life of the foreign land. So much preparation is necessary for correct interpretation of even the little that is observed, that most people, perhaps wisely, content themselves with enjoying the obvious surface distinction.

Perhaps it is for this reason that many foreigners who come to the United States desire to see our great millionaires, while in their turn many Americans, who are otherwise judicious and level-headed people, find potency of attraction in old-world titles.

CHAPTER IX

THE BARGAIN-HUNTER ABROAD

All problems connected with the entertainment of tourists could not be solved by an invitation to luncheon or tea, however.

As far as possible, we kept the official and the social sides sharply divided, but even then I was sometimes appealed to for intervention outside my proper sphere of activity.

"I'm coming to Rome soon and want your personal help," one letter from an acquaintance said in substance. "I am eager to see the Pope alone and win him over to the doctrine of birth control."

This letter, as all others which had to do with the Vatican, was turned over to Monsignor Burke, the able head of the American College in Rome. Although we ourselves are not Catholic, we maintained a very friendly relationship with this interesting young American as well as with the very nice Father Lyons and Father O'Neill who were at the head of the first American Catholic Church in Rome, which was opened while we were there.

On another occasion a friend of mine, in answer to my query as to what I could do for her enjoyment, said. "Nothing, my dear—except one thing. Do

ask me to tea some afternoon and have Mussolini, and no one else."

In addition to various requests of this sort, there were also inquiries from time to time in regard to shopping—that pastime indulged in by all proper tourists. As my husband and I had long since succumbed to the lure of buying things—anything, almost—if the surroundings were sufficiently picturesque, we were interested not only in the serious collectors but also in the haphazard purchasers, who were more numerous. Almost every one we saw fell into one of the categories.

An apparently unimaginative business man of our acquaintance almost lost the biggest contract of his career while he was bargaining with an *antiquaire*. His commissions from this one transaction alone, if it went through, were to amount to many thousands of dollars. But on the morning of the appointment with the official in whose hands the matter rested, the American went out of his hotel for a walk and glancing in a shop window saw a piece of antique wine-red velvet which he immediately coveted.

He knew little about old fabrics, but when he had built his new winter house at Palm Beach the interior decorator had made a great point of the velvet hanging on the white plaster of the great hall. The owner had protested at the price, but the decorator had been firm.

"It is an important—really a museum—piece of antique velvet," she had declared.

So when the business man found another wall hanging that looked almost like the duplicate of his own, he naturally went into the store to ask its price. In broken English the proprietor assured him that he would sell it at a great bargain. The first price he named was only two hundred dollars below that which the New York decorator had charged.

"In American money that is very low price," declared the *antiquaire*. "The exchange, it is so good for you."

The business man had had too much experience in Europe to be impressed by these familiar phrases, so he calmly named a figure a thousand dollars less than the proprietor's.

The dealer declared vehemently that it was ridiculous, that such an offer was insulting, that he had named a very low price, that he could take not a penny less, and that he would lose money anyway. In the midst of this harangue the American walked toward the door.

"Oh, very well!" he declared. "Good day."

Once he had put his hand firmly on the latch the proprietor came toward him.

"Now let us be sensible," he said. "I tell you the truth—I lose money on that piece. I pay myself just what I asked of you. I buy it sometime ago. Now I take loss on it because I need the money. I see you are a gentleman who knows fine things. You are a real connoisseur, I can talk to you frankly."

The business man liked to be considered a con-

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Senator and Mrs. Medill McCormick

© Wide World Photo

Lord and Lady Curzon

noisseur. He enjoyed being taken back into the inner room of the crowded little shop and seeing old carved chests and cupboards opened and fabrics of all sizes and colors drawn out with affectionate care by the proprietor.

Old brocades of silver and gold, tapestries of greens and yellows, velvets in blues and amethyst—all these emerged finally, until the high-backed chairs and the old walnut tables were covered with an array of lovely fabrics. Some of them the American would have liked; some of them cost little money; none of them cost so much as the velvet the color of Burgundy which he had seen in the window. But concerning these prices, he was at sea, whereas he did know the market value of the other.

When he had seen them all and had made the cautious non-committal comments which he had picked up from experienced bargainers, such as "Um-m—yes—quite an interesting piece;" or "Nice color, that one;" "Pretty badly stained, isn't it?" he again renewed his original offer for the first piece.

They haggled back and forth, each ridiculing the other's offer, each declaring he would stick to his first offer, until finally, after they had exhausted all arguments, they compromised, as each had known they would finally do, on a price half-way between the two extremes. When it was at last settled, and the American sat down to write out a check, he happened to remember his important business engagement and drew out his watch.

It was then fifteen minutes after the hour he had agreed to call on the Minister of Public Works.

He dashed back to his hotel to change into prescribed morning coat and silk hat and found his efficient young secretary in a state of panic.

"The minister's office has telephoned to ask if you were delayed," he cried, "or if we had mistaken the hour. I took a chance on saying we understood it was half-past twelve, but I don't think he believed me, as they wrote us quite plainly that it was to be at twelve noon. Anyway, he said that His Excellency couldn't see you then, as he had an early luncheon engagement."

The business man was terribly distressed, particularly as they had planned to leave the capital the next day in order to catch the boat on which their return passage was engaged. He went immediately to the embassy and asked help in getting a new appointment. This was eventually accomplished, but it meant a delay of several days, with the result that new passage had to be engaged at an increased cost and the business man got home just too late to see his daughter graduate from college as he had promised, and had to work harder than ever to get the contract put through.

Nevertheless, they say that he loves to take the velvet out of the camphor closet where it is kept and relate the story of his shrewd bargaining with the European merchant.

"And I got it for seven hundred dollars less than

I had to pay for the one hanging up there!" he adds triumphantly.

Then there was the American woman who prided herself on her ability to find bargains in the most out-of-the-way places. On her return from a world cruise, she exhibited among other newly acquired objects, an enormous silver bowl.

"I got it in Constantinople for almost nothing," she declared, "considering that the Russian who sold it to me gave me a written guaranty that it was authentic Georgian." She disclosed later that when she had said that she bought it for almost nothing, she was not speaking literally.

She had, as a matter of fact, paid a good deal for the piece, but she insisted that she had paid much less for it than she would have paid for a Georgian bowl at an English antique shop in New York.

Some one asked her what she intended to do with it, and she looked greatly surprised.

"Well, I couldn't let such a bargain get away from me, no matter what I did with it later," she answered. "And then, of course, if I wanted to, I could always sell it to a dealer at a big profit."

This is exactly what she endeavored to do, after she had begun to find bargains in the obscure corners of Rome, which she desired to buy. She took the cumbersome bowl to a dealer, on the plea that it was much too large for her apartment in New York. She showed him the guaranty which stated that it was authentic Georgian.

The expert smiled politely, "But yes, madame, it is authentic Georgian in one sense—that is to say, it was made not so very long ago in the republic of Georgia!"

The poor woman who bought it had never heard of this little country on the Black Sea, and thought, of course, that the guaranty of its being Georgian silver had meant that it was Georgian in the English sense.

The dealer told us afterward that an astonishing proportion of the things which people brought into his shop hoping he might undertake to resell them, had been bought in foreign markets.

"Take this particular instance," he said. "In the first place, this woman probably would not have bought a piece too large for her small apartment if she had been shopping in New York. Secondly, she would not have expected to find a bargain, so she would have made entirely sure before she invested so much money. If she had thought seriously about the matter before she bought it in Constantinople, she would have realized that shopkeepers everywhere know the market value of their wares and do not undersell really good pieces.

"Really good pieces," he declared, "especially of old silver, have a rather definite market value the world around."

Most of the white elephants which we all buy from time to time, and later wish desperately that we might get rid of, are purchased as this was—either

because they seem such bargains that we can not resist them or because the glamour of the surroundings under which we buy throws a rosy shadow over the intrinsic value of the purchase.

This element of a picturesque background is enhanced by the charm of bargaining about the price in most parts of Europe and the Orient; and to many Americans, men and women alike, buying under these novel conditions becomes a definite part of the holiday mood which makes them enjoy traveling abroad. Occasionally they buy things they really want, but often they buy for the love of buying rather than because they desire the objects with which they fill their trunks and bags on the way home.

Two friends of mine who motored from Rome to Vienna brought back handfuls of semiprecious stones. One of them got an assortment of pale blue and green aquamarines, and the other a boxful of topazes, shading from light yellow to smoky orange color. They were elated at their bargains until, when they had returned to America, one of them went into a shop and tried to get some larger aquamarines to fill in her set. To her dismay she discovered that the price of these larger stones in New York was no greater than she had paid in Europe for the smaller ones.

The jeweler explained, "We sell these by the weight. The price is pretty well standardized. I'd sell these larger stones to you cheaply because, to be frank, we get very little call for semiprecious stones

over here. I don't know why it is—people will go abroad and buy them, but we can't sell them here."

When she got an estimate for the cost of setting the stones she thought she understood one reason—the labor charge was stupendous.

"You see, it has to be done just as carefully as if they were working with much more valuable stones," he said. "And for work like this we have to pay expert men very large prices. I admit that they could set them for you cheaper over there. Their labor cost is so much lower. That's where they can really undersell us."

My friend with the boxful of lovely topazes had just engaged passage for another trip to Europe. She declared that in the course of her travels she would make a special pilgrimage to Vienna if necessary in order to have a satisfactory necklace made at a reasonable price.

In this she succeeded. She paid there only one-quarter of the American price for approximately the same work.

"But, of course, she didn't add the cost of her trip to Vienna," declares the owner of the aquamarines; "nor her expenses during those ten days they were doing the work."

No one ever does include hotel bills or taxi fares or days of one's time in determining the cost of things bought abroad. The reason for it is, of course, that shopping there becomes part of one's diversion instead of being the tiring and matter-of-fact pro-

cess which it so often seems at home. Moreover, in ordinary routine life one has to buy necessities, and when buying becomes a game, as it does abroad, it is usually confined to luxuries.

One of the most interesting results of the tremendous increase in the number of Americans traveling to Europe lies in their awakening appreciation of diverse forms of beautiful old things. To many people—particularly to the proverbial tired business man—it once seemed a waste of time to spend aimless hours in European museums and picture galleries. But after one important piece of antique furniture has been purchased this attitude may change entirely.

The husband of a friend of mine, who has given little thought to matters of this sort, was persuaded to buy at a very large price in America an Italian Renaissance table. His wife realized after it had been placed in the dining-room of their new house that it made everything else in the room look hopelessly new and out of place. But she could not convince her husband of the necessity for changing the chairs and the sideboard.

"The best thing to do would be to get rid of that mousey old table," he declared.

It seemed providential that about this time a matter of business developed which necessitated a trip to Italy. They had gone several times before, but their shopping had been confined chiefly to gloves and coral beads and embroidered linens, and they

did not have even one antique shop in their book of foreign addresses.

During almost the first interview which the American had with an official in Rome, he happened to see a refectory table very much like the one he had bought in Chicago. Now when he had reluctantly paid the very large price asked by the shop for this table, he had studied its description. The words had meant little to him then, but they recurred to his mind now.

"That is a Florentine table of the sixteenth century, isn't it?" he said.

The Roman official looked somewhat surprised at the interest expressed by the American, but he answered politely. "It may be! I have thought it Bolognese of the fifteenth."

The challenge was just enough to incite in the business man a determination to learn which was right.

To his wife's amazement, when he returned to the hotel that afternoon, he brought with him a large two-volume illustrated work in German on Italian furniture of the Renaissance.

"I've gone to at least ten bookstores hunting for some authoritative work in English, and this was the best I could do," he declared. "Anyway, I can understand the pictures, and the names of the districts and centuries are easy to figure out."

During the months that he had to remain in Rome he developed keen interest in this new game.

He went into a dozen shops and even discovered those exclusive ones conducted in the houses or apartments of connoisseurs where furniture and pictures are displayed to excellent advantage against appropriate backgrounds.

When he learned that the wonderful old medieval castle at Bracciano was furnished appropriately throughout, he motored the hour's ride from Rome with his astonished wife, obtained a permit from the office of the *amministratore* at the entrance, and examined everything in the entire palace with critically interested eyes.

On another day they made an excursion to the Palazzo Farnes at Caprarola, which is almost two hours away. This magnificent palace, built around a circular courtyard, with beautiful woods and terraced gardens, has been leased by Brambilla, an Italian diplomat with great taste, who has furnished it with rare old pieces. Although he and his American wife use it as their home and give splendid parties there when they are in Italy, during their absence it is open to the public on certain days. The American found in it a further impetus to his new interest.

We told him of the superb palace at Urbino, which is northeast of Perugia, so, determined to be thorough, they motored one week-end, with some Italian friends, up into this lovely hill country. Having by this time acquired some real discrimination, the Americans declared this stronghold of the

powerful Duke of Urbino the finest place they had seen anywhere. The curator, who has had much to do with its recent masterly restoration, took them from one magnificent room to another, explaining that the furnishings of regal simplicity and the many interesting pictures were all of the period of the palace itself. The splendid tapestries of the great council hall with its four original fireplaces were the ones woven for these very walls centuries before. They had only lately been rehung, however, for Austria had had them in her possession, and they were recaptured during the late war.

There were two or three old palaces in Rome open to the public on certain days, and he visited these too, but he found that he learned most from his books, supplemented by his conversations with two or three expert *antiquaires*. By asking the same questions of all of them in turn, he could compare their answers and come to satisfactory conclusions.

One of the many things he discovered was the difficulty of disassociating furniture from its surroundings. For, of course, he began to buy things. He found out that his table at home, which was undoubtedly Florentine of the sixteenth century, must be an excellent piece, so he began to plan on the sort of chairs that would best suit it, and the sideboard and small tables necessary to make the room a satisfactory whole.

One of the best shops conducted without any sign outside, was in the very large apartment in an old

palace. A correct servant answered one's ring, and conducted the customer up to the charmingly decorated waiting-room. From there the pleasant young Roman proprietor escorted him into one after another of his many rooms.

The dining-room, which interested the American most, was used daily by the *antiquaire* himself, and so had a pleasant livable atmosphere, even though everything in it—including the silk hangings on the wall—was for sale. Eventually, however, our friend realized that the furniture seemed so attractive partly because it suited the shape of the room itself, which was quite different from the proportions of his dining-room in Chicago. Moreover, the sideboard which he had thought at first he wanted, was admirable here chiefly because it fitted the space between two old doors. At last, before he had actually bought anything, he consulted an expert, who suggested making a drawing to scale of his room and the table which was the nucleus of its furnishing. With this accomplished, he took the expert to Florence with him in order to choose the perfect chairs. At the same time he bought some wall hangings, two low Tuscan sideboards and iron brackets for lights.

"We'll have one good room anyway," he told his delighted wife. Incidentally he has always declared that his ability to discuss Renaissance furniture and decorations with the Roman official helped him greatly in facilitating the business matter which was the real purpose of his trip.

Many tourists, however, have not the time required to make an intelligent study of the subject of antiques, and they are often the victims of all manner of frauds. Nothing is more susceptible to fake and imitation than antique furniture, and sometimes even experts are unable to detect the false from the genuine without making technical tests. For this reason it is sometimes better economy to buy in the more expensive established shops, where the proprietors realize that their reputation for integrity is an asset too valuable to be exchanged for the transitory profit of cheating their customers.

The pitfalls awaiting the amateur buyer can best be realized by contemplating the mistakes made by experienced collectors. An interesting legal decision which well illustrates this point came up not long ago in England. A man of great wealth had bought a very large collection of antique furniture from a big dealer in London. After he had paid a small fortune for it he had reason to doubt its authenticity. Eventually he brought suit against the dealer. At the trial he produced an impartial expert who declared that many of the pieces were fake. The dealer produced an equally great authority who declared that in his opinion the pieces were genuinely old. The case attracted excited interest in collectors and dealers alike, who waited anxiously for the decision. It was given finally in favor of the dealer. The judge said, in effect, that the burden of proof was not on the dealer but on the purchaser. The dealer had asked

a large price, saying that the furniture was genuine; the purchaser declared that it was imitation, but it was not necessary for the dealer to prove it was antique, but for the purchaser to prove it was imitation. This he could not do. Dealers the world around no doubt drew long sighs of relief, and collectors became even more wary.

CHAPTER X

ANTIQUES

THERE is one expedient open to Americans buying antiques abroad which may prove helpful in avoiding fakes. It is to insist that the purchase price shall include delivery in the United States, packing, freight, and most important, all taxes. The reputable dealer will usually agree to this, but the others will make a hundred excuses to avoid it. If articles coming into this country are really over a hundred years old, there is no duty to pay on this side, although the purchaser is sometimes asked to pay an export tax at the place of sale. If, however, furniture has been repaired during that time, or if the pieces are new, the import tax is sometimes larger than the price paid abroad, as the appraisal is made not on the purchase price but on the market value here.

Many of the reliable European and Oriental dealers have agents in America, and in this way are able to guarantee delivery at the purchaser's house. And even if they have no personal representative here, there is no reason why they can not name a price which will include safe arrival at the port of entry nearest the customer's home. Experienced

buyers do not pay the full amount of the purchase price until such delivery is completed.

Some years ago we bought a set of Canton china from an engaging old merchant in Hong-Kong, and as we were just starting on an extensive trip through the Orient we told him to ship it to us by slow freight. He ascertained the exact cost of this prepayment, and added it as well as the insurance to the bill, which we unfortunately paid in full.

When we arrived in New York six months later, we were astonished to learn that the china had been sent us by express, C. O. D.! Moreover, as it had arrived during our absence, it had been allowed to stand unclaimed in the custom-house, and the total bill for storage and expressage, plus the amount already paid the engaging old merchant for its shipment, brought the total money cost up to an amount more than double its Fifth Avenue price. But I think our indignation at our helplessness in the situation annoyed us even more.

Very often dealers will suggest that they send the purchased articles to some firm of expert packers, who will ship them to America. But the customers should see that no matter who does the actual work, the dealer alone takes the responsibility for the packing and handling of the things, as well as for the insurance. For if the objects are sold by one man, packed by another, and no person can be held responsible, there is no recourse, even should the things arrive broken to bits.

A friend of mine bought a lovely old lacquer cabinet not long ago in a village in Southern France. It was the only thing of value in the little shop, and she bought it very cheaply. About four months later she received word from the customs officials in New York that it had arrived, so she went down to claim it. To her dismay she found the cabinet broken into half a dozen pieces. The shopkeeper not being used to shipping furniture to America had packed it insecurely, neglected to insure it, and there was nothing she could do about it. She found an expert who put it together again, but she paid him twice as much as she had paid for the thing itself, and it brought the price of the cabinet above its market value in New York.

Particularly when buying glass and porcelain should this rule of delivery in America be observed. Insurance for breakage is heavy on these articles and it should be added to the purchase price, as well as the cost of packing and the duty. Sometimes it will be found that these expenses make a total equal to the retail price at home. But often one is so carried away by the thought of buying glass in Venice, for instance, at half the price one would pay for the same thing at home, that the supplementary cost is not considered at all.

Another result of one's enthusiasm in buying things so much cheaper abroad is in overstocking. If gloves in France cost less than in America, who can resist buying many more than they would at

home? And if clothes for men can be made by the smartest of Bond Street tailors for less than one ordinarily pays, what American in London will not consider it economy to order an extra suit while he is about it?

Women who boast of their wonderful little boot-maker who makes shoes to order for less than one would pay for ready-made ones at home, rarely tell you of the numbers of pairs among the half-dozen lots he makes for them that have not fitted and have had to be given away. They literally forget these failures in their enthusiasm. Many level-headed practical people of the type who, when they shop at home, buy only those things listed on a businesslike memorandum with a maximum price written opposite each one, so lose their level-headedness in Europe that they would buy extra trunks, extra hat boxes, extra hand-bags, pay excess fare on trains and porter's fees and custom duty when they returned home, in order to take advantage of the cheaper prices of clothes abroad.

There are two justifying elements which enter into this emotional and often indiscriminate buying which afflicts us all in the presence of bargains. The first is the indisputable fact that occasionally our judgment proves to be right.

Handkerchiefs of sheerest linen can be beautifully monogrammed in two days in London or Paris, and cost less than ordinary unmarked ones at home. Six dozen reduces the price, and one always needs hand-

kerchiefs. They would make excellent gifts, too, and they are so easy to pack. In the same shops there is usually exquisite hand-made lingerie.

"Now that madame is ordering, ought she not to have a supply for two seasons? Oh, yes, madame intends to return next year, but who knows?"

Madame is convinced by this and also by the ease with which the lingerie may be packed.

In the beginning of a trip every one plans the packing carefully; as time goes by, one becomes more and more reckless, until at last one carries quite shamelessly pasteboard boxes and queer-sized parcels, conscious only that nestling inside one's expensive Place Vendôme hat is an etched Bohemian glass of deep amber color, genuinely old, picked up in a tiny shop near the Boulevard Raspail for almost nothing.

We all find some bargains, no matter how recklessly or impulsively we buy. And what could add more to our feeling of justification after we have returned home, depressed at having somehow spent much more money than we had planned, than to find in a shop almost the duplicate of something we have bought abroad, priced twice as high? Regardless of whether these things are useful or even beautiful, we begin to feel that despite the cold figures of one's bank's accountant, the trip has really been a great saver of money.

Of course there is also the contrary experience. What enthusiastic shopper has not gone through the

disheartening occurrence of bringing back in triumph some carefully chosen foreign articles, only to find them in the department stores when he returns home? The quaint earrings of coral and kingfisher's feathers fastened with one pearl, which one buys in the bazaar near the Great Wall of Peking, seem then the perfect gift for the friend who likes original jewelry. But, alas, it is difficult to find a little shop in all New York that does not also feature them. And the lovely pieces of jade that one had thought so remarkable in a tiny stall in Shanghai appear commonplace when compared with the extensive jade collections in the big importing shops in America.

We refuse to take these incidents seriously, however, because they concern only the intrinsic value of things bought abroad. And the second and more important reason we treasure our foreign purchases has to do, not with their actual value, but with the matter of association and pleasant memory.

A true connoisseur whose beautiful house in New England is furnished with European antiques told us at dinner in Rome of certain splendid old Italian chairs he had bought in New York the day he sailed.

When we expressed surprise he explained:

"Although I've made a good many trips abroad and bought a lot of my things over here, I've also bought a lot of my best things in America. My belief is that if you've got a definite plan in mind, when you find just the thing that you want, no matter where it is, you'd better get it."

"But can't you get things lots cheaper in Europe?"

"If you're really experienced and competent to judge for yourself, I think you undoubtedly can," he said. "I think I can now, after a good many years of it, and after getting stung a good deal. I don't know that I'd particularly regret that part of it, though, if I didn't want to finish my house, for I've always had a good time buying in Europe, even when I was taken in."

"That's the point I wanted to make," said one of the women. "That's just the way I feel about buying my clothes abroad. People always ask me if I get them much cheaper. I suppose I do. But that isn't my primary reason. Shopping at home is a good deal of a burden, but over here it becomes part of the fun. I like to practise my French on my modiste and have my *vendeuse* call me mademoiselle when she knows perfectly well that I've been married forever."

"Of course you have so much more leisure, too, when you're traveling abroad," said another woman. "You stay in a hotel, for one thing, without any housekeeping difficulties, or any committee meetings or welfare organizations clamoring for attention. You literally have time to go and sit by the hour watching the mannequins parade. I usually get some things I like immensely, and then I lose my head and buy some things I don't want and can't wear after I get home—you know the kind of things French-

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Clark Grew

© *Wide World Photo*

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George and daughter Megan

women look wonderfully in and we simply can't get away with. But even if I do buy an extra trunk or two and have to pay enormous duty when I get home and then sometimes give away half the things I've bought, I wouldn't miss the pleasure I've had buying them for anything."

No one understands this psychological attitude of American shoppers better than the foreign shopkeeper. Carefully as he may display his material wares and merchandise, even more skilfully does he produce the atmosphere in which buying and selling seems less a businesslike procedure than an amusing game and a friendly interchange. This is not usually a matter of premeditated guile, but truly reflects the attitude of many small merchants, especially those who deal in antiques.

"Look, lady! Look, gentleman! Give you a very fine bargain. First sale I make to-day. Bring me luck!"

Countless times I have heard these words of enticement. Never have I been able to discover whether they correspond to some superstition held by bazaar merchants the world around, or whether they are part of the local color put on to tempt the foreign buyer. I do know that by going early in the morning to the narrow streets bordering on the Piazza Campo di Fiore in Rome, where every Wednesday dozens of booths display their variety of wares, I have found an occasional bargain of permanent delight. A lovely old Spanish shawl, for instance, which I was

unable later to duplicate in Spain for five times its price, came out of an unpromising stall of modern silver in this Wednesday sale. Handsome old silver candlesticks, pieces of antique brocade, and sometimes very interesting rings and necklaces have emerged there to be sold beneath their market value. It requires such a discerning eye combined with a practical nature, however, to find the bargains and leave the tawdry stuff, which greatly preponderates, that I have never seen any one who could accomplish both of these feats. Many people find bargains, but once they have bought them, their resistance is broken down, and they always go away with an armful of things of no value.

Some of the dealers at this weekly market—commonly called the rag fair—have regular shops where the same merchandise may be seen any day in the week. A great many of them, however, are not shopkeepers, but store their large supplies of fabrics and old laces and altar cloths at home during the week, bringing them in great bundles every Wednesday morning and taking them home again that evening.

"Sell it to you cheap. Last sale to-day. Give it to you half-price, lady. *Bancarotta!*"

This phrase meaning bankruptcy always delights the tourist, although he hears it so often that he eventually loses faith in its literal interpretation.

Then there is always the dealer who tells you in a low and confidential voice that he knows of a wonderful old tapestry or a primitive painting of un-

deniable authenticity that he would like to bring to your house for your inspection.

This element of mystery gives the purchaser, no matter how innocent, a delightful feeling of complicity. The dealer may explain that these valuable things are at present the property of a person of such distinction that you would know the name at once if he dared to tell it to you, but for personal reasons they are to be sold secretly.

"We will sell this *fondo d'oro* at a loss if you will buy it immediately," said one *antiquaire* who handles only those things he terms important pieces. He went on to explain, "There is now a very large ownership tax which we would have to pay our government if this picture gets listed. Therefore we sell it far below its actual value."

The acquaintance of mine to whom this offer was made was interested in the purchase of a genuine primitive, but he had learned that the tests necessary to determine the authenticity of a *fondo d'oro* require time, and the dealer insisted upon haste.

The only proof put forward by the dealer was a photograph in a catalogue of an authenticated collection recently sold. But although the photograph appeared to be a facsimile of the actual picture, the American knew how perfectly these things are copied, so that the photograph might only mean that it was an exact reproduction of a well-known painting. As the price was several thousand dollars, he decided not to take the risk.

In the course of the negotiation, however, he learned how pictures of this sort are sometimes smuggled out of the country without detection.

"Yes, we have occasional evasions of the law here too," said one of the *antiquaires* who, like most men in his profession, had a sense of humor. "In fact, we might call it bootlegging not in liquor but in *objets d'art*. For in this country all objects of great artistic value are supposed to be listed with the government. Before they can be sold to any foreigner the government must be given a chance to buy them. And even if the government does not wish to avail itself of the opportunity, there is always the matter of paying a large export tax in addition to the other tax. All these things mean not only a loss of money, but—which is often more annoying to the American buyer—a long delay, months and sometimes years before the things can be delivered.

"The best method I personally have ever heard of," he went on, "concerned some pictures of the second order—not important enough for a museum, and therefore the government would not have really wanted them, but good enough for a private collection, so there would have been much argument and delay. The foreigner who wanted the pictures agreed to buy them only on condition that they were delivered to him in Paris, within two months. My firm did not sell them; they belonged to a private person who had inherited them and badly needed the money. This woman invented a very good idea in order to

get these pictures out of the country and into France without paying any duty or having any trouble. She hired a young artist, a boy who spends days and days in the picture galleries copying the masterpieces. His copies are well done and he sells them as copies for a fair price. Now the pictures she had agreed to deliver in Paris had been painted centuries ago by apprentice painters in the studios of some of the great masters, and they all had that authoritative appearance which only great skill imparts, as well as beautiful color. The resourceful owner of these pictures induced the young copyist to make reproductions of each of the three pictures for sale. When he had done this he put varnish over them all, the originals as well as the copies, so that they all looked equally modern, and indeed one could scarcely tell which was which. When he packed these six pictures he put them into a trunk with copies of other classic paintings.

"At the border the customs people examined his luggage as they had on previous occasions when he had crossed the frontier with his carefully made reproductions. They let him through. He delivered the originals in Paris, sent the money—minus his commissions—back to the owner, and the American sailed with his pictures."

The *antiquaire* laughed. "At least the boy swore that he had delivered the originals. I believe that afterward the American had them examined by some expert who said they were very clever copies. But

there was nothing he could do about it, even if it were so, without giving the whole thing away. Now I shall give you a good suggestion in case you should ever buy something of the sort. Find some place—under the frame if it is a picture, or below a table top, or on a chair leg—where you can write your name yourself in ink on the actual thing you buy. Otherwise, it is sometimes impossible to know whether the things delivered to you in America are the same as those bought. We like our customers to do this," he concluded, "because occasionally they buy things when they are confused from seeing a great number of them, and during the months it takes for shipment and delivery they forget just what the things they finally selected look like; then they write us and say, 'We received a chair with purple velvet and the one we ordered was covered with bright blue.' So it is best for every one concerned to make quite sure."

One of the things which impresses the tyro as to the genuineness of antique furniture is worm holes.

"Why, of course it must be old! Just look at the worm holes!" Some one will declare.

But putting worm holes and even worms into perfectly modern furniture is an art only too easy to learn. This is no test at all; nor are stains, nor small patches of wood which appear to have been put in centuries before. The actual appearance of old wood is indeed different from that of modern wood to the experienced eye. But many pieces sold as authentic

are constructed from old wood, so even this does not prove the pieces to be genuinely of an early period. Making iron appear old is child's play to the initiated; statues and bas-reliefs of marble are often just put out into the open, and the rain and sun with the help of certain acids make them appear antiques within a few weeks. Velvets and brocades are treated in various ways, laces may be yellowed quickly, and old mirrors put into new frames give the desired appearance of age to the whole.

There is no way for the average buyer to be sure that the things presented to him as antique are genuinely so, unless he obtains the advice of some disinterested expert who is not himself a dealer.

Many people who enjoy the process of buying will say, "What difference does it make whether the things are old or not, if I like them?"

The first difference it makes is that the price asked by the dealer is large in proportion to the purported age of the article. This applies to the market value in any country at any time, and although reselling is not considered, most people prefer, when investing considerable amounts of money, to choose things of permanent value.

In addition to this initial cost, there is the matter of duty to be paid in the United States on modern furniture. But beyond this consideration of the material value of modern imitations, there lies the indisputable fact that as the amateur grows into the experienced collector his eyes become more and more

trained until eventually he is able to distinguish the old from the new, and finds greater satisfaction in the mellowness and beauty of the old.

When it comes to purchases of no great intrinsic value, then the matter of association and the pleasure of buying usually far outweigh the mere money cost.

We look at the square box of iron inlaid with silver on our library table. To strangers it is merely a container of cigarettes, but to us it brings back the whole picture of days in Seoul and of the Korean in loose white dress and a high pointed black hat who tried to explain to us the symbolism of the carefully wrought design in silver.

"And do you remember the boy who came running down to the wharf, the day our boat sailed from Yokohama, with this porcelain Kwannon hidden in his jacket, saying it had been looted from the Imperial Palace in Peking and they must get it out of the country at once?"

This impassive lady sits now on her ebony stand on our mantelpiece and, so far as any eyes but the owner's can see, she might have been purchased in any Oriental shop.

She gazes without interest at a low Normandy bench of carved walnut covered with old tapestry. "Do you remember the day we saw it in the window of the antique shop in Paris, and didn't dare go in for fear it would be priceless?"

"Yes, but have you forgotten that day in the pouring rain in Brussels when you insisted upon

going from one place to another to buy all that lace you never have used?"

"And the day at the auction in Rome when we summoned our best Italian to bid on the two red-and-gold Abruzzi chairs. And the days you spent afterward motoring over to the Adriatic, through the mountains of Abruzzi, to hunt for the others to go with them?"

The indelible memories tied up to the things we have found in novel and exciting environments come to mean more to people who buy in this way than the actual things.

Perhaps you can buy the same goblets of sea-green glass in the basement of an American department store. But when you bought yours in Venice you bought more than the goblets. You bought with them the memory of the rippling water, and the clear blue of the sky overhead, and the laughter of the old woman with whom you bargained in what your smiling gondolier told you was Venetian dialect. And when you consider all that you bought in this process, you know that whatever you paid was too little.

CHAPTER XI

THE TITLE-HUNTING AMERICAN AND THE FORTUNE-HUNTING FOREIGNER

THE social effect which an old and mellow civilization produces on even the most staid and apparently phlegmatic Americans is sometimes startling.

The rapid increase in the number of transatlantic affiliations of marriage, business and personal ties, presents a totally new set of interesting social problems. And the more one sees of the great number of our countrymen, and especially our countrywomen, who are at home abroad, the more one perceives the existence of subtle and elusive, but nevertheless vital, contrasts between the old and the new worlds.

In no relationship is this gulf deeper or more uncharted than in the courtship of the American girl by the European man.

Take the case of Susan.

Susan's mother telephoned me at the embassy in Rome one day and expressed such an urgent desire to see me alone that I asked her to come to tea that afternoon. Just as she was announced, however, an Italian friend of ours appeared, and the servant showed them both into the drawing-room together.

The Italian was a delightful man nearing sixty, whom we may call the Count di R——. As his wife, who was now dead, had been an American, he was always very much at home with her compatriots.

On this occasion Susan's mother plied him with questions regarding the European social structure. She listened attentively to his penetrating and witty comments on some of the differences between the two sides of the Atlantic, and finally put one significant question.

"Except for the army, the navy or diplomacy," she said, "are there any professions open to young men of the aristocracy?"

His eyes twinkled. "There is always that charming profession of courting the rich American girl."

"Oh, but seriously——" she protested.

"Madame, I am very serious." He put an expressive hand on his heart. "And who should know better than I? Not from my own experience, for my dear wife was not rich—though, of course she had a comfortable income—nor had I a great title. When I was a young man, you see, it was customary for the big titles to get the big fortunes. Nowadays this is not always true. However, I have seen, year after year, my wife's friends, and, in time, their daughters, who have come abroad. For some years I was honorary *attaché* at various capitals, so I have had many opportunities for observing other Europeans court the American girl or the American widow."

"And you call it a profession?" There was shocked surprise in her voice.

"But yes. Courtship is a profession, a fine art, and what you call a skilled trade, all combined."

"Good gracious! I never thought of it that way. My husband never gave it a thought when he courted me."

"Pardon, madame, but your husband he is American, is he not? Neither the American nor the Englishman ever does give it a thought. That is what makes it so much easier for the Continental!"

"Oh!" She remained silent for some time, while he and I chatted of mutual friends, and he repeated an amusing bit of gossip about the *faux pas* of a newly arrived diplomat.

When he rose to go he of course bent over and kissed my hand and then kissed the hand of Mrs. Smith. Now she was a woman of almost fifty, who, without belonging to the ultra-rich international group, has traveled extensively and in her own native city is noted for her executive ability and poise. She is the sort of woman who can get up on a platform and make an excellent extemporaneous speech introducing the new senator or the visiting novelist. But this perfunctory act of kissing her hand, done, to be sure, with the grace and charm in which the well-bred Italian excels, brought to her rather severe cheeks a faint flush of pleased self-consciousness.

She had let her tea get cold, and as I poured a fresh cup for her she sighed.

"Goodness, how attractive they are! Now at home can you imagine a man going to tea with two women and being so thoroughly entertaining as this man and so interested in all they had to say?"

The combination of a brightly burning wood fire and the China tea made me too pleasantly lazy to go deeply into a subject so controversial. But her next words roused me.

"I asked to come here to-day to talk to you about my daughter, Susan. I've been so worried about her. You may remember she came with me to your reception last week?"

I recalled her easily. She was an unusually tall girl, about nineteen, with honest brown eyes beautifully placed in her rather broad face, but she was so shy and self-conscious that she appeared twice as tall as she really was.

"Susan chose to come over here for the winter rather than to stay at home and come out," her mother went on. "She's grown so fast that the doctor didn't want her to go to college this year, and I had hoped she'd just be frivolous at home. But she's never been very popular with young men. Or at least," she amended, "with American men."

This gave me the first clew to the difficulties of Susan.

"Then she has been more popular over here?"

"Yes! It's the most extraordinary thing, but just after we arrived she met two or three young officers at our hotel after dinner one night, and they all

danced with her. One of them was immediately attracted to her. Immediately! I've never seen anything like it."

I had heard this story so often in various forms that I became alarmed. "But it's not serious, is it? She told me the other day that she intended to go home and finish college."

"She did intend to when she came," her mother agreed. "But last night she said that she thought higher education for women was absurd. She said, too, that America was so crude and young and lacking in true culture that she couldn't bear the thought of ever going back there to live!"

"You don't want her to marry over here?"

"I don't know. I've always been opposed to international marriages, but he is such a charming boy and has such beautiful manners that I can see why she might be happier. I wouldn't stand in her way. But her father would be furious! He's the best man in the world, but his point of view about foreigners is hopelessly insular. He won't even come abroad if he can help it."

"Have you written him about it?"

"N-no. You see Francesco hasn't actually proposed. He has told me that he had never seen any one he cared about until he saw Susan, that the moment she came into the hotel dining-room he felt that destiny had ordained that they should meet."

"Yes, yes." I could supply the other phrases. "But who is he? Where does he come from?"

"Why, he's—well, he's obviously an aristocrat. He comes from a very old family in Sicily. The family castle was near Messina."

"Destroyed in the earthquake, no doubt?"

"Yes, it was. Do you know him?"

I wanted to say "I know a hundred of him," but the moment was not auspicious. I did say, "Have you verified his story, or would you like to?"

"Oh, I don't think that's necessary!" she protested. "He has no pretenses; that's one of the things we like best about him—he's so completely simple. For instance, he told us quite frankly that his family are very poor now, that they do not even use their title because they can not afford to live with the dignity appropriate to it."

"And Susan's income would help them a good deal toward that proper dignity?"

At last she seemed to become aware of my skepticism and disapproval. "If you knew him you couldn't attribute mercenary motives to him! He has even told me how humiliated he is by some of his fellow countrymen who are fortune-hunters. One of the things that made him dare approach us, he said, was that we were not extremely rich."

"Yes, I believe that," I answered. "For if you were you'd be better prepared for his game. Your daughter wouldn't be courted by a man of whom you know nothing at all. You'd be on your guard. But Susan's ten thousand dollars a year is a comfortable income over here, and she's the only child

and will some day get much more. He knows all that. He's looked you up long ago. I'm afraid it was Bradstreet and not destiny that ordained that he should fall in love with Susan."

For a moment we were both silent, and I marveled again, as I had marveled many times before, at the unfortunate phenomenon by which people who at home may be unusually intelligent and observant sometimes lose all their powers of appraisal and their common sense when they are transplanted to a foreign country and, above all, when they deal with people of a different background.

No European mother would dream of taking her young daughter to a second-rate hotel in New York or Chicago and letting her dance with stray men who hung around the lobby, and then assume that she was associating with the finest type of American! Yet time after time American mothers or chaperons, simply because they are in Europe, show no discrimination whatever in their chance acquaintances. Because the men they meet have charming manners, wear becoming uniforms fitted in at the waist and kiss their hands so gracefully, they seem to ignore completely the fundamental qualities vital to a girl's happiness.

Susan's mother interrupted my thoughts. "I believe he has looked us up," she confessed, "from something he let drop about my husband's business."

It was undoubtedly fortunate that at this moment

the butler ushered in an Italian woman of whom I am very fond. We kissed each other on both cheeks, and I then presented my American guest. The title and name of the new arrival were distinguished enough to be significant to my compatriot, who regarded her with interest. As the American took in the details of the other's smart black gown, small hat, very large pearls and bright cerise lips, the Italian was talking rapidly to me of her full days.

"But I am really exhausted!" she exclaimed. "These tea dances every afternoon, and two daughters to chaperon! Then every night I must go from one ball to another and they seem to stay so late, my girls. Oh, well, one is only young once—but I shall be glad when Lent begins!"

The American looked at her in astonishment. "But do you really stay all afternoon with your daughters, and every night, at private balls?"

"But of course!" said the other. She selected a cigarette from an onyx case on which was a small coronet in diamonds. "What else can one do?"

"Well, in my country there is almost no chaperonage now. We let young people do more or less as they please."

"So I have heard," the other replied very politely. "Some of my American friends have talked to me of the differences. I have read some articles, too, in your journals, on the younger generation, as you say. But," she added quickly, as if afraid that this had not been a tactful reference, "possibly the American man

is different from the Latin. For our young men would be the first to insist upon strict chaperonage, for girls of their own class, I mean. The girl they marry must be a real *jeune fille.*"

She told us then an almost tragic story of a so-called modern American girl who had come to Rome with several friends and had met a good many people with whom she had lunched and dined and gone to dancing clubs. She had enjoyed it so much that when her friends left she determined to stay on alone. Her chief reason was her awakening interest in an extremely charming Roman. He had also been attracted to her, but after she stayed on alone there was so much gossip and conjecture, even though she did nothing actually improper, that he gave up all idea of marrying her.

The American looked bewildered. "But I simply can not understand his point of view! Why wouldn't he marry her if he loved her?"

"Ah, loved her! That is quite another thing. Love is an emotion; it we can not control. Marriage, on the other hand, has to do with the conventions. If the two can be combined, it is excellent. But not always is it possible!" With the tip of a highly polished nail she flipped her cigarette stub into the fireplace.

Susan's mother got up to leave. "Thank you very, very much!" she said as she took my hand. The light of battle was in her gray eyes.

Afterward I learned that she cabled her husband

that very evening to send word for them to come home at once. She took Susan by surprise and got her away just in time. The young officer lost his temper and his beautiful manner, and the girl was disillusioned even before they sailed.

Her mother told me all this the other day when we met by accident in the *salon* of a *couturière* in Paris. We completely ignored the procession of manikins who were haughtily exhibiting the knee-length gowns, for we had both read in that morning's newspaper half a column announcing the engagement of another American girl to this identical young officer! All the details were there, as he had told them to Susan, regarding the antiquity and nobility of his family, and the ruined castle.

"Do you suppose any of it can be true?" she said.

When I explained that I had learned authoritatively that he was a man of no position, she asked that pertinent question: "How do they get away with it?"

Then she laughed a little self-consciously as she answered her own question, "I guess we Americans are pretty unsuspicious on the whole and believe what people tell us about themselves. Of course that makes it easy for the adventurer. I don't wonder, though, that young girls are sometimes taken in—it's the parents who are really to blame."

Of course in Susan's case, when her mother's intelligence was finally aroused from the chloroforming effect of mere manner and setting, the girl was in

competent care. But unfortunately all girls are not so well protected.

Claire is a picturesque example. For obvious reasons, I have concealed the true identity of the individuals in these various dramas of international courtship, all of which have come under my personal observation.

Claire went abroad under the chaperonage of her uncle's wife, whom she called Aunt Mary until they landed in Europe. Then the older woman had her hair cut short and told her niece that she was henceforth to be known as Molly, and all references to age were to be taboo.

Claire had intended to study sculpturing with as much seriousness as is possible for an alert young girl who is extremely pretty and can afford to order hats by the half-dozen. Before they left home, Aunt Mary had talked with great earnestness about the cultural advantages Europe offered, but once safely there, Molly chose, with perfect regularity, a restaurant with dancing rather than an art gallery and culture.

It goes without saying that one can not dance in restaurants without partners, but wherever they went, Claire and Molly seemed always to have a good many young men, or beaus, as Molly called them. They met them through mutual acquaintances, and one man would introduce another, and although the women sometimes paid for the dinners or late suppers, they had a great deal of attention.

© *Wide World Photos*

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander P. Moore. Mrs. Moore was better known as Lillian Russell

Marie Dressler "drinks" the health of Mr. Volstead before setting foot on the land he made "dry"

© *Wide World Photo*

Charles R. Crane, former American Minister to China, with the Archbishop of the Old Believers of Russia at the Old Believers Church and Monastery outside of Moscow

One man, who had been presented to them as the Marquis of X——, usually turned up sooner or later wherever they went. Strangely enough, however, he almost ignored Claire and devoted himself to Molly.

In her silly little heart Molly was really loyal to her husband at home; she had, moreover, a boy of fourteen at boarding-school, whom she adored. But being followed around Europe by a handsome young marquis clouded whatever judgment she had. She felt the inexorable approach of middle age, when even short hair and short skirts would no longer produce the semblance of youth and of attractiveness. It seemed to her that if she did not dance and make merry now she would never again have a chance. She was absurdly, childishly indiscreet. The marquis sent her flowers every day, and every day, filled with a delicious sense of adventure, she got out her dictionary and wrote him a little note.

One evening, when they had all been dining and dancing in one of the big restaurants, they decided to go on to a smaller place, and in getting taxis for the party Molly and the marquis were separated from the others. He suggested that they should go on to a third café where the jazz was even better, and Molly agreed; she had been feeling depressed at the thought that her holiday was almost at an end, and she felt the need of his stimulating flattery. He danced beautifully; when one café closed they went on to another, and eventually, when the first glow of

sunrise pushed its way through the gray dawn, they both declared themselves ready for breakfast.

"There is no place I could take a lady at this hour," he said. "But wait—yes, I know just the thing. I am staying with my friend, Prince Y——, and his manservant always waits up for me with Turkish coffee. Come with me! You have always told me how you liked *la vie de Bohéme.* Let us be truly Bohemian!"

He hailed a cab, and before she had made up her mind he had given an address to the coachman.

"Oh, well," she thought, "it's really all right, and it will be great fun to think over when I am back home again."

But in this she was quite mistaken. To be sure, the adventure fell rather flat because it took a long time to waken the servant, and when they were finally in the overfurnished flat, which smelled of stale cigars and Oriental incense, Molly wished awfully that she were back in her hotel! The marquis had little conversation; once or twice, as they waited for the coffee, he even suppressed a yawn. Moreover, when the coffee came, it was thick and sirupy and most unappetizing.

She left as soon as she could, and as they rode back to the hotel in the morning light she decided that even dancing parties could be overdone.

As the marquis bent over to kiss her hand in saying *au revoir* in the lobby, she was greatly annoyed to see a little man she disliked and distrusted

saunter toward them. Some one had introduced him on the steamer coming across, and they had seen him now and then, but except for the fact that he had presented the marquis to them, Molly felt only distaste for him.

However, she spoke to him before going up in the lift with the weary concierge.

The next day when Claire, after teasing her about deserting the party, suggested that they should go down to Rome for Easter, so that she might have at least a month of study before sailing, Molly was delighted to agree.

"And let's not leave any address!" she said. "I've had all the beaus I want for a while. And you can call me Aunt Mary if you want to!"

Claire laughed; in spite of being twenty years younger she had almost a maternal, indulgent attitude toward the other.

They arrived in Rome. Within a week Molly, who was dancing furiously again, was astonished to see the marquis walk into their hotel one afternoon. As they had not even told him they were coming here she could only assume that he had made a great effort to learn their destination. She was flattered; the dreaded middle years receded a little.

But within forty-eight hours it became painfully apparent that it was Claire and not Molly he had followed so many hundreds of miles. Claire, whom he had almost ignored, was now the object of his persistent and always charming attentions. He sent her

flowers, books and even verses. She was astonished but humanly pleased, just as she had been humanly piqued by his previous indifference.

At the end of ten days he came to Molly and formally asked her, as Claire's chaperon, for permission to propose marriage to Claire. She was bewildered by his sudden maneuvers and, moreover, since he had transferred his devotion, she had looked at him with more critical eyes, and she now felt that he was a completely undesirable husband for her niece.

Irritated by his manner, she told him that she would not dream of giving her consent.

"I think you will change your dream then," he said calmly. "If I was desirable enough to be such a friend of yours, who are a married woman with a husband and a son almost grown, why am I not desirable for a nephew, heh?"

"I liked to dance with you, that was all," she declared.

"Oh, no; not quite all. There are those little notes you sent me. Your husband can read your French, I am sure. I have saved them all. I often read them over. Very sweet little notes. And that is not all. You are a logical woman. And how could you say I am not a desirable husband for your niece if I am such a kind of man you can trust to go to his apartment alone? And your husband in America—he is no doubt quite logical too, and he would agree with me."

She visualized her husband, her kind and generous and unimaginative husband, whose anger when aroused was the most terrifying thing she had ever experienced. She was completely convinced in that moment that if her husband ever learned of this escapade or ever saw those notes, he would disown her, and, moreover, disgrace her in the eyes of her adored son.

She trembled so that she could not speak. She saw clearly that it was blackmail, but mere terms could not alter the fact that her future happiness depended upon her acquiescence.

"All right," she said desperately; "give me the letters. I won't stand in your way."

"Not yet," he said, bowing gracefully from the waist down as he took his departure.

There my detailed knowledge of his technique in courtship ends. For with all his shrewdness the marquis had overlooked one vital factor. He had succeeded, it is true, in forcing Claire's chaperon into becoming a champion of his suit, but he had not taken into account the important fact that Claire was not in the least influenced by her aunt's advice or opinion.

When I last heard of them they were back in America, and Claire was still unmarried. Whether Molly bribed the marquis to return her letters I can not say, but I hear that she seems quite reconciled to settling into her comfortable niche at home.

Unfortunately, Claire's strong will and common

sense are not always shared by unprotected young girls, and the appeal through a chaperon is a common and sometimes successful method of unscrupulous fortune-hunters. There are even professional chaperons, said to be in good social standing, who have been bribed to influence the girls entrusted to their care. Sometimes mere flattery is powerful enough to win their support.

The other night I happened to be dining with an observant American diplomat of many years' experience in various capitals, who was discussing the gulf between our point of view about courtship and that held by most Europeans.

"Of course, generally speaking," he said, "we marry only for love. The Europeans may marry for a variety of reasons. They may, from what seems to them the highest motives, make what we would call a mercenary marriage. For instance, a young foreigner I am very fond of, who is of a great family over here, married a very rich American widow the other day—a woman much older than himself. It was no secret that he was madly in love with a young girl and that he really sacrificed himself in this marriage. But neither he nor the girl had any money, and his family were in actual need."

"How dreadful for the woman he married!" some one protested.

"No," said the diplomat. "I've become rather cynical about that end of it; she wanted his title and position just as much as he wanted her money.

It was *quid pro quo,* as most of these marriages are."

"Yes," some one else agreed. "And whatever we may think of the fortune-hunting foreigner, the European has just as little respect for the title-hunting American."

CHAPTER XII

ROMANCE AND THE COURTSHIP SYNDICATE

And then there is the courtship of Anne.

Quite a long time ago a handsome young foreigner appeared as *attaché* at an embassy in Washington. At almost the first ball he attended he met Anne. Anne was the only daughter of a dominating, irascible, extremely rich widower. All his affection was centered in her, and it never occurred to either of them that he was tyrannical. Then De N——, the obscure young European, without even so much as a title to recommend him, began to court Anne.

Now Anne had had a great many admirers, for she was not only an heiress, but she was one of the loveliest girls that Washington had seen for many years. She had remained untouched by all this attention, however, until she met De N——. Then almost at once she found herself deeply attracted to him. For an entire winter they saw each other almost daily at dinners, balls and teas, and if on any occasion his official duties prevented him from appearing, then Anne found even dancing very dull.

In all this time he did not, in the ordinary sense, make love to her. But she went along on a wave of happiness, thinking over, every night, everything that

he had said that day, and waking eagerly every morning to look forward to seeing him again.

Her father, with strange lack of insight, paid no especial attention to young De N——. In fact, when a formal note arrived one morning, asking him for the honor of an interview, at his convenience, he named an hour without even suspecting the purpose of the call.

No one has ever known exactly what happened when De N—— told Anne's father in his most correct European way that he loved her and wished permission to ask for her hand in marriage. But Anne's father completely lost control of his temper, used vile language, accused De N—— of being a penniless fortune-hunter and ended by saying he would rather see his daughter in her coffin than married to him!

It is said that he finally shouted, "You are courting my money and not my daughter!"

De N—— became very white, bowed stiffly and withdrew.

When Anne came into the library half an hour later, her father was almost ill with apoplectic rage. Nothing she could say would calm him; he insisted that De N—— had been secretly making love to her, and he repeated that it was his fortune and not she that the man really wanted.

Finally he worked himself up to a terrific burst of anger and emotional appeal, and implored her not to leave him alone. His distracted appearance and his incoherent clamor for her devotion roused all her

filial affection. In order to quiet him she promised never to leave him.

Within a few days she received a note from De N—— saying that he had been ordered to another post and asking if he might see her to say good-by. She did not tell her father; she had pledged her future years, but she would not forego this hour. She arranged to meet him at the house of her best friend. They sat alone in the big drawing-room with a tea tray untouched beside them, and for the first time De N—— told her of his love for her. She said that she loved him, and their young hands clung together in terrible defeat.

When at last he had to go he begged her to take from him one souvenir. He gave her a beautifully shaped old casket of silver-gilt, with his coat-of-arms engraved on it. The lock was fastened.

"It is for you," he said. "If anything should ever happen to me I shall arrange to have the key sent to you. You will understand then."

He kissed her hands and went away, while she stood in the empty room with only the silver-gilt casket to help her face the years she had thrown away.

That the years were long no one who knew of her constancy can doubt. She had not even letters from De N—— to comfort her, and whether this was due to her father's interference or whether the foreign mails miscarried, she could not know. At any rate, she gathered whatever news she could of him from any one who might have seen him at one post or another,

but eventually she lost track of him completely. She did not know whether in all this time he had married. She felt certain that he was not dead, for she clung to the romantic belief that in that case the key to the casket would have been sent her.

Gradually her suitors became fewer and fewer, and a streak of gray appeared in her light bronze hair. When she was nearing forty her father had an apoplectic stroke and she was his only nurse during his long and trying illness.

She was forty-five when at last her father died. She had been tied down so long that she felt the need of change, so she asked two pretty young cousins to go abroad with her. They had been in Europe for almost a year when she heard again of De N——. She was taken in to dinner at an embassy by a fellow countryman of his, and she hardly dared ask him what she longed to know.

"Oh! Prince De N——!" he exclaimed. "But of course I know him! He is one of the most powerful men of our country."

"But the De N—— I know was very poor, and he had no title."

"Ah, yes, that was true when he was in Washington many years ago. He was a younger son. But his elder brother died a few years ago, and he is now the head of his family, and very rich too."

Anne scarcely heeded this news in her eagerness to ask about the only thing of any consequence to her. She could feel her heart pound beneath her brocade gown, as she said, "And is he married?"

"No!" the other replied. "It is extraordinary too. For he is a very charming man and many women would have been glad to marry him. I think I have heard—I do not know that it is true—that he had some romance while he was in your country and that for this reason he has never married."

When Anne was able to speak she said, "I wonder if you'd write him a note and tell him I wish to be remembered to him. This is my name." She pushed her dinner card toward him.

Within a week the Prince De N—— had arrived at her hotel, and before a month was up they were married, very quietly, with her astonished young cousins and his fellow countryman who had taken her in to dinner, as chief witnesses.

During the honeymoon Anne brought out the silver-gilt casket she had treasured for so many years. "Can't we open it now?" she said.

So he produced the curious old key and turned the lock. As she saw the contents and realized their meaning, tears streamed down her cheeks. For De N——, whom her father had declared a fortune-hunting, penniless scoundrel, had given her, in this casket which he had locked so that it might be possible for a young girl to accept it, the most beautiful jewels imaginable—rubies and sapphires, a historic diamond tiara—his entire treasure—the only fortune he ever expected to have in the world. His mother had left them to him when she died, so that his wife might some day wear them.

They now live most of the year on his great country estate, and it is said that sometimes when they are dining quite alone, Anne fastens his mother's tiara around her gray hair, and wears around her throat the deep sapphires that he loves.

A completely different story of a modern father's interference came to my attention the other day. A level-headed, self-made American, we may as well call John Elliot, came to Europe with his wife and an extremely pretty daughter. They stopped in Paris long enough to shop, then went on to a fashionable watering place.

Before long Elliot discovered that a thin, cadaverous foreigner, about forty, was following his eighteen-year-old daughter wherever she went. Somehow the man managed to be introduced to them, and that very day Elliot told his wife to pack all their new clothes. She and the girl protested vigorously, but to no avail. They proceeded by motor to a quiet place on the Riviera. Two days later the black-haired, small-waisted foreigner turned up.

Elliot sent for him. "You seem to be attracted to my daughter," he said cordially.

The European was plainly amazed. The title which he used and had almost a right to, was comparatively insignificant for people as rich as these. He had expected opposition.

"Yes," he answered, with his hand on his heart. "I adore your daughter. She is wonderful!"

"I assume that you wish to marry her."

"Oh, yes. I worship at her feet!"

"Well, that's all right with me," said Elliot. "I believe in early marriages. In fact, the happiest years of my life were those when Mrs. Elliot and I were first married and we hadn't a penny in the world. So I vowed when our daughter was born that I'd never deprive her of that privilege. Love in a cottage! Not for always, of course. Not more than ten years, perhaps; if at the end of ten years there were no debts, and her husband had been doing his best."

"What do you mean his best?"

"Well, you see, I own a factory at home—a shoe factory; and I'd like my son-in-law to learn the business from the bottom up; then after fifteen years or so he could take the management off my hands."

His caller ran his slender white hands through his long black hair as if he had a violent headache.

"You'll stay to lunch, won't you?" said Elliott.

His caller consulted his watch, then rose to his feet. "So sorry," he said decisively, "but I have an engagement. In fact, I am now overdue."

The American looked up at him with blue eyes, almost childish in their clearness. "Then I hope you'll dine with us to-night. I'd like to tell you a lot more about shoes. It's really a very interesting business. I'm sure you'll enjoy it."

"Yes, yes; I'm sure, too. *Au revoir,* then."

"See you later," said Elliot.

But, of course, they never saw each other again. The man disappeared completely.

Elliot was successful because he seemed so temperate and reasonable. In this case his apparent warmth created more fear in the foreigner than his violent opposition could have accomplished. For no one knows better than the astute fortune-hunter how barren is the threat of the melodramatic parent who swears that he will cut off his daughter without a penny if she marries against his wishes. After she has been forced by his very unreasonableness into defying him, her father usually relents and settles a handsome income upon her. And even if he should stubbornly hold out during his lifetime, almost invariably he leaves a fortune to his daughter in his will. In the second case the couple rarely starve in the interim for there is usually a fond mother who gives them all she can, and there are always people to lend money on the excellent chance of the will being in favor of the daughter.

Rich widows are, of course, rated high in the matrimonial exchange. One can picture a well-dressed penniless European standing in front of a blackboard on which the daily quotations on American brides is chalked.

"Mrs. Ernest Black, asking 104, bid 101 3/4."

"I wonder if I couldn't close at 103," he thinks, twirling the handsome walking-stick for which he has not yet paid.

Widows control their own fortunes; moreover, they have fewer relations and fewer illusions than the *jeune fille,* and life is accordingly simpler. On

the other hand, they are not so easy to get. Still, when one is hard-pressed, one must invent ways.

In one capital of Europe there is a syndicate of unmarried men of various ages, all of whom must live, and as one of them said, "Gentlemen can not work." So, obviously, they must marry money. It is a simple solution. But the competition is keen, and many of these young men have difficulty in securing money with which to experiment. Therefore, with the practical shrewdness of which their romantic manner gives little indication, they have decided to pool their interests and cooperate in this way:

Mrs. Ernest Black, of Chicago, registers at a certain expensive hotel. They easily learn that she is a widow; she buys several old tapestries, one important picture, and is contemplating the purchase of an entire room from an old palace. This they learn, from a certain *antiquaire,* who gives them tips about clients in exchange for which they send other foreigners to his shop.

They assume that Mrs. Black is rich. But they can not be certain, for sometimes women who appear to be affluent turn out to be buyers for department stores. They will find out her exact status from sources in Chicago, but in the meantime, if she is really a desirable *partie,* they must take a little flyer in Mrs. Black.

Whether they draw lots or go in turn, I am not sure, but at any rate one of their number is chosen to court her. We may call him the baron. The

syndicate finances him, so that he may entertain her and hold her attention while awaiting for the authentic reports on her financial standing. Her social standing is not, of course, of the slightest consequence; in fact, it would amuse them mightily to hear it spoken of. Social standing, west of the coast of Europe, does not exist for them.

So the baron sees her daily, takes her to dinner, sends her flowers and books, and waits for the report. When it comes, if she is really rich in her own right, he tries his best to marry her. If he succeeds, he not only pays back to the syndicate the money advanced him for the courtship, but he gives them a handsome bonus.

It is really a good gamble, for they can not lose much; the odds vary, of course, according to the market conditions, but I believe it is a very prosperous concern.

A great slump occurred—almost a panic, indeed—when our new law passed providing for the maintenance of citizenship and property rights by American women regardless of whom they married. But the matrimonial cooperative society investigated the matter thoroughly and concluded that it was less harmful than they had feared. For they concluded that an American girl would not often exercise this right of citizenship if her husband persuaded her properly. And even if she did, and he could not gain personal control over her money in America, she would always have some property in his country,

and this, of course, he could manage. Moreover, she was certain to establish herself in luxurious surroundings, and at worst, he would always live well.

The foreigner who first told me of this association said, "But after all, the American girl who comes to Europe knows equally well the market value of our titles. She is quite willing to pay well for becoming a countess or a marquise, and will pay extravagantly for the title of princess or duchess."

He went on to say, with a good deal of justice, that of the two parties to this transaction, the European husband was less reprehensible. For the American girl who marries for a title violates the tradition of her country, whereas the foreigner who marries a fortune is often actuated by desire to stabilize a distinguished but impoverished family.

Moreover, the foreigner, even the fortune-hunter, does not change his environment through his marriage. He lives and his children live in the atmosphere of which he is a part, whereas the girl almost always renounces her entire association and background. Her children are alien.

Not all foreigners who marry Americans are fortune-hunters, of course, nor do all American girls seek titles. In addition to those alliances which are called love matches, and which may or may not be accompanied by money and titles, there are also cases in which unworldly girls who have no thought of becoming a marquise or a contessa, often marry foreigners simply because they long for romance.

One of this sort said to me the other day: "I had plenty of suitors in America, but they all seemed so matter of fact and unimaginative. Then I came over here—to be sure, I was very young—and I met the European I afterward married. I was swept off my feet! He not only looked romantic, but he acted in the most thrilling way. He had the most beautiful serenaders sing to me every night, he took tremendous pains to get certain roses for me and sent them every day. He wrote the most delicious poems. In America, when men had made love to me, they did it as something incidental to their day's work. Their real interests and imagination seemed to be in their business. Courtship was a very minor detail in their life. But my European suitor made my courtship his one vital interest. Of course I accepted him."

When my Italian acquaintance had declared that courting the American girl was an art, a profession and a skilled trade, he might have added that in many cases the European suitor has no need to employ such facility. The glamour of his surroundings, the picturesque and charming landscape, the age and mellowness of his civilization create an atmosphere to which a romantic girl can not fail to respond. She desires to feel a part of it all, and this emotion may be atavistic in its origin.

An American who has given this matter much thought, once declared that many of the American girls who married in Europe were girls who, for some reason or other, were not especially popular at

home. He meant that, as in the case of Susan, they might be shy and self-conscious and so lack attractiveness to young men, or that they might be girls without a satisfactory social background at home, who therefore long to find a completely different setting.

There is Marjorie. Marjorie's father, Mr. Johnson, had made a large fortune in bottle-openers. When he came abroad not long ago with his wife and Marjorie, he would not even let the girl dance with some of the very nice young foreigners who happened to be on their boat.

"No dagos or wops for me!" he declared. He called all foreigners south of the English Channel dagos or wops. "They'll be after Marjorie because I've made money, but that money is going to stay in the old U. S. A. I'll tell 'em that!"

They eventually went to Paris and then started out to tour the continent. Mr. Johnson was the first to admit his boredom. Moreover, Marjorie's boarding-school French seemed surprisingly limited, so at last they engaged a courier. After that life seemed rosier. He ordered delicious food and wines, and steered them away from the cathedral towns down to the places where the roulette wheels flourished.

"Well, now, there's something for a regular man to do evenings!" was Mr. Johnson's delighted verdict.

In the meantime the courier had been educating

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Rear-Admiral Mark L. Bristol

Thomas W. Lamont

Mr. Adolph S. Ochs, publisher of the *New York Times,* with President and Mrs. Coolidge

Mrs. Johnson and Marjorie in regard to Europe, with especial reference to the habits and customs of the nobility. His entertaining anecdotes always centered around dukes, princesses or marquises. From time to time in hotel ballrooms or in casinos he would point out various notables and then relate their piquant histories.

One night, just as they were entering a restaurant, dressed in their smartest evening clothes, a thin, distinguished-looking foreigner, with a haughty demeanor and a monocle, actually spoke to the courier.

Marjorie heard him say, *"Comment ça va, François?"* and she was genuinely thrilled.

Only the night before, the courier had told them of this famous nobleman. At first glance she had thought he looked dissipated, but after François had related his stirring adventures as a gallant soldier and a gentleman, admired by all the great ladies of Europe, she had decided that he looked romantic.

The next afternoon they encountered him again, as they were going out on the terrace to have tea. This time François stepped aside to speak to him, very deferentially.

When the courier reappeared he whispered to Marjorie, "You have made a conquest!"

She was tremendously elated, for François himself had told them how almost cruelly indifferent the prince was to women.

The next day François was late for luncheon, and when he came in he was greatly excited. "The

prince wants to meet you!" he declared in an awe-struck voice.

Even Mr. Johnson looked pleased. Of course his wife and daughter were overjoyed. Up to that time they had talked with no Europeans except waiters and cab-drivers. They were lonely. And now they were to meet a real prince!

They sent word that they should be delighted if he would dine with them that night; but unfortunately he could not do this, as he had promised to go to the villa of a certain grand duchess. So they fixed on the next night.

The prince was charming. He spoke English admirably, but he said he deserved no credit for that, as he had visited so often in England. He spoke casually of his various friends there, all of whom were either of the royal family or bearers of great titles. But the prince did not spend much time in talking of England; on the contrary, he asked a great many intelligent questions about America and listened attentively to Mr. Johnson's lengthy answers, which sooner or later involved the successful business of bottle-openers. After the delighted women had gone up-stairs he further endeared himself to his host by taking him to a new casino where a most diverting form of roulette was in full swing.

Within a week the prince had become the most essential member of the party; no one was ever a more delightful companion. And in all this time he was never alone with Marjorie, nor did he single her

for any attentions. Sometimes he looked at her with his deep-set meditative eyes, and she felt her heart beating more quickly. But that was all.

Then at luncheon one day he got a telegram, and he told them that he had been summoned home. After he had gone, the hotel, the casino, the very blue sea itself lost their charm.

"I don't know what there was about that fellow," said Mr. Johnson, "but I certainly do miss him."

After seven long and meaningless days the prince suddenly reappeared.

Mr. Johnson ordered champagne, in his delight. When the coffee and cigars appeared the women went into the *salon,* François disappeared, and the prince and Mr. Johnson were left alone.

The prince confessed that he had fallen in love with Marjorie. "You can not be more surprised than I am!" he exclaimed. "Never did I think to find myself like this. But I have come to feel so happy—so at home with all of you, that I dare hope you will let me become one of you."

Mr. Johnson was deeply touched; he was flattered. Think of a scion of an ancient house, as François said, wanting to ally himself with the Johnsons!

"Of course I shall say nothing to your daughter until I have your consent," the prince went on. "My future is in your hands."

Mr. Johnson sipped some of the mellow old brandy to which the prince had introduced him, and thought how wise it was that these affairs should

be in the hands of men. He gave his consent to the suit.

The prince lost little time in courting the girl herself; she was completely fascinated by all that he represented to her.

Mrs. Johnson's comment summed up her joy, "My little girl will be a princess!" There was awe in her voice.

Everything moved swiftly in a whirl of preparations for an immediate marriage. The Johnsons accepted the idea of having the marriage performed in Paris, because they were sensitive about their social status at home.

Unfortunately, the most distinguished of the bridegroom's relatives were detained by illness or official duties from attending the ceremony, but half a dozen titled people turned up, and Mr. Johnson found himself acting as their host at his expensive hotel. A day or two before the event an old white-haired uncle of the prince, who could speak no word of English, talked to the bride's father, with the aid of François, on the delicate subject of a marriage settlement.

When Mr. Johnson expressed ignorance of this custom the courier was as amazed as if he had disclaimed knowledge of the existence of the Bible.

Now, although Johnson was not sensitive by nature, these last few weeks of daily contact with suave and subtle people had made him fearful of appearing, as they said, *bourgeois*.

He turned to François, in much the same way he had often consulted him about tips to waiters. "What's customary?" he said. "How much?"

François turned to the old uncle with sunken eyes, and they talked together at length.

Finally the interpreter said, "For a princess, and especially a princess brought up as your daughter has been, amid luxurious surroundings——"

Johnson had a sudden picture of the four-room house where she had been born, long before he invented the bottle-opener.

When he emerged from the flood of homesickness induced by this memory, it was to hear François saying, "So I suppose for a great financial figure like yourself, a nice wedding present for your only child would be a million dollars."

The American gasped. Before he could speak the old man said something rapidly, with many gesticulations of his shriveled white hands.

"He says no one in his family has ever before married outside the nobility. At first the family objected very much to the prince marrying a stranger, especially—pardon me—an American. But the prince appeared at the family councils and explained that your daughter was really of the aristocracy, but that in your country rank was denoted not by titles but by money."

Johnson thought this over and concluded there was much truth in it. He decided to make a grand gesture.

"My present will be a million and a half dollars!"

The old man shook hands warmly, then called in a lawyer who was waiting in the next room with the agreement and the witnesses.

So the marriage went to its splendid old-lace-and-orange-blossom conclusion; shortly after the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson came down to Rome before sailing to America.

"My daughter, the princess," found its way into all their conversation.

The story horrified us, because several years before, when the same foreigner was courting another American girl, her family had had him thoroughly investigated and had learned that he was a notorious gambler and *roué* whom no European mother would even introduce to her daughter. He had no technical right to the title of prince, and all the background of ancestral castles and official relations and grand duchesses was a fabric of gross exaggeration.

It seemed incredible that the Johnsons, by their own confession, had obtained almost all their information about this man either directly from him or from a hired courier, who was undoubtedly in his pay. Johnson, who had been shrewd enough at home to make a fortune for himself, had been easily taken in by two rather cheap foreigners. If the discretion which he would have shown in selecting a fifty-dollar-a-week salesman had been used in appraising the husband of his only child, the tragedy could never have occurred.

As I was speculating on the future of this young and inexperienced girl, her mother took out of her hand-bag the newspaper clippings about the wedding.

"Just think of it!" she murmured happily. "My little girl—a princess!"

CHAPTER XIII

THE CHANCES IN TRANSATLANTIC MARRIAGE

Most American parents, especially fathers, are not stripped of all intelligence by the mere glamour of a title, real or spurious. When they give their consent, and the even more invaluable dowry to the marriage of their daughters with foreigners, it is apt to be done because of their earnest desire for their daughter's happiness.

"What do you think my girl's chances for happiness would be?" I was asked by one father whose daughter had just told him of the proposal of a titled European. He added. "I admit that to a certain extent any marriage is a plunge into the dark. But at that, I can pretty well forecast her chances if she marries an American, by mere statistics. But over here, where they don't believe in divorce, there's nothing to go on, unless a person has closely observed the results of a great many of these matches."

His question in one form or another is being asked by many interested people. For the number of international marriages is increasing at an astonishing rate, and is by no means confined to the daughters of the sensationally rich. Moreover, the realization that in Europe divorce is less common

than in America, and that therefore the marriage vow, for better, for worse, is literally carried out in the majority of cases, has led to keen interest in the actual working out of these most entangling of alliances.

We have a tendency to assume that all foreign husbands of American girls can be placed in one of two categories—either villains, whose picturesque tyrannies we enjoy reading about when we do not know their wives; or good, satisfactory husbands who never reach the limelight of the Sunday papers.

If this simple classification were only correct it would greatly reduce the complexities of international marriages. But unfortunately many of the really insoluble problems arise when the European husband has every inclination to make his wife happy. Often it is environment itself—the sharp differences in the backgrounds and habits of thought of the two—which causes friction. I have even known real distress to arise in more than one case from the absurd subject of food!

The homesick wife of a very nice European whose country borders on the Mediterranean told me with tears in her eyes that she and her husband started every day by quarreling over the kind of breakfasts they should have.

"He eats nothing but cold beans!" she declared. "Cold beans with oil and vinegar poured over them, and a glass of red wine to wash them down. Every morning! Just as his father did before him. I sometimes feel as if I couldn't bear it!"

I tried not to smile, but she read my thoughts.

"Oh, I know it sounds silly," she said, "but when you're away from home, and everything and every body is strange to you, you magnify trifles. I never thought I cared what I ate, but it seems to me now that I'd give anything in the world if I could have just one cup of good coffee with real cream in it! No one has cream here. And as for grapefruit—you can't even get it in the market; they never heard of it."

She described other difficulties of keeping house.

"Yes, it's easy enough to get servants, but they won't do anything the way I want them to. My husband says I'm foolish to try to change them, but they won't even make my bed the way I want it made. They are always pleasant, always smiling, but they keep on doing it their way. Sometimes I think I'd rather do things for myself, but that horrifies them all. My husband and I had one of our worst quarrels when my maid told his valet, who told him, that I washed some chamois gloves myself. But she simply wouldn't do them the right way. Finally he explained to her, and after that it was all right. They'll do anything for a man, of course!"

"Then why not always let your husband give the orders?"

"It's so humiliating," she said, "and sometimes awfully inconvenient. Besides, my mother always ran our house at home; why shouldn't I run mine? Especially ——" She flushed a little as she explained that which every one knew, that it was her money which ran the establishment.

"But it's not just servants who look down on women," she said. "Every one over here thinks women are inferior to men. And I discovered before I'd lived here long that they consider Americans, as a race, vastly inferior to Europeans too. So to be a woman, and especially an American woman, means that on two vital counts you get scarcely any respect at all."

This is certainly one fundamental point for the inquiring father to ponder well. The elusive causes for unhappiness which may arise from this point of view are too numerous to be considered one by one, but it is obviously pregnant with disillusionment for a girl brought up to believe just the opposite.

Whether or not an eighteen-months-old child should be allowed to sip wine caused serious discord between another American friend of mine and her European husband.

"It is uncivilized to give wine to a baby!" the indignant mother declared. "I never knew the taste of it until I was eighteen; as a child I always drank milk. All children should drink milk!"

"But I, who was brought up drinking wine, can not agree," said the father. "Milk may be an excellent food for calves, but it is not suitable for children. A little wine is good for the boy, and will gradually accustom him to it."

Now he was a pleasant and unusually thoughtful man, not in the least tyrannical, but he insisted, nat-

urally enough, upon rearing his son as he himself had been reared. His wife resented this, as was equally natural.

Moreover, according to her standards, the boy was dreadfully spoiled. She maintained that he should be put to bed at an early hour regularly every night; the indulgent father considered this absurd. When her mother-in-law visited them—which seemed to the wife to be much too frequently—the boy was kept up until he would become so overstimulated that he would sometimes lie awake most of the night, with resulting irritability and nervousness. But as they lived in the husband's country, surrounded by his relatives and his environment, his standards won out.

Controversies in regard to children are not confined to their physical care or diet, however. Even more distressing are the differences in the outlook on life which the child gradually imbibes and which often differs sharply from those of the mothers. Children of two differing races, such as Anglo-Saxon and Latin, for instance, are in themselves a problem, for by their very heritage they have sometimes quite definite dual personalities.

One of them said to me the other day, "It is almost impossible for me to accomplish anything. My Puritan blood, which I inherited from my mother, says I must always be busy. The Latin blood of my father says, *'Dolce far niente.'* I start out to do something, full of ambition. Then my other self says I am a fool to make such an effort. Always I

am pulled in opposite directions. It is really very difficult."

Because the children of international marriages usually live in the father's country, it is his ideas and his outlook on life, as well as his philosophy, which usually predominate. The mother, realizing this, often tries all the harder to influence the children to think as she has been brought up to think.

Sometimes the European husband does not object to this propaganda, but in many cases it leads to further marital difficulties.

An American girl, whose marriage was in many ways typical, found this out not long ago. To the alliance she brought the money, and her husband furnished the title and blue blood. Neither of them was actuated entirely by worldly motives, however; that is to say, the man, being the head of a distinguished but impoverished family, had been told from the time he was a boy that it was his duty to marry an heiress, and having arrived at a suitable age, he found this girl, whom we may call Mary, the most attractive heiress on his horizon. Mary, on her side, found the young marquis a dashing and romantic figure, and was thrilled at the thought of becoming a real marquise.

At first the match seemed favorable enough. She enjoyed her title very much—especially when she was with her compatriots—and he enjoyed a handsome income. But this, they were to discover, was not all.

He complained, after a while, that her frequent and rather loud laughter offended his sense of decorum. He criticized the way she dressed, and suggested that she would do well to model herself on his sister and cousins, who formed an inevitable part of their entourage.

The indignant wife retorted that when he paid for her clothes she would listen to his suggestions with greater interest.

This repartee did not disturb him, for he was part of a civilization which sees no reason why money should not be provided by the woman. He went on to suggest that Mary should stop seeing certain American friends of hers whom he found distasteful.

"I shall have whom I please in my house," she said.

He lifted his eyebrows. "But it is not your house, and you will not see whom you please in it or out of it."

Nor did she. It seemed incredible to certain compatriots of hers, but he was unquestionably able to carry out his desires.

After their two children—a boy and a girl—were born, they differed so continuously regarding their upbringing—particularly that of their son—that life became unbearable to the mother. She adored her son, and she resented fiercely the point of view which she saw his father implanting in his impressionable young mind. At last, being a true American, she decided that as she and her husband could not live to-

gether in peace, it would be better for them to separate. After a severe quarrel she spoke determinedly of divorce.

The marquis laughed at her. "Such a suggestion is ridiculous," he said. "We do not admit the existence of divorce. Separation? Yes, if you must, I shall allow that. I shall even let you take the girl, although I do not know if you would train her properly for her future position."

"And my boy will stay with you?"

"But of course. Do you think I would give up my heir? I am not crazy."

Of course they did not separate. Eventually, after she had given up trying to change his views about their children, after she had given up most of her American friends, after she had stopped laughing loudly and had indeed acquired something of the manner and decorum of his sister, their marriage was uneventful. I have even heard it called happy.

Another friend of mine, an orphan, who brought a sizable fortune to her husband, without even gaining a title in the process, often finds herself without any money whatever in her purse. Her property is all in the country where they reside, and so, of course, belongs to him. He is kind to her in a way, but he believes that all women, particularly all American women, are spendthrifts, and that he is much better able than she to supervise all expenditures. He likes her to dress well, but he can see no necessity for that which is called pin money, so she goes without it,

sometimes under humiliating circumstances. But there is nothing in the world she can do about it.

That this sort of thing is a common experience is shown by the carefulness of wise American fathers whose daughters have married Europeans, in keeping control of the capital and sending the income only to their daughters. I know one cautious father who sends a comparatively small monthly amount, and who then makes an annual trip to Europe to see his daughter, at which time he buys all her clothes, so that he can make sure that the money is not diverted by the husband into other channels.

One of the most picturesque examples of the possibilities of diversion of this kind is shown by the story of Countess S. Before her marriage to Count S, she was Mrs. B, a pretty young widow from a Middle Western American city. While traveling in Europe she met Count S, one of the most charming men imaginable, at an embassy dinner. His courtship was romantic in the extreme, and as she had been married before to a matter-of-fact, unimaginative business man, she was especially susceptible to the glamour with which the count surrounded her.

After their marriage she began to learn little by little that some of his charm proceeded from the fact that he had been brought up in an atmosphere in which flattery and attentiveness to women are as natural, and sometimes proceed as little from the heart, as our talk about the weather. Nevertheless, even after some of the surface glamour had worn off, she

was happy. Her husband was a man of culture as well as worldly experience, and through him and his wide circle of friends she acquired many new interests. One of the things which they keenly enjoyed in common was the purchase and restoration of a medieval castle. At her husband's suggestion she had tranferred all her money from America to her new country, and of course it was she who paid for their estate. She was entirely willing to do so; he had not deceived her about the low state of his finances; the only point on which they differed was that she thought they put a disproportionate amount of capital into this one property. It was a splendid place though, and she grew to have strong affection for it. In the process of its remodeling and furnishing she began to study Renaissance architecture and decoration, and became quite an authority on them. So the place became not only her home and a center for her husband's friends, but it was a true expression of her personality. Every table and chair, every flower she had revived in the court garden, every bit of old brocade or tapestry that hung on the wall had for her the warmth of association and its peculiar story.

Not many of her American friends saw her in this environment because her husband did not like her fellow countrymen. Those of us who did visit her, however, were struck by the charm and poise which she had developed in life abroad. She had acquired ease and dignity of bearing; she could talk delightfully

of books or music or painting or politics; but even more endearing, she could refrain from talking on any of these subjects if her audience was not interested. She had no children and this was a source of deep regret, but on the whole her life moved in an unusually pleasant channel.

Then one day the count was accidentally shot while hunting in their own woods, and he died almost immediately. His wife was devastated by a sense of irreparable loss, and forgetting all occasional irritations, remembered only how sweet had been their mutual dependence and their close companionship.

She was surprised when his younger brother came to her, just after the funeral, to talk to her about his will.

"Must we discuss it now?" she said. "He had almost nothing."

"Almost nothing! Why, this place is worth ——"

"Yes, but you see I bought this place," she interrupted. "I paid for it and had it restored and I bought all the furniture. As a matter of fact, I put half my capital into it, but he wanted it done properly."

"Um," said her brother-in-law. "Of course he was the head of the family; everything was in his name."

"Oh, yes, but that's a mere matter of form."

"No, a matter of law," he corrected her.

He finally disclosed the fact that her husband

had left a will bequeathing this estate which she had bought and labored over for so many years, and which was her only home in the world, to his nephew, the eldest son of his brother!

When at last she had been shown the will dated some years before, and had learned that there was nothing, legally or morally, she could do to change it, she began to pack her clothes. She says that the only emotion she had at first was an overpowering impulse to run away, not only from the place itself, with all its heavy fabric of association, but most of all from her friends.

For they came to her, one after another of these people for whom she had developed real affection, to try to persuade her that her bitterness was quite wrong.

"It is not your fault that you had no heir," said one woman, a cousin of her husband, "and we would not dream of reproaching you for it. But neither can you reproach him for his desire to insure continuity of family."

"But why didn't he tell me?" said the distressed widow. "During all those years after he had made that will, how could he have seen me working over the place, loving each stick and stone of it, and not told me that if he died it would no longer be mine?"

"He probably thought only of saving your feelings. He was always one to avoid giving unnecessary pain. For fond of you as we have all become, my dear, we have nevertheless realized, from time to

time, how difficult it is for you to understand our point of view about many things."

In this she hit upon the exact thing which caused the widow the greatest distress. For she had prided herself upon being one of them, upon having adapted herself so that all differences of habit and thought had been obliterated.

"I thought I knew them," she said. "I often used to say that I could never be happy living anywhere else. But when this thing happened I knew that in spite of everything, I was, fundamentally, an alien. I had given up my own country; I had remade myself, but they had never accepted me entirely. Always there had been reservations. I've got over feeling bitter toward my husband now I'm convinced that he did nothing that was dishonorable according to his code, but—and this seems to me a vital point in any discussion of international marriages—his code and mine proved to be as far apart as the poles."

Another American woman whose husband is a Southern European told me the other day that her own marriage had been a great success. "Then you approve of international alliances?" I asked.

"No, I do not say that," she protested. "In fact, as you insist upon pinning me down, I must admit that if I had a daughter who was purely American and had been brought up in America, I should not want her to marry a European."

"Yet you yourself have been happy?"

"Yes, that is so. But for one thing, I had lived

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Premier Mussolini and the lion cub which was presented to him by a traveling circus

Premier Mussolini, with General Diaz and Admiral Taen di Revel, kneeling with members of the Cabinet before the tomb of Italy's Unknown Hero of the World War

King of Italy and Queen Mother Margherita

The Queen of Italy shows her interest in the automobile exhibits

in Europe a great deal during those impressionable years of the early teens, and I was absurdly young when I married. My husband was much older and he was already a distinguished man, so at first I looked up to him, terribly flattered by his attention, and later—well, later, I adapted myself."

After a moment's pause she went on: "You know they say we American women are the most adaptable women in the world. I suppose we are. Certainly, I am often astonished at the metamorphosis in manners and clothes and bearing which European life sometimes produces in my countrywomen. Girls who have been loud-voiced and *gauche* and overdressed turn into charming women of the world almost overnight. But I wonder if these changes in exterior things really denote changes in their fundamental natures. Haven't we got something at home—a heritage from our pioneer ancestors, perhaps—which clashes fundamentally with all European philosophies of life? And to force one's self to turn upside down the beliefs in which one was brought up, and to live by standards sometimes directly opposed to one's own—that is not a good kind of adaptability. No, I would not choose it for my daughter."

One of the concrete examples of her point, which she gave me, had to do with the dislike of her own countrymen which an American wife living abroad is apt to find expressed either openly or in indirect ways.

"Every time we go into a restaurant in Paris, and hear an unusually loud voice, my husband always says, 'One of your compatriots must be here, my dear'; and the awful part of it is that he's almost always right," complained the young American wife of another European the other day. "I don't know why it is that Americans seem so noisy in Europe. I'm sure that at home they don't talk any louder than any one else. But I'm always being put on the defensive about them. I've got so now that when we're traveling I always choose, if possible, the hotels where they are not apt to go. And yet I feel like an awful snob, and I really miss seeing them too."

Before we become too indignant at this lack of appreciation of all our national virtues which makes life hard for American girls living abroad, let us consider another less common phase of international marriages—the alliance of American men and European women. Usually these wives live in our country, so that it is our understanding or appreciation of their fellow countrymen which may make their environment pleasant or unpleasant.

A beautiful Norwegian girl of excellent family came to the United States a few years ago as the bride of a distinguished American. At the first dinner party she attended one of her husband's relatives came up to welcome her enthusiastically.

"Oh, I'm so glad to know you!" she declared. "I've had a Norwegian cook for years and years, and I'm just devoted to her!"

A cultured and charming Italian woman, whose husband is American, has told me many amusing stories of the attitude toward her countrymen which has sometimes made life in America difficult for her.

"When I first came over, as a young girl, I was awfully upset to learn that in America all Italians were just plain wops," she said. "I was homesick anyway, and everything seemed so strange, and the buildings were so big, and to me, so ugly, that I wanted to take the next steamer home. Then these eternal generalities about Italians! Every time we went out anywhere and people discovered I was Italian, they would immediately discuss my country. Some one would say, 'You all carry stilettos, don't you?' And another would say, 'Why do you send those Sicilian brigands over here as immigrants? Don't you know that a large per cent. of the inmates of our penitentiaries are Italians?' Then at that point the professional lover of Italy would always come up and begin to lecture to me on the art and beauty of Italy. I think they were almost worse than the others!"

This European wife declares that after fifteen years of unusually happy relationship with her American husband, she still feels alien and at times overwhelmingly homesick in our environment. She lives during the winter, in a pleasant apartment high up in New York, surrounded by other high buildings, and she says that the only sky she ever sees is

that in a painting of a corner of her lovely villa near Florence which hangs on her sitting-room wall.

"If only we might live there!" she says. "Then for me life would be perfect. But I know it is absurd. My husband, of course, could not give up his business and go to live in my country. And yet—how hard life is here!"

Her husband's relatives complain that she is not adaptable. They can not realize that she does not come from an environment of changes and moving and fortunes made or lost overnight. She is just as much at a loss in our fluid social state as our American girls often are in the stabilized generations-old atmosphere of Europe.

CHAPTER XIV

THE POSITION OF THE AMERICAN WIFE

THE influence which family and tradition may exert over the individual in Europe is difficult for an American girl, accustomed to continuous change of every kind, to understand and approve. She has grown up in a fabric of society in which the older generation is almost ignored; she may find in Europe that her husband's family wields real power over many of her actions.

A short time ago I lunched in a certain capital of Europe with a distressed woman who had just lost an excellent nurse because her husband's mother had objected to the nurse's modern methods.

"And the children adored her!" she said. "And she was such a comfort to me. But my mother-in-law persisted and persisted until finally my husband told me I must let the nurse go."

"But after all, they are your children too."

"Yes, but he says that his mother has reared five children and that she is twice my age and therefore must know more about it than I do."

Difficulties of this sort, sometimes arising about petty matters, sometimes of real consequence, undoubtedly distress the husband almost as much as the wife. It is pre-knowledge of such conflict which

makes many European parents disapprove of their sons marrying American girls, unless there is real economic necessity.

Of course, as between a girl of his own race, reared in his own traditions, and a stranger whose environment and habits are diametrically opposed to his own, the European will almost always choose a girl of his own kind provided there is not an added reason which tips the scales in favor of the American.

When this general subject was being discussed at dinner the other evening, I asked a well-known Spaniard if many of his fellow countrymen married Americans.

"Oh, no," he said simply. "You see, most of our aristocrats have enough money to be able to marry in their own country."

"Yes, if you want to learn the economic status of Europe," said a young American diplomat who was present at this conversation, "you don't need to bother looking up figures of the financial experts. Just add up the number of American girls marrying men in any one country, and you will find that the number increases in almost perfect ratio to the decline of a nation's prosperity. Also, which is a harder blow at our *amour propre,* the number of American brides decreases as the upper classes of a country increase in wealth."

"Yes, I agree," said the Spaniard, "but is it not also true that in a great many cases the American girl marries for the title?"

"It's not so true to-day as it once was," said the embassy secretary. "Although I should think the least an enterprising girl who wanted to live over here could do would be to acquire a title. There are so many of them floating around—some of them duly vouched for by Gotha's *Almanach,* and more that aren't. But lots of the American girls marrying Europeans now can't even have the democratic satisfaction of being called by the humble title of baroness or countess. What they get for their money I can't see."

One girl to whom I repeated this question said, "What we expect to get is romance. Even middle-class Europeans have better manners than the best men at home. They are more cultured too—that is, they can talk more about art and opera and history. If a girl meets them when she's at an impressionable age they seem to her terribly romantic. They go down on their knees to propose; think how thrilling that seems to a young girl used to the casual courtship of American boys!

"Then, there's the glamour of life itself over here," she went on. "That gets into your blood too. Everything seems so old and so full of atmosphere, and there are so many servants, and American money goes so much farther in foreign exchange. You think life's going to be so much pleasanter in every way."

"And is it?"

"Not for me," she said. "But then, since I've

lived in Europe I've discovered that I'm awfully American. My husband's sisters think I'm perfectly mad because I can't be content without doing something. But I've got so much energy and a sort of restless desire to do something that I just can't look at the sunset and consult with the butler about the kind of wines we'll have for dinner, and think I've had a full day.

"And another thing I discovered," she went on, "was that after a few years you'd trade all the historic ruins and romantic atmosphere in the world for a good American dentist! They don't know anything about dentistry in Southern Europe. And the doctors are even worse from my point of view. Their bedside manners are beautiful, but they seem fifty years behind the times to me. When my first child was born, for instance, I was attended by an old midwife who always attended my sister-in-law, and who couldn't even speak a word of English, and at that time I couldn't speak her language. The doctor came in at the last moment in a frock coat, like a moving-picture doctor, and absolutely refused, of course, to give me an anæsthetic. I tell you, at moments like that there isn't much glamour to life."

In everything that she said about her disillusionment, there was no mention of her husband and no suggestion of any delinquency on his part. He seems, indeed, to me to be a nice enough person, although somewhat too languid in manner to suit the American standards. However, as his wife realizes, he is

exactly the same person now as when she married him, but her requirements and standards have changed. Whether she will eventually be able to turn her energetic, impulsive nature into the rather shallow, slow-moving channels in which his way of living flows is still a question.

The clash between the old-established order and the American instinct to remake rather than accept unfavorable conditions is exemplified in the story of two sisters of my acquaintance. They were joint heirs to a rather large estate left at the early death of both parents, and the maiden aunt who was their chaperon and guardian took them abroad to study the arts. Studying the arts was a vague but highly respectable phrase in those days, and to Alice and Caroline, who were then seventeen and nineteen, it represented primarily a delightful opportunity for seeing other young foreigners of both sexes.

Caroline studied painting, and Alice went twice a week to take lessons from a famous teacher of the violin. They confessed to each other that their artistic endeavors would never bring them fame.

"But we must never let auntie know," said Alice. "For it's lots more fun and we meet lots more people than if we just went poking around in museums and cathedrals with her."

The particular person she had in mind when she spoke of meeting people was a handsome young cavalry officer in the smartest of uniforms, whose lesson with the *maestro* took place just after hers. She did

not even tell Caroline at this stage that he had begun to arrive earlier and earlier for his lesson, so that sometimes, if she happened to be late, they entered together. It became a question of who should go in first, and his manner was so delightful, and his English had such a delicious accent, that Alice was completely captivated.

Then one afternoon when the girls came back to their *pension,* they found their aunt in a state of unusual excitement.

"I've had a caller!" she exclaimed. "Such an extraordinary woman! A *grande dame* of the old school. She is the Princess of L, if you please."

"But why did she call on you?" said Caroline.

"Just out of the kindness of her heart, I suppose," said the older woman. "I'm sure I couldn't ask her why she came. She was most—most affable."

Alice said nothing, for she knew that the princess was the mother of her dashing young cavalry officer.

Before long a formal coroneted invitation to tea arrived from their anxious visitor, and Alice knew in her seventeen-year-old heart that her romance had now begun. She was just eighteen when she married him.

Caroline lost interest in painting about this time, so she and her aunt decided to go to China immediately after the ceremony. The next year the estate had to be divided, so they went on back to America.

In the long and involved process of terminating a trust agreement, Caroline found herself seeing a

great deal of a young lawyer who seemed to her a very remarkable and interesting man. The next year they were married, and in due course they had three children, so that it was almost twelve years before she was able to go abroad to see her sister.

She had often urged her sister to come to America, but Alice's four small children and the difficulties of traveling had made it impossible.

"But you must come to me," Alice had written in her last letter. "An American woman is free to do what she wants."

This sentence distressed Caroline so much that at last she determined to leave her children and husband and go.

In Paris where she stopped to get some clothes, she found a long letter from her sister.

"Perhaps I ought to tell you before you come that we live now with the old princess. You'll find it a very beautiful place, I'm sure, though lacking some of your modern comforts.

"And, Caroline, could you bring me some clothes—not too gay, but a variety of pretty things for daytime and evening? I hate to ask this, but will you say that they are presents? Then you can take the amount of my allowance when you get home and charge it up to depreciated bonds or something. I shall explain when you come."

Caroline ordered all the pretty clothes she could find, both for herself and her sister, and when she finally alighted from the train near her sister's home

she felt, she says, as if she were clad in armor. She was going to rescue, single-handed, her nearest and dearest, if she had to kill the ogre in the process.

When her sister, dressed entirely in black, came up to welcome her with open arms, they both wept a little, and behind Caroline's tears was the desolate feeling that her sister was completely changed. Her brother-in-law, looking only slightly older than she remembered him, kissed both her hands and welcomed her with charming cordiality.

Three or four men in livery took charge of her trunks and her bags and loaded them into a cart which looked almost Biblical in its quaintness. Then the prince and Alice and Caroline got into a really good wine-colored motor-car, with a footman in wine-colored livery beside a chauffeur similarly clad.

"I long to see your children," said Caroline, feeling almost as if she were making conversation with two strangers.

"They all look very much like their father," said Alice, "except the oldest girl, who is the image of his mother."

"She is eleven now, isn't she? It must be wonderful to have a daughter old enough to be really companionable."

Alice, without apparently moving her shoulders, expressed a shrug. She pointed out the tower of a distant castle.

"My girl will one day live there," she said. "It is the place of her fiancé's father."

Caroline was stunned. She had read, of course, of the betrothal of children by their parents, but it had never occurred to her that it could happen to her own niece.

However, when they arrived at the castle, and her niece curtsied and kissed her hand in welcome, she looked at the child, unable to believe that she was indeed of her blood.

The three younger children looked entirely foreign, it is true, and their manners seemed even more so, but this oldest girl had the arrogant nose and the imperious mien which one called aristocratic in the dowager princess, but which made the child odious.

The old lady, who was obviously the head of the household, was not down. She had sent word by the *maître d'hôtel*—an impressive old man with a lined face worthy of a prime minister—that she would receive Caroline in her up-stairs *salon.*

Caroline, longing to go off somewhere with Alice for what she called a good visit, had no choice in the matter. It was like a summons from royalty. Her interview increased this feeling. Even as a young girl Caroline had felt the power of the old princess and had regarded her with awe. Now, however, in spite of her own maturity, she felt in no way a match for the other. She came away, after an almost perfunctory visit, apprehensive and unhappy. She felt like an impotent child, and one, moreover, who was not a welcome visitor.

She was taken from the princess' *salon* into her

own apartment, which comprised a high-ceilinged, drafty bedroom, a sitting-room on the same order, except that a tiled stove warmed it somewhat, and a dressing-room with primitive bathing facilities.

She did not see Alice again until she descended into the splendid drawing-room at the hour appointed for dinner. Alice and the prince were surrounded by a small group of guests, talking rapidly in a language which Caroline could not even understand. Of the four women assembled there, Alice looked most alien to her sister. Her black gown, the way she wore her hair, her manner, the very movements of her hands, were un-American.

To be sure, when Caroline contrasted her sister with the women she saw at home, at the country club and on committees, she realized that her sister was much more distinguished-looking and had more charm. But the cool, ironic expression in her eyes, and the disdainful lines of her mouth spoke to her watchful relative of a price too heavy.

At dinner Caroline realized how inadequate her own French had become, and how limited her range of interests seemed in this gathering of sophisticated and cultured people.

At home she was never at a loss for conversation, but to-night none of her ideas seemed worth the effort of translating into a foreign tongue.

She slept late the next morning. When she rang for her breakfast tray, she endeavored to communicate to the maid her desire to see her sister. The

maid with eloquent gestures and no word of English explained that her sister was riding with the children.

After luncheon Caroline said determinedly, "I've brought you some things from Paris, Alice. Do come up and see if they fit." Her feeling of duplicity caused her to add, "And I've some things for the children too."

"Bravo!" said the children, except Louise the oldest, who was plainly hostile toward her American aunt.

So instead of being alone with her sister, the three younger children accompanied them. Caroline quickly unearthed their presents and sent the delighted youngsters away. Just as she was wondering how to plunge into an intimate talk with her sister, the prince rapped at the door.

"Can't I see the presents too?" he said in his pleasant voice.

So in he came, and he seemed to be entirely delighted with Caroline's taste. The gowns and wraps fitted very well, and even Alice warmed into enthusiasm as she looked at herself in the long mirror.

"Come, my dear!" said Louis when they had expressed their appreciation. "Put on the prettiest of your new afternoon frocks and let us take your sister to tea with Carlos and Anna."

After a week of this sort of thing Caroline began to wonder if she would ever be able to manage to see Alice alone. She sometimes felt that Alice, quite as

much as Louis and the old princess, was determined not to find opportunity for a tête-à-tête. But in this she was entirely wrong.

Early one morning she was awakened by her sister sitting on the side of her bed.

"Sorry to wake you," said Alice, "but Louis has gone shooting and I've an hour or two when I shall be quite free. I simply must talk to you! I've brought you some coffee from my tray, so that we won't even have to call the maid."

"But, Alice," exclaimed Caroline, entirely aroused now, "aren't you always free to talk to any one if you want to?"

"No, not if they don't want me to; of course I'm not. Why, I can't even post a letter by myself. If they shouldn't want it sent it wouldn't go! I found that out long ago. I once wrote you rather indiscreetly, I suppose, and bribed an underfootman to post it for me. The *maître d'hôtel,* who has been with my mother-in-law for forty years, found it out, discharged the man, and Louis gave me back the letter, with a few well-chosen words on the subject of a wife's loyalty."

"What did you say in it? Tell me now!"

"Oh, I don't remember now. It was long ago. It was probably about something that has passed—or something I no longer mind."

"But, Alice, you mustn't be like this! You're free, white and twenty-one. You've plenty of money. Why don't you assert yourself?"

Alice looked down at her sister without speaking. Then she gave again that indefinable shrug of her slender shoulders.

"I couldn't possibly explain it to you in an hour. It's all so completely different over here. But you yourself have seen that for ten days I've not been able to be once alone with you. That's only a small thing."

"But you acted as if you didn't want to be alone."

"Of course I did. That was to convince Louis. Oh, I know you think it dreadful of me to be so crafty, but, my dear, you can't be simple and honest with people like this. I'm no match for them. I know it."

"Alice, there's only one thing in the world for you to do, and that's to come home. I'm going to take you home!!"

Alice smiled, and Caroline again had the feeling which she had experienced so many times since her arrival, of being inadequately immature.

"Why, how could I go home?" she said. "Suppose you even smuggled me away—quite impossible, I assure you. What then of my children? They are citizens of this country. They belong to their father. Do you think I would leave them? You forget, Carol dear, that there is no divorce possible either. And then I am quite fond of Louis."

Caroline was more and more at sea. "Is it his mother, then? Is she the root of it all?"

"She is formidable, I admit," said Alice, "and I

hate her influence over my oldest girl, but even she doesn't do anything tangibly unkind. She honestly believes that I'm of an inferior race and that her son made, in a way, a *mésalliance!*"

"But she spends your money?"

"Oh, of course. Her income is very small. I wrote you about pretending the dresses were a present, because she runs the household and she can see no reason why I should spend much money on clothes. She also insists upon my going to her dressmaker, who is hopeless. I gave up trying to combat openly with them long ago—you merely expose your hand and are beaten before you start. Now I try devious means if I really want something.

"I don't mean to give you the wrong impression," she added quickly. "Louis is really an exceptional husband; I could tell you tales of other husbands that would make you see why I appreciate him. I know one girl, for instance, whose husband was so jealous that he used to tie her to her bedpost when he went away. No, Louis is a good enough husband, and he is a wonderful son. Of course he turns first to his mother, not to me, with anything important, but when I used to complain of being shut out he would say, 'When your son grows up you'll occupy that position with him. That is natural. An older woman has better judgment than a young woman.' He believes it firmly. Well, it is often true."

Caroline tried to form a complete idea of her sister's life. "Have you women friends?" she asked.

"Yes, several, but with each one there are reservations. It is inevitable. There are certain things; for instance, none of them will ever confide in me; they know that we do not think alike on many fundamental things. On the surface, I am like them—I wear mourning for months at a time, for instance, for some distant relative of my husband's whom I've never even seen. He has such a huge relationship that I seem to spend half my life in mourning for some one. And I've watched my children's marriages being planned without raising a protest. I know that these people believe in a double code of morality. They think it is laughable to expect faithfulness from a husband. I do not argue any of these things any more. I accept the inevitable. It's the only thing I can do."

And to this her sister finally had to give reluctant agreement. She left shortly afterward.

When she got back to America her husband met her on the pier.

"Well, did you slay the ogre and rescue the princess?" he asked.

"The real trouble is," she said, "that it's not a question of ogre and princess. If it were it would be much easier. It's just a plain case of oil and water!"

CHAPTER XV

THE SOCIAL GULF

It is not only through international marriages however, that one is able to observe the social gulf between America and Europe. There is a polite fiction which would limit this gulf on the theory that the United States is composed chiefly of Anglo-Saxons, between whom and the Latin countries there is inevitable dissimilarity. But notwithstanding political speeches to the contrary, the observant American knows that first of all, our country is not Anglo-Saxon nor homogeneous, and that although we purport to speak the same language as the inhabitants of Great Britain we do so in such a different way that as an honest English critic observed, social relations might be much more friendly if we discarded the one-language myth. Many of our countrymen who have lived much abroad say, moreover, that they feel much closer to the Italians, French, Spaniards, Austrians or Hungarians than they do to the British.

My personal experiences in England have been so consistently delightful and I admire so much their perfection of hospitality, along with innumerable other splendid traits, that I regret that impartial

evidence will not permit me to believe too much in the cousin-theory, so beloved by speakers at Anglo-American banquets.

A pertinent phase of this question as applied to the social gulf, is illustrated by an incident which occurred not long ago.

An American of quiet manners, who has lived much abroad, was traveling on the boat train from London to Southampton the other day. He was occupied with a newspaper, and felt no especial desire for conversation with either of his fellow passengers, one of whom he recognized as American, and the other as unmistakably English, although no word was spoken until they had almost reached their destination.

Then the other American said, "It's pretty nice to be starting home again, isn't it?"

"Very nice," said the more traveled American. Glancing at the third member of the group, he added, "Although I am always glad when I get over here too."

The Englishman then spoke. There is a theory that Englishmen never speak to their traveling companions without being introduced, but this is not literally true. They are much less likely to do so than we are, but sometimes, as on this occasion, they break through their habit of silence.

"But are you really American?" said the Englishman. "I took you for an Englishman."

The American was delighted.

Then the other American turned quickly to the Englishman and said, "Isn't that curious, for I took you for an American."

And the Englishman was furious.

This incident typifies the attitude of many of our fellow countrymen and countrywomen who have been in Europe a good deal. I do not believe it is true of the nationals of any other large country. If you told a Frenchman, for instance, that he was like an Italian and unlike a Frenchman, he would never forgive you; if you told a Spaniard you had supposed he was not Spanish but Austrian, he would be indignant. But it is well understood by foreigners and particularly by the English, to whom the technique of snobbery is an open book, that if you want to flatter a certain kind of American you need only to say that you would never have thought he was American. Of course there is also the type exactly opposite, who when they travel abroad, keep the American eagle screaming day and night until the poor creature is exhausted and raucous of voice and a great nuisance to every one. These are the Americans whom most foreigners insist upon terming typical. They are always prosperous; they always insist in loud voices upon the best, whether engaging hotel rooms or buying cigars or theater seats; but when they say the best, they mean, of course, not necessarily the best but the most expensive. They compare everything in Europe with things at home, always to the disparagement of the things abroad;

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Their Royal Majesties the King and Queen of England, the Duchess of York, and Ambassador and Mrs. Houghton and their daughter at an International polo match

Princess Mary of England visiting the "Painted Fabrics" workshops for disabled ex-service men

© *Wide World Photos*

Count Calvi Di Bergola

Baron and Baroness Arezzano and daughter

Countess Brambilla, Don Fillippo Caffarelli, Madame Tetrazzini and Geoffrey Duveen

they speak no foreign language, and usually even mispronounce the often-mentioned name of their own country.

"I don't see why they make such a fuss about these Paris stores," one of them says audibly to a fellow countryman. "Why, they don't even know anything about window dressing."

"Not the first thing," the other agrees; "and what the women see in these museums and churches to rave about is beyond me. The shows are pretty good though."

An appreciative wink confirms this idea, and the party agree then to buy the best seats for the best revue, by which they mean the most scandalous which the shrewd Parisian manager has concocted for the representatives of the most puritanical nation on earth.

This conversation has been conducted in loud tones in a rather small restaurant, where other less conspicuous Americans have been lunching with French or English friends. Is it any wonder then that the foreigners turn with tactful manner to the quiet Americans and say, meaning to compliment them, "I'd never know you were American"? And can we condemn completely the American who is thereby flattered? At the same time, of course, he could not be truly pleased with the personal compliment if he were not chagrined by the implied criticism of his fellow countrymen.

Foreigners who have never been in the United

States, and who therefore judge Americans solely by those whom they see abroad, are the critics who insist that the loud, nasal-voiced, boasting American is the typical American, and that the quiet, well-bred and well-mannered American is the exception and is not typical.

There are at least three reasons for the persistence of this erroneous belief. The first is the obvious fact that one aggressive, bumptious and antagonistic person attracts more attention and implants his image more vividly in the mind of the onlooker than twenty nice people. Secondly, Europeans can never fully realize that the possession of sufficient money to travel widely and to stay at the most expensive hotels and to wear the largest pearls does not necessarily imply, in America, the possession of standards of culture or manner. Every country, of course, has its quota of *nouveau riche;* England has a large share. But the significant difference is that in England when a man without educational or environmental advantages has worked his way up to the top of the financial world he usually wants to talk and look and act like the traditional Englishman of the leisure, cultivated class. This is true of the newly rich of most European countries. It is not nearly so true of Americans. It comes back, as do so many of the social differences on the two sides of the Atlantic, to a feeling of democracy. The third reason is that a great number of the so-called typical Americans whose voices and whose unsympathetic ideas seem to

fill the air of the European tourist centers are not true Americans at all.

This is not because their ancestors have recently arrived, for this is of no consequence, but because the motives which brought them and the standards of their citizenship are quite unlike the motives which impelled the true pioneers and underlie the best American life, regardless of material prosperity.

In Vienna, a short time ago, as I came out of the opera I heard a group of three or four men and women loudly discussing the merits of the soprano. I wondered at first why they all attempted to speak English, for they not only looked foreign but their accent made them almost unintelligible.

Then one of them said, "Vell, ve should tell them about her v'en ve get home to Amurica."

Of course they were Americans in the sense that they had passports which so stated, but from their further conversation, which it was impossible not to hear, it was plain that they were, in every respect except the one of technical citizenship, aliens.

In the hotel lobby of another European capital we encountered a man who insisted upon talking in embarrassingly penetrating tones about the superlative little old New York.

"Why, they don't know what living is over here! Will I be glad to get back to the U. S. A.? Well, I just guess I will! I went to the best show in town last night—they thought it was good! Gee, Belasco would have died laughing."

He went on and on, until the handful of Americans whom he was addressing, disappeared one by one. Later when we asked the manager of the hotel who he was, he laughed. "I am sorry to admit it," he said, "but he comes originally from this very town. He was a little boy when his father went to America."

"Write that on a bulletin for all our foreign friends who think he's a typical American," said one of the group who had suffered from his monologue.

We fell into a discussion then of the habits of Americans abroad; all of us had lived in Europe for some time and had reached nearly the same conclusions about our fellow countrymen.

"The whole trouble," some one summed it up, "is that the essence of all good manners is simplicity. At home we are simple—at least American men almost always are—and we have an idea that it's easy to be just ourselves, but it's the most difficult thing in the world to be simple and natural in unfamiliar surroundings. When every one speaks a language you don't understand, and there are differences apparent even in the details of eating and shaking hands, it's almost impossible to be at your ease unless you have tremendous poise and experience."

Another man said, "I'll confess that my own first few months over here were almost ruined because I couldn't reconcile myself to eating breakfast in my room. I wanted to go down to the hotel dining-room and eat fruit and cereal, bacon and eggs,

and coffee with cream, the way I'd always done at home. I thought no one but invalids and actors had breakfast on trays in their rooms. I insisted at first upon going down-stairs, but there was never any one around, and it took half the morning to scare up a waiter and get a table laid in the dining-room. Then I felt as if I were in the middle of the Sahara Desert, for on one else ever appeared. Finally I gave up and had it sent to my room. As a matter of fact, I find that as I have dinner so much later here, I only want the customary rolls and coffee with hot milk, and have long since of my own accord given up the heavy breakfast which at home I really need."

"It's funny how your ideas do change," said the first man. "I'd been over here about four years without once going back to America. Then last year I went home, and my youngest sister undertook to revise all my manners. 'You shake hands with everybody any time you see them,' she said. I told her I had carefully trained myself to do that over here where it was expected, and it had become a fixed habit."

"I admit that one must do a certain amount of adapting oneself, in order to get the best out of living over here," said a woman journalist, "but I hope none of our American men will ever adopt that boorish custom of going ahead of women, the way some of these men do. Of course it springs from their low estimate of women."

The American wife of a diplomat from one of the

Balkan States interrupted. "But, my dear, it does not spring from anything of the kind. At least in my husband's part of the world it comes from a chivalrous attitude toward women."

"But how can it?" said the journalist. "Chivalry means giving precedence to women."

"It depends upon the surrounding circumstances," the diplomat's wife answered. "I admit, though, that I was as shocked as you when I was first married and went to my husband's country to live and found that when we left the house together he always went ahead of me. At last I spoke to him about it, and he explained that they had always considered the danger of being attacked as they left the house, so the man went first, in order, if necessary, to be able to protect the woman."

Many of the other differences in manners which puzzle Americans when they go to Europe, and are equally difficult for the Europeans who come, though in less number, to our country, can be traced to real differences in the economic and social foundations which underlie a nation's origin. Many times customs which have long ceased to serve their utilitarian purpose have become through habit an integral part of a people's code of good manners.

The custom of shaking hands, for instance, which on the Continent is carried to an extreme, is supposed to have originated in the desire to prove that a man was unarmed. A great many other differences in habits are due to the existence of a definite servant

class in Europe and the gradual elimination of trained and contented personal servitors in America.

In a typical English country house a maid comes quietly into one's bedroom early in the morning, closes the windows, lights the open fire, and leaves cans of hot water near the wash-stand. Later she comes in with a tray of tea, which is to be consumed in bed. After the tea has been drunk and one's letters read, the room is warm enough so that one may get up and dress and go down-stairs to a pleasant breakfast, which does not begin, but ends, with fruit, and includes one or two substantial hot dishes on the buffet, to which one helps oneself.

"Of course in America you have so many bath-rooms!" the English are apt to say almost accusingly.

"But here you have so many servants," one replies. "We couldn't get enough maids to carry hot water to our rooms if we wanted to. We've had to invent all sorts of mechanical things to take the place of human labor."

This, too, comes back to democracy.

The difference in the interpretation of hospitality is another thing which to some extent depends upon servants.

An American friend of mine was astonished one day to receive a telegram from an Englishwoman who was visiting in New York, asking if the American could have her for the week-end at her country place.

"But I scarcely know her!" said my friend. "I

shouldn't think of inviting her to my house on such a short acquaintance. I did say something about hoping she'd come here later, but now she's invited herself. Isn't that a strange thing for a well-bred person to do?"

Of course the Englishwoman, to use her own phrase, proposed herself without realizing how much more difficult it would be for the American to entertain her than it would be if she were living in England. She assumed that the wish to see her in the country meant that when she found herself free she should so notify her hostess, who in turn would let her know whether her house was full or not. As they were women of about the same yearly income and much the same habits and tastes, it was interesting to see the differences in their manners.

"I've never seen so many bathrooms!" said the Englishwoman when she arrived. "It seems so luxurious to have one all to myself. At home, you see, we have only one for the entire family and our friends too."

But she came down late for dinner because she couldn't find a maid to hook her gown.

Her hostess, having prided herself on her knowledge of English habits, persuaded the waitress to take a tray of tea up to her the next morning, but the second day the maid gave notice because the guest came down so much later to breakfast than the family, and as they were not equipped with alcohol lamps to keep the food hot, in the English fashion, it meant a delay in all the rest of the maid's daily routine.

My American friend confesses to humiliation that the visit of a person with whom she really had much of common interest could have been almost marred by the difficulties of material things.

"It's a shocking thing to admit," she said, "but after years of struggle to find a satisfactory waitress I felt I could better forego the visit of my English friend than to lose such a perfect maid. Ten years ago I should have refused to speak to any one who would have said such a shocking thing. I was brought up in the best American tradition of open house and hospitality generously extended. But we lived in the South with plenty of colored servants. Now that I've moved, for the sake of the children, to a suburb of New York, I simply can't have people the way we used to at home."

"How did you solve the problem?" I asked. "The maid is still with you."

She laughed. "Well, my guest never did know it, but I took up her tray of tea myself, tiptoed into the room, closed her windows and turned on the heat before she was entirely awake. Then I just bribed the cook to keep her breakfast hot. In that way I managed to have a really delightful visit with her."

About a year later I ran into this same American woman in London, just after she and her husband had been staying with our English friend in her charming country place. I listened attentively to her account of this visit, particularly because, as I have said, the incomes and intellectual backgrounds of the two families were so much alike.

"Instead of our two begrudging servants and a governess," began my American friend, "she has five perfectly trained servants as well as a governess and a nursery maid. Her home is delightful; say what you will about our modern houses, they never achieve the atmosphere of these English places."

She interrupted herself by a series of sneezes. "But I was never so cold in my life!" she went on. "Do you remember how Lady M suffered from our steam heat last year in America? Well, I nearly perished with the cold at her house. When I first got there every one was having tea around an open fire in the drawing-room, and I thought how charming it was. I almost decided to have our furnace taken out when I got home. But I had tea with my wraps on. Later we went up-stairs to dress for dinner."

She laughed. "Well, of course I ought to have been prepared, but it's years since I've been in England, and I've grown so used in America to doing everything for myself that I'd quite forgotten the differences over here. When I went up-stairs, to a very attractive single room with bright chintz and an open fire, I found a very correct maid taking the last things out of our bags. I'm a poor enough packer ordinarily, but we had been so busy in London the day we left that I simply threw my things into our bags; my husband put some of his shoes in with mine, and I put some of my clothes in with his. His room, as we now discovered, was some distance from mine, and the only bathroom in the house was miles from

either of us. To complicate matters further, he found he had forgotten to bring a dressing-gown, so before he could take the bath which he had signed up for, much the way we sign up for a tennis-court at the club, he had to dress himself completely and come down to my room to borrow my kimono. This made him late and delayed all the other baths, and so every one was late for dinner!

"However, finally we all got down, and I assure you I was nearly congealed in the dining-room, in a low dress without sleeves, sitting at the right of our host, as far as possible away from the open fire." She sneezed again. "Then after dinner they all agreed, even those with the worst gout, that our American houses were kept unhealthily warm! Of course," she added quickly, "I really had a delightful visit, and much as I had liked my hostess before, I liked her even better after I had seen her in her own house. No one could have been a more perfect hostess. I learned from her, too, that the art of entertaining lies almost as much in knowing when to let your guests alone as in doing things for them."

CHAPTER XVI

THE STANDARD OF MANNERS

When we returned to the United States for sixty days' official leave after more than two years of living continuously in Europe, we found the hospitality extended us by our friends almost overwhelming in its generosity. And in whatever material form it found expression, we were always conscious that its animating force was a kindliness unequaled in any other country.

Among other memorable experiences, we spent five days at the White House as the guest of the President and Mrs. Coolidge. When we had last seen them in Washington before we had gone to Rome, Mr. Coolidge had been vice-president and they had been the guests of honor at innumerable dinners. Now, however, we were afforded an opportunity to know them in the informality of the family breakfast-table and to see exemplified by them the best spirit of American hospitality. Mrs. Coolidge is famous for her skill as a hostess as well as her ability to make people of every sort feel at ease. During our stay there as well as on other occasions, I have observed a variety of guests who have been invited to luncheon or dinner come into the

White House, a little nervous and self-conscious, perhaps, only to succumb quickly to the warmth of Mrs. Coolidge's charm.

The president proved a most considerate host, possessed of a delightful dry humor which more than compensated for his noted lack of loquacity. He seemed genuinely interested in a wide range of topics and when he desired to draw out his guests, his questions were extraordinarily pertinent. Sometimes these questions would be asked half an hour after some one had made a remark which at the time the president had not appeared even to notice. This habit of referring back to a previous conversation when it contained the germ of real interest was only one of several indications that although he says little, he listens attentively.

In addition to her graciousness as a hostess, Mrs. Coolidge also possesses the invaluable quality of making her guests feel free to do whatever they desire to do.

Foreigners who have visited the United States have told me that their American hosts usually erred only in the one respect of having their guests too much on their minds. Sometimes minute programs, covering every second of their days, would be presented to the bewildered strangers; in less formal households, when the visitors would try to go to their rooms to rest or write letters or just to be alone, a member of the family would follow to make sure the guest was not lonely.

"The most tantalizing part of my visit to your country," a well-known European woman declared, "was the stack of new and interesting books that were put in my room and which I longed to read. But I never was allowed long enough time to get beyond the first chapter during the day, and at night I was much too tired to read."

We live at higher tension, of course, than any other people in the world, and this intellectual steam heat which distresses the foreigner arises not only from our greater preoccupation with business but also from our serious attitude toward those things we call recreations, whether bridge, golf or cross-word puzzles.

An Italian woman who has been in the United States a good deal, visits, among other Americans, a family who have a beautiful country place in the hills. While she is there she likes nothing so much as to go outdoors and sit tranquilly in the sun with no occupation other than meditating on the pleasant warmth and the beautiful view.

"But of all the kind things they arrange for me," she declares, "this one which I enjoy so much is the most difficult to achieve. Dinners, picnics, dances, garden parties, golf or tennis, yes. But that a grown woman should enjoy best doing nothing, they can not understand. It is simply a matter of different ideas of entertainment," she concluded, "for Americans are at heart the kindest people in the world."

While I was meditating on these last words,

which have been uttered many times by all manner of disinterested people, I happened to overhear a dialogue between an American woman whose husband held a high diplomatic position abroad, and an Englishwoman, similarly placed. They were discussing the question of inviting or not inviting to their houses a certain woman whom they both disliked, but who was clamoring for invitations.

Finally the American woman said, "There is no reason in the world for asking her, except her insistence, and I'm not going to do it."

"I dislike her quite as much as you do," said the Englishwoman, "but I shall invite her. However, when she comes, I shall treat her very coldly."

The American woman was plainly shocked by this point of view, for she had been brought up to believe that courteous treatment of guests under one's roof was an implicit obligation of the act of extending hospitality.

"One has a right to exclude people who are undesirable," she said later when we were alone, "and this particular woman that we were discussing has no official connections—she is simply a vulgar and obnoxious climber or she would not be in the position of seeking invitations. But it outrages my American sense of hospitality even to consider asking her and then deliberately plan to treat her coldly."

In order to see if our standards of hospitality and those of other countries really differed on this point, I put this problem hypothetically to various people,

being careful not to reveal the nationality of the two disputants.

Without exception every American whom I asked was in complete sympathy with the point of view expressed by our countrywoman. The English, on the other hand, saw nothing especially reprehensible in the attitude of their representative.

One of them said, "Of course you've heard that definition of a gentleman—'one who is never rude unintentionally'?"

When I threw this controversy into the casual conversation at a luncheon table of cosmopolitan flavor, the discussion grew heated.

An Englishwoman had just said, describing the English wife of a foreign diplomat, "She is most awfully well-bred. She can be most frightfully rude."

At this point I launched the hypothetical question regarding hospitality.

"Of course," said the same Englishwoman, "rudeness is, after all, the best possible social weapon."

"That is because in old overcrowded civilizations," said another European, "society is based upon a defensive policy. The vital thing is not whom one can include but only whom one can exclude. Therefore it seems more important to be able to rebuff people than to welcome them."

"That doesn't fully answer this question though," said a serious American. He turned to the Englishwoman: "Do you really mean that you gauge people's breeding by their ability to be rude?"

"In other words," said an Irishman, "that good manners consist in having bad ones?"

"One must define manners," said the hostess, hoping to be conciliatory.

But every one began talking excitedly, all together, all apparently in violent disagreement, until at last when the conversational smoke had blown away, two fundamentally different points of view were disclosed.

The Europeans held that manners consisted of a well-defined set of customs and habits, which could be taught.

"There is a technique," exclaimed a Frenchman. "Just as one may learn the rules of golf, so one may acquire the technique of good manners."

"But manners are not a game," said the spokesman for the Americans. "Manners are much more than ease in entering a room and knowing whose hand to kiss and all those things which can, of course, be taught. In that respect I grant you that Americans do not shine. But we believe that truly good manners spring from the heart. We like them to mean something!"

This is, I believe, the crux of the social differences which separate us from Europe. By and large, Europeans have much more charming manners, and they are apt to have greater poise and *savoir-faire*. As a nation we do not pay enough attention to the details; or as the Frenchman, whose manners can not be excelled, put it, the technique of good manners.

But the standards toward which we aim are those of kindness of heart, loyalty to our friends and generosity. Of course it would be hypocritical to pretend that any one is always able to live up to these or any other standards, but they have, nevertheless, stamped themselves upon our national character.

The emphasis upon good manners meaning something is peculiarly American and places a great responsibility upon us in molding our own, for we like to believe the assertions of many foreigners who have seen us in our own setting, that we are as a nation unusually kind-hearted; and we also believe that really good manners proceed from the heart.

The thing we sometimes fail to realize is that good intentions alone are not enough to produce manners which will satisfy this high standard. Resourcefulness, quick wit, and, above all, ability to perceive the viewpoint of others, are requisite.

There is an Oriental proverb worth our pondering, which says that there is no such thing as a rough diamond—that a diamond proves itself a diamond only through its ability to take polish.

The surest way to learn a people's ideals is to see what they desire to inculcate in their children. As a whole, we are apt to stress those qualities of courtesy which come from innate kindliness. For instance, a young woman who is keenly interested in the development of her children was talking to her small daughter the other day on the subject of curtsying.

"You can do it or not," she said. "It's become

Ambassador Juan Riaño

Madame Riaño

the fashion, and considered awfully English, although it's done even more in Germany. But the thing that I do care about is that when people come into our house you should look them in the eye as you take their hand, and make them feel really welcome."

Usually, however, we do not follow the method of this mother who tried to teach technique by which kindliness could be best expressed. Perhaps it is for this reason that we are accused as a nation of spoiling our children. This is more especially the accusation of the English, and there seems to be much justification for it. A prevalent theory in England is that a well-brought-up child is one who leads its own life of the nursery, with a competent governess, almost apart from the life of the family, and, in the case of a boy, is one sent to a boarding-school at an age so early that it seems to us sometimes cruel.

An American friend of mine whose husband is an English diplomat rebelled furiously at the prospect of sending her elder son, who was not yet eight and not physically strong, thousands of miles away from their foreign post to boarding-school in England. Her rebellion was futile, for her husband sincerely thought it was the only course possible for a well-bred English boy.

"You certainly wouldn't want him to be brought up like a spoiled American child?" said the husband.

"But why must we—his parents—refuse to shoulder the responsibility of his bringing up?" retorted the exasperated wife. "You English are so

proud of the way your children are brought up, but you don't do it yourself—you leave it to governesses and schoolmasters!"

It was hard for her to realize, as it is for most Americans, the social gulf which the English have created between the public-school boy and all others. By public school they mean, of course, the most exclusive private boarding-schools, such as Eton, Harrow and Winchester. Many of these arbitrary distinctions which seem unbearably snobbish to us, with our warm admiration for the self-made man, are based upon economic and political conditions which differ widely here.

On the other hand, some of the democratic qualities upon which we pride ourselves are not universally admired; as, for instance, the peculiarly American habit of making chance acquaintance on trains and steamers. We maintain that this springs from a generous open-heartedness; foreigners put it down to lack of discrimination.

A Roman friend of mine who has visited in America was greatly perturbed when some people he had met there came to Italy and invited him to dinner.

"I like my hosts very, very much," he said, "and at their house in the States I met only the most delightful and cultivated Americans. But here! Well, I shall try to tell you the kind of Italians I met at dinner. Of course I did not want to say anything directly to my American friends, but I asked them how they came to know these people; and I found

they had met one couple on the steamer, and another they had run into, as they said, while buying some antiques. He had politely interpreted for them and saved them a great deal of money, so they had kindly invited him to dinner. Now I became curious to know just what was the game of these Italians, for I saw the moment they entered the room that they were not the sort of people my American hosts would have tolerated had they been Americans. So I resolved to find out, and learned quite easily that the couple they had met on the steamer are famous only for their skill in cheating at cards. The man has been turned out of clubs and is not even allowed in certain hotels. The other Italian, whom my friends had run into in the antique shop, was nothing more or less than a very clever interpreter who made a profession of appearing to bring down the prices, which, of course, he does by being in league with the proprietor and dividing the profit later."

"Have you told the Americans the sort of people they were entertaining?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "No! If they had wanted to know they could have found out before they invited them to dinner. What would they think of me if I went to them and criticized their own guests?" He laughed. "Moreover, you see, they met me on a steamer too!"

I have heard many other foreigners who have American friends declare that when these Americans visit their country in Europe they never, if possible,

attend their parties, so certain are they of meeting completely undesirable fellow countrymen. These mistakes of judgment are not, of course, confined entirely to Americans, as all people are apt to err regarding strangers of other nationalities, but we are peculiarly susceptible for the additional reason of our hail-fellow-well-met standard, which is especially true in the more recently settled parts of our country to which a newcomer is really an asset and is welcomed by the community.

Our population is extraordinarily wide-spread and we are becoming more and more nomadic, so that even our most conservative communities have come to realize that newcomers are often a welcome addition. In a country where democracy wins such dramatic social victories and the social status of one generation sometimes gives no clew whatever to the social status of the preceding one, we are bound to accept people more on their face value. But as a whole, particularly when we are dealing with foreigners, we are too apt to believe what people tell us about themselves. The average twenty-year-old Italian, French or Austrian youth has more cool judgment about people than the average American twice that age. We call that cool judgment skepticism and attempt to condemn it as cynical, but nevertheless it forms an effective armor of personal protection.

Perhaps it is for this very reason that titled foreigners, some of whom can be met in Burke's

Peerage or the *Almanach de Gotha,* and some who can not, usually find a rosy path of endless entertainments and lavish hospitality spread before them once they reach our democratic shores.

Not long ago I heard a young woman whose father is the bearer of a modest title in Europe say that she longed to visit the United States, but couldn't possibly afford to live at our hotels.

"If you've the money for a first-class ticket on an expensive steamer," an American answered, "you won't even need taxi fare after you land—provided, of course, you have yourself put down on the passenger list as countess."

"But it is not proper to so do," she answered. "Mama is the countess—not I."

"But they'll never know that!" he answered. "We don't bother to look people up in books and things the way you do over here. You'll have a wonderful time!"

His prophecy turned out to be accurate. Two days before she landed in New York an ambitious American woman who had not yet achieved the desired place near the top of the crowded social ladder, invited her to spend the entire winter in her luxurious home. The European gladly accepted. The newspapers photographed her, interviewed her, finally raised her title to princess, and the popularity of her hostess received a great impetus.

A very different story which equally demonstrates our attitude toward rank, was told me the

other day by a titled Dutchman. He has recently been touring the United States, and on a western train the conductor was so courteous and helpful that the baron desired in some way to express his appreciation. He had been warned that in America it was not correct to offer money, so with the usual formula he presented the conductor with an excellent cigar.

The next day, just before he arrived at his destination, the conductor came to his seat, told the foreigner how much he had enjoyed meeting him, and in turn presented him with a cigar.

"It couldn't have happened in any other country in the world," said the Dutchman. "And it was one of the pleasantest memories of my journey!"

CHAPTER XVII

EXPATRIATES

Not only in Rome, but in every city of Europe which we visited, we encountered great numbers of expatriated Americans. This increasing class represents every stratum of society; it is drawn from rich and poor, cultivated and ignorant, from those who have lived so long abroad that they can not endure the thought of returning to the United States, and from those who have made but one trip across the Atlantic. But they all have one thing at least in common. They are always anxious to defend their desertion of their own country. This defense yields much of interest to an observer of the phenomenal social effect of Europe upon Americans.

For instance not long ago, in Paris, an American of our acquaintance who went to Europe several years ago for business reasons, was talking about the multiple advantages of his life abroad.

"Think of the privilege of living near Notre Dame!" he said. "And of the history that leaps at you from every cobblestone in the old quarter—and the beauty of the Seine at night! And the little cafés where you can sit an entire evening sipping

vin ordinaire at two francs a carafe and watch picturesque old Frenchmen play dominoes."

"Picturesque old Frenchmen indeed!" interrupted his homesick and practical wife. "I'd like to see them try to play dominoes in the places where we go! We spend about half our evenings," she explained, "in the big tourist restaurants showing Paris to visiting Americans, or returning the hospitality of the American colony. You never see a Frenchman of any kind in those places. And as for *vin ordinaire*—the waiters have never so much as heard of it!"

"Well, but my dear," said her husband in the manner of one who has conducted exactly the same argument many times, "there are, of course, certain things that I must do for reasons of business, but that does not alter the fact that Paris offers opportunities for the most delightful and *sympathique* life in the world."

"No," she admitted. "But even if we were able to lead the kind of life which you admire so much in theory, it wouldn't compensate me for having to send our boys to school here."

"They speak French like natives!"

"It's not a question of languages or academic instruction," she answered. "I admit that their scholastic training is more thorough than in our schools at home. But it is their absurd idea of hygiene which I object to; and most of all, the point of view about life which our boys are unconsciously adopting."

At this point of actuality he became serious. "I agree with you there," he said. "But on the other hand—well, to be frank, we couldn't live half so comfortably at home on the same amount of money—now could we?"

"No, we couldn't get even one servant for the price of our three here."

"And it's not just servants and rents which make life so difficult in America," he insisted, "but it's the constant strain of trying to keep up the pace set by your neighbors, and so on. Over there you want to belong to a good country club, and then everybody else has an automobile, so you feel you must have one too; and if your neighbor gets a butler your wife is dissatisfied with her waitress. There's no end to it. Here no one bothers much about you, and you can live much better on a third of the income."

The steps of his argument are those followed by a great number of expatriated Americans. He is not yet technically of that class, because he lives abroad for definite business reasons, but as he resists the idea of coming home he will in time undoubtedly become a permanent member of our large European colony.

First of all, they explain, as he did, the cultural and historical advantages of life abroad, with especial emphasis on the vague thing they term atmosphere.

"You can hear such marvelous music in Europe!" they say. "And then—well, just the atmosphere, my dear!"

Or, "It's so wonderful to be accessible to the picture galleries. And then I think one imbibes a great deal just through the atmosphere!"

But after some one has pointed out that there are picture galleries and concert halls and opportunities for hearing some of the finest opera in the world in America, these exponents of art and culture will invariably come tumbling down from their æsthetic heights on to the vulgar plane of dollars and cents and material comforts.

"But my money goes so much farther in lire or francs," they declare at last. "Why, I couldn't possibly have a personal maid if I went back to America to live. Do you know what I pay Marie, who does everything, my dear—even makes the most exquisite lingerie and negligees for me? Exactly seven dollars and thirty-five cents a month, at the current rate of exchange. A month, mind you!"

These in substance are the reasons for the increasing number of Americans who have fixed incomes, choosing to live abroad. An amount which seems small in dollars will, when changed into certain foreign currencies, prove adequate to purchase pleasant surroundings and, even more important, the luxury usually denied them in their own country, of competent cheerful personal servitors.

Not all expatriated Americans are people whose incomes are below their standards of desirable living, but this economic factor is the determining one in a great number of cases.

For quite another reason a vivacious American widow of considerable wealth told me two or three years ago that she had decided to live in Europe. She had been renting a delightful old château for some time and had finally decided to buy it and make it her home.

"I simply can't bear American men!" she asserted. "I went home after living on the Continent for several years, to try to decide whether I'd stay here or keep my house in the States; and I made up my mind after the first week that I could never be happy again in a country where the only things men care about are business and golf!"

The Englishwoman with whom we were lunching protested. "But I've always heard that American men are the best husbands in the world!"

"Nonsense!" said the rich widow. "That myth arises from the fact that no men leave their wives so strictly alone or give them so much money or let them take so many trips without them. But why do they do all these things? I used to think it was because they were so generous, but now I know that it is simply so that they can get more time for their real interests, which are business and golf!"

"Well, if you ask me," said the Englishwoman, "I think there are many worse things a husband might be interested in."

"I don't!" retorted the other. As she went on, her voice became less strident. "Especially when there are men in the world to whom women do not

mean merely a lay figure on which to hang a string of pearls after a big *coup* in Wall Street." She fingered her own magnificent pearls as she continued in that low reminiscent strain: "When there are men to whom women mean the most important thing, the thing most worth cultivating in the world."

But a few months later, after she had tried to close the negotiations for the purchase of the château, she rushed into the office of our consul at the nearest city, to demand the assistance and moral support of this businesslike unromantic American.

"These wretched foreigners think that they can take advantage of me because I am a woman!" the consul reports her as saying.

It was then disclosed that when she had rented the place the titled owner had stated a certain definite purchase price for which she would be able to buy it outright, any time within three years. With this in mind she had spent a good deal of her own money in making necessary repairs, putting in bathrooms and central heating, and replanting the gardens.

The agreement, however, was not in writing. It had not occurred to her that such a thing was necessary, for the owner was the representative of a distinguished old family and a man of unusual personal charm. Undoubtedly he was one of the causes for her unfavorable opinion of her own countrymen. Now, however, that it was known she had sold her own house in America, and had bought a good deal

of furniture for the château, the purchase price had been almost doubled.

The lawyer who represented the owner did not even bother to deny her allegation that another and a much lower figure had been named to her.

'But that must have been for the unimproved property," he repeated many times. "The château, as it is now, is worth very much more."

And although she pointed out an equal number of times that it was she who had improved it, he remained firm.

Before the negotiations were over she admitted that it was one thing to be serenaded beneath your window in the moonlight and quite another to be taken advantage of in a business transaction. Nevertheless, as she had no written contract, and as she had become genuinely attached to the place, she bought it at the advanced price.

She fills the château now with other expatriated Americans and titled foreigners, and I understand that she has elaborated her business-and-golf theme into a long and amusing monologue which provokes her visitors to hilarious mirth.

There are many people of wealth who live abroad because of burning social ambitions unquenchable in their own country. They are usually victims of what might be termed a title complex. They go out to dinners in Europe—not to eat caviar or to drink champagne—but to become intoxicated by a countess and replete with a duchess. Since the war these people

are welcomed eagerly abroad, as they give large and splendid parties, expecting no return from their guests, except that their names and titles shall be correctly given to the newspapers.

Those Americans who do not call themselves expatriates, but that dignified term cosmopolitans, are by no means confined to women. There are men, and sometimes men who in ordinary business intercourse are shrewd and competent, who react to a title with leapings of the heart and to whom a summons from royalty is as the fire alarm to a veteran fire horse.

The strange lack of appraisal shown by these expatriates makes them undignified and sometimes ludicrous spectacles in Europe. For of necessity their companions are drawn from the least desirable elements of society, from the people who will dine anywhere, accept motor trips or house-party invitations from any one in order to have a good time for which some one else pays. They make no secret of it, and often sitting at the table of some beaming hostess, they laugh quite openly about her promiscuous entertaining.

A woman I know arrived not long ago in a foreign capital, determined to establish herself there socially. She had a great deal of money and little position in America and she was shrewd enough not to waste any time in meeting the people she desired to entertain. She knew only two or three women, but she told them she would make it worth their while

if they would produce what she called smart titled people to attend her first party. She added that the estimate for the dinner, including the favors, for the sixty guests she aspired to have, had been ten thousand dollars.

Everybody she wanted came. To be sure, she was not certain of all their names until she saw the paper the next day, but when she triumphantly put away the clippings she felt she had received full value for her money.

The attitude of her guests was best expressed by a titled Russian who dined with her that night and many times afterward:

"Yes, I put on my evening clothes and go out to the restaurant very much as an actor assumes his costume of the theater and makes his appearance on the stage. We both live in an unreal world, and we both feel the necessity to live. If our audiences are satisfied, what will you?"

In another city of Europe several years ago an American widower of great wealth rented a beautiful palace at an exorbitant figure. It is assumed the world around, that Americans can be made to pay larger prices for everything than any other people, but even on this basis the price seemed absurdly high. However, after the tenant had given two or three very successful dinner parties, attended by the inner group of aristocrats who rarely went into the houses of foreigners, the intangible value of the rental figure became apparent. At each of these splendid

parties, ostensibly given by the American, his distinguished landlord and his wife received with him, and except for the detail of being paid instead of paying for the entertainments, they were the real hosts. Certainly, the guests seemed to feel more gratitude to them than to the American.

But it is said that when some one spoke of this he laughed. "Gratitude? I don't care a whoop for their gratitude. What does gratitude ever get any one?" He took out of his wallet a pile of newspaper clippings. "These are worth a lot more to me than gratitude."

He was hoarding printed accounts of his social triumphs the way a musician might collect descriptions of playing before royalty.

Of course the notices he cared most about were those taken from the newspapers of his native city in the United States, where he had made his fortune but had never been able to penetrate into the desired social circles.

He had grown up in his city of several hundred thousand, with an attitude almost of reverence toward three institutions. One was the most exclusive country club, another a conservative men's club, and the third a subscription dance association to which he yearned to have his two young daughters invited. He had supposed as he raised himself by hard work and ability from humble surroundings to those of considerable wealth, that money, and money alone, was the magic touchstone. But by one of

those inexplicable flukes he was wrong. Other men, equally unprepared by background or education, were sometimes admitted into the desired circle, but he and his family, in spite of their wealth, remained outside.

After he had retired from business and his wife had died, he turned his full attention to the social game. He moved to New York. There again, other people with less equipment than he who had not succeeded at home, sometimes made a noticeable impression, but he failed. After two years he gave up this idea and decided, as he put it, to attack from the rear.

In Europe he succeeded. His name became well known even in his native city as the confrère of some of the most illustrious titles in the world. He achieved newspaper headlines as week-end host to a royal prince.

Shortly after this he returned home, as he carefully told the reporters, to attend to certain business interests. He was at first gratified, then amused and finally contemptuous of the attentions he received from people who had not acknowledged his existence a few years before. After he had been put up for the two desired clubs and had been urged to bring his daughters home to make their début, he telegraphed for a *suite de luxe* on the next fast steamer sailing for Europe.

"My scheme worked," he said some time afterward. "I realized pretty quickly that I'd mapped out a good campaign. But the funny part of it was—

and I guess lots of things you think you want are like that—when I finally got into those clubs and was entertained by those people who had seemed to me so wonderful when I was on the outside—well, they seemed awful flat! You see, I'd lived among these Europeans for a couple of years, and say what you will, they don't lack seasoning. But most of these country-club folks at home—people I once thought I'd give anything to call by their first name—why, after I knew them, I could see I didn't belong in their set."

He has now deliberately become an expatriate. His daughters have both married into excellent old families in the country where he lives, and as he firmly keeps the money under his own control, his titled sons-in-law are very respectful. He says that he has forsworn America partly because his daughters are in Europe, and also because he leads a much more interesting life there.

"Men at home have a good time while they're making their money. But after they've got enough they don't know how to enjoy spending it," he maintains.

He knows, moreover, that he is genuinely liked by the group of aristocratic idlers with whom he associates, for they consider him a typical self-made uncultured American, and as such they enjoy him uncritically. They like his expansive pocketbook, but they also like his simplicity and his shrewd and often witty comments.

"You don't have to put on any airs over here," he once said. "In fact, they like you better if you don't. They've got enough airs of their own, and what they want is something different." He added with a twinkle in his eyes, "You see, I can sit around with these blue-blooded dukes and princes and spin them yarns about the mining camps and the rough pioneer days, and even throw in a few Indian fights for good measure, and they eat it up, because none of them has ever done a day's work in his life and it sounds to them like a fairy tale. But suppose I tried to talk to those fellows in the clubs at home about the good old days. They wouldn't stand for it because it would be too close to most of their own lives, d'ye see?"

CHAPTER XVIII

ONE FOOT AT HOME AND ONE ABROAD

Not all expatriates turn their back so gaily upon their own country. Sometimes the decision to live abroad is the result of inevitable circumstances rather than choice, and is really painful, as in the cases of certain retired diplomats. Almost all American colonies in foreign countries contain some members from this class. Often they are men who have started upon their careers early in life and for twenty or thirty years have been ordered from one capital to another, so that when at last their active service is ended they find themselves literally citizens of the world. They may know their way about socially in London or Paris or Vienna, but when they return to their native cities of St. Louis or Boston or New York they feel quite lost. And although it may be distressing to be an alien in a foreign country, nothing could be so melancholy as to be an alien in one's own home.

One of our career diplomats said he felt like a ghost when he returned to his native city after an absence of many years.

"During all that time I had pictured myself going home at last to settle down and lead the kind of

life I remembered my father leading," he said. "I had grown up in a group of half a dozen intimate friends and remembered outside of that a congenial circle of relatives and acquaintances. I thought that I should take it all up again where I had left off. But good heavens! Never was a picture less unlike reality. Of the six old cronies I had counted on, two had died, one had moved away, another had married a young wife and didn't want me around for fear of seeming old himself, and the remaining two, who had been partners in business, had quarreled and each one refused to come to my house unless I could promise that the other wouldn't be there.

"Nor did the pleasant group of less intimate friends exist in reality," he went on. "My younger relatives had married people I didn't know or people from out of town, and the families who had been prominent when I was a boy no longer had any influence; in their place new people had come in, and new houses had gone up and the old landmarks had disappeared. Worst of all, my point of view was not theirs. Why, I hadn't even heard of the Rotarians until I went home, and this shocked them as much as their belief that Genoa and Geneva were the same city horrified me. No doubt if I had stayed at home during all those years I should have felt as they did about local affairs and politics, and so on, but I hadn't stayed at home, and they didn't want to hear about my experiences, and I wasn't interested in theirs. There was no point of contact. At last I

gave up the struggle—I was too old to change—and came back to Europe. It doesn't satisfy me, for I'm too good an American to want to spend my last years away from it. But what could I do?"

The dignified wife of another of our diplomats was in despair shortly after they landed in New York for their leave of absence. She declared that she simply couldn't bear life here, and that one day in the shops had distressed her unbearably. As she is a woman of wide experience who had learned to haggle in the bazaars of Stamboul and bargain equally skilfully with a rickshaw coolie in Peking or a *couturière* in the Rue de la Paix, I was curious to know what had upset her usual poise in our shops.

"It's their terrible familiarity!" she explained. "For instance, I tried to buy a hat—in a good shop too—and the saleswoman put an awful thing on my head and said, 'Take it, dearie; you look awfully cute in it. It's absolutely Ritzy, believe me.' "

She went on to say that she was conscious the moment she stepped off the steamer, of the total lack of discrimination between the people who like a free-and-easy manner and those to whom it gives offense. Hotel clerks, hairdressers and saleswomen treated all their customers with the same familiarity.

"You've been spoiled in Europe," her husband declared. "This is the land of freedom."

"Then why can't I be free to be let alone?" she retorted. "I ask only to be treated as respectfully as I treat them. I don't call the saleswoman 'dearie' or

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The Royal guests at the wedding of Princess Mafalda, second daughter of King Victor Emanuel, to Prince Philip of Hesse at the royal castle at Racconigi, Italy

© *Wide World Photos*

Princess Giovanna of Italy

Princess Yolanda of Italy

The Italian Crown Prince, Princess Mafalda and the Duchess of York

make personal remarks to the *coiffeur.*" She then shifted the argument quickly toward her husband with the adroitness of the marital debater. "You yourself said just last night that nobody even conversed here."

She laughed as she explained. "You see, we were invited out to dinner with a lot of people who our hostess said were eager to hear some talk about the latest developments in the Far East. Well, the only time the subject was mentioned during the entire evening was when one of the women told John all about everything. Then after dinner half of them played bridge and the rest did cross-word puzzles."

"I admit that I said there was no conversation over here," said the diplomat. "There are plenty of men who tell anecdotes—how I hate them!—and even worse, the women who quote the reviewers and tell you with a very intellectual air what the best critics have said about the new plays and books."

"Yes—but the most typical sentence—the one by which you could tell an American husband anywhere in the world—is, 'No, I haven't read it, but my wife has.' "

"American men are wife-ridden anyway," said her husband. "They've been told so often that they are intellectually behind their wives that they've come to believe it; and the women take their cues from what they call the best critics, so they have no original ideas to offer. Oh, well, we'll undoubtedly

readjust ourselves, but these little things are the hardest at first."

The different standards of value—not only social but cultural and political—which have been acquired by long residence abroad, sometimes form the greatest stumbling block to Americans who try afterward to live at home. The people who suffer most from this readjustment are the Americans who have been educated from childhood in Europe. A man prominent in New York told me the other day that he had gone to school in Switzerland and then to an English university.

"And after I came home to America to live, it took me seven years to get accustomed to it. Many times during that period I should gladly have given up the struggle and gone back to more congenial soil if I had not been forced to stay here to take care of the family business. To be sure, after the seven years were over I became the most loyal American possible. Now I wouldn't live anywhere else in the world, but I certainly shouldn't want a boy of mine to be put to such a test."

Few American boys are educated entirely abroad, for the most irresponsible parents usually realize the necessity of having their sons grow up among the people with whom they are to associate later. Some of our diplomats and business men who are compelled to live in Europe prefer to send their sons to boarding-schools there rather than be separated by the Atlantic, but they usually send them

back here when they are old enough for college. Even then it is difficult for boys who have spent their impressionable years in England, France or Switzerland to grow accustomed to the radically different customs and habits of American institutions. Moreover, they find themselves cut off from the friends they have made during their school years and plunged into a world of strangers.

Occasionally the experiences which they undergo in an attempt to adjust themselves cause them to return to Europe as soon as they can, determined to live there. They form a small class of expatriates for whom one must indeed feel sympathy, for although they find European soil more congenial than American, rarely are they able to lose themselves in it or to become a true part of another civilization.

Even a man of genius, whom one would suppose outside the ordinary category, felt this. Sargent, the greatest of modern portrait painters, whose fame was world-wide, always remained an American.

I remember hearing him say at luncheon not long before his death that although he had been born in Florence and spent his early years in Italy, Germany and France and worked and lived much in England, he could never get away from the fact that his father and mother were Americans, and he had never taken root in any other country.

Sargent was big enough to absorb the best that Europe offered and yet find pleasure in his own nationality. On the other hand, Henry James, the

novelist, a man not of genius, but of talent, is an outstanding example of an American who after living abroad turned a disdainful back upon his native country and eventually became a British citizen.

It is significant, however, that although in James' youth he declared that in Europe he could find all that made life beautiful and pleasant, after many years spent on the continent and in England he realized that he had never been able satisfactorily to transplant himself. Finally he wrote to his brother in America in regard to his nephew's education, that the important thing "is their contracting local saturations and attachments in respect to their own great and glorious country, to . . . strike roots into its infinite beauty. . . . Its being their 'own' will double their use of it."

Although there are comparatively few American boys who are educated exclusively abroad, a good many of our girls are sent to school there and in fact spend all their impressionable years in Europe. Many of them are the daughters of well-to-do widows or divorcees who enjoy hotel life on the continent and go with perfect regularity to Deauville, Biarritz, Cannes and The Lido, Venice. These girls are usually kept in boarding-schools as long as possible, but after eighteen or nineteen they are supposed to have finished their education and to be ready for the world of society.

Sometimes their mothers take them back to America so that they may make their début, but

usually after long residence abroad this proves too much trouble, so unless some obliging relative at home is willing to undertake the task, the girls come out in some foreign city. London is the usual goal, if enough money and influence can be used to make it a success. In this case every possible pressure is brought to bear upon our embassy there to see that the girls are presented at the Court of St. James.

An exhausted young diplomat, who had spent weeks in trying to explain to great numbers of expatriated American women how impossible it was to include every one in these small and restricted court lists, held up a stack of importuning notes on paper of various tints. "Not one of them has been in America for years," he declared. "In fact they openly express their contempt for it and are furious if any one refers to them as Americans. They spend all their time and their good American dollars in Europe, and nothing could induce them to live in America. But they always cling to their passports, I notice, and whenever they want any of the privileges of citizenship they run to us for help. If I were the United States Government I'd make a rule—the way some clubs do—that after so many years of unexplained absence the members' names are automatically dropped. These expatriates who demand all the privileges and won't take any of the responsibilities of citizenship ought to be dropped from our lists."

He grinned. "Well, now I must write them all

very polite notes, for no people are quicker to complain if their diplomats or consuls don't give them every attention."

Girls who are brought up in an atmosphere of the sort he described often know surprisingly little about their own country. Their mothers usually associate either with foreigners or with other expatriates who are scornful of everything American—except, as the young secretary said, of the privileges of its citizenship. Their daughters not only form an unattractive picture of their native country but by force of circumstances they meet few eligible American men. The result is that often while still very young they marry Europeans. They are usually much sought after because their way of living presupposes an adequate dot, and mothers who choose this sort of life for themselves and their daughters are overjoyed to have titled sons-in-law.

"I've just been staying with my daughter, the Countess of B——" the mother will say. "The castle of B—— is such a lovely place. It's been in the B—— family for centuries."

She does not add that it was hardly fit for habitation until it was restored by her daughter's marriage settlement.

I know of one tragic case of a girl living away from the United States from the time she was twelve until, at twenty-five, six years after her marriage to a European, she had to come over here, because of the settlement of an estate. She resisted the idea of

coming, declaring that she knew she should find America intolerable. But the moment she saw the sky-line of New York as the boat came into the harbor, she says she felt a deep convincing sense of belonging to it all.

"Europe may have greater picturesqueness and greater beauty in a way," she said. "For years I have heard mama and her friends say so and talk about the ugliness and the lack of charm in their own country. But I love it. Fifth Avenue to me is the most beautiful street in the world. The skyscrapers thrill me and I love the activity of every one—men and women alike. I suppose it's because I am, after all, an American and have pioneer blood in my veins. Always in Europe I was conscious of not using enough of my energy—of having lots more vitality than it was possible to use. Here I fit in. There I am always a stranger. Here I belong."

But she had to return to Europe after a short time, because her husband and her children were there. It had never occurred to the expatriated mother who had brought her up abroad that her daughter might, after all, like her own country best. But the girl had inherited, as she said, not only her father's money but also his pioneer instincts of energy and love of creating new things.

Americans who are totally without these distinguishing characteristics, and who through lack of vigor—economic, physical, social or moral—find themselves out of tune with their own country, form

the great majority of our voluntary exiles. They rarely know what they want in Europe, but they are usually eloquent about the things which they want to escape in their own country.

"They always say it's some lack in America," some one who has observed many of them once remarked. "But the truth is, of course, that it's usually some lack in themselves. It takes a good deal of vitality to be happy in America—we are so young and vigorous and so confident of our ability to make a new world while you wait. If we have waste lands we project vast irrigation schemes and make them fertile; if there are stretches of country without communications a network of railroads goes up overnight. Our great buildings tower toward the sky. We make colossal dams that will furnish electric power to millions of people."

The speaker glanced at the map of a proposed aeroplane passenger route.

"In the realm of mechanical improvements we move swiftly and with giant strides. But it takes generations and generations to produce the truly cultivated and tolerant-minded human beings to whom these things are supposed to be only accessories.

"What I mean is," he explained, "that the people who leave America in disgust because they can not find here the cult of leisure nor the respect for study and meditation which Europe offers forget how young their country is. But worse than that, they are the kind of people who, when face to face with a

difficult problem, give up like mollycoddles and refuse to fight it out. We need them here—these people who say that they yearn for a more leisurely and philosophical life."

There are fewer Americans who go to Europe to follow a life of culture, however, than there are those to whom it affords endless opportunities for social diversion. All the fashionable seaside and mountain resorts on the continent are crowded with Americans; many of our compatriots rent country houses in England or live in London during the season. In all capitals of Europe there are many Americans who appear annually and who have definite social niches of their own.

To great numbers of people Europe seems a vast and colorful playground. Men who never go into a shop in America, for instance, will spend hours amusing themselves in hunting antiques in some foreign capital. By going abroad they get completely away from the constant demands which pursue them even to their summer places when they remain at home. They enjoy the restaurants and the motor rides and the difference in scenery, and their wives and daughters revel in the chance to buy clothes so cheaply and so well.

These people are not usually expatriates; they live in America, and although they may go often to Europe and even own houses there, they belong in their own country, and most important of all, they bring their children up here, with perhaps sufficient

time spent in Europe to broaden and deepen their interests in the arts and history.

In contrast to these well-to-do people who cross the Atlantic as casually as a New Jersey commuter takes the ferry-boat to New York are the many women in straightened circumstances who are unable for some reason or other to leave their modest corner in Europe to go home.

An American woman nearing middle age applied to me in Italy for a position so far below her obvious capacity that I asked her why she desired it.

"You see, I study singing," she answered. Now that living has gone up since the war I can not pay the *maestro* and live on my income, even in lire. So I must do something else. I can not give up my music."

I found out later that the poor woman had no voice at all, but she had begun taking lessons some years before—had written glowing letters home about the *maestro's* predictions of her great artistic future. So she had gone on year after year, always hoping that by some miracle of endeavor she would eventually appear on the concert stage and make the great triumphant success of which she had dreamed. Finally even she must have realized that there was no possible chance of it, but she had fed herself on the drug of hope for so long that she could not now break the habit. Moreover, she hated to face the humiliation of going home to obscurity and ridicule, to acknowledge that she had spent her years and her money in futile endeavor.

Almost all European cities contain a number of shabbily dressed women of this kind, who live in semi-poverty, homesick and alone, in order to pursue the phantom of artistic careers.

Some of the other members of our foreign colonies who go abroad intending to enjoy a life of leisure are unable to resist getting into certain activities in the country to which they go. The most effective of these endeavors prove to be those which have to do with bringing the best of their adopted country to America and in turn interpreting the United States abroad. The hyphenated societies are usually in the hands of men like this and they often accomplish excellent results.

"When I came over here I tried conscientiously to cut myself off from everything American," said one of this group who lives in Rome. "I devoted myself to the study of Italian art and Italian history and I learned the language and associated chiefly with Italians. But gradually I found that whenever I dug out something that seemed really interesting, my first instinct was to send it back to America. I became eager to have the two countries understand each other. Now I feel as if I had one foot in the United States and one foot here. An uncomfortable position to keep for long—yet when I go home I am overcome by nostalgia. I think it is the physical beauty of the land itself which I miss."

To any one who has lived in Europe, who has actually for a time felt himself part of an older,

riper and infinitely more picturesque and easier civilization, there must come moments of nostalgia, moments when before the mind's eye flashes a picture of an Italian sky, divinely blue, of the sun beating down on the orange awning of a vine-hung terrace, or of a red-tiled farm-house in France with long straight rows of slim and silvery poplar trees and fields of scarlet poppies. And moments when in imagination come the pleasing intonations of a foreign servant's *"Madame est servie"* and the memory of a brown-eyed faithful maid who liked nothing so much as to be allowed to brush one's hair by the hour.

Nostalgia? Yes. The odor of mimosa brings up a hundred memories of springtime in warm and pleasant lands where enchanted moons shine down upon care-free and happy peoples. Sidewalk cafés where one may sit and talk and sip *sciroppo rosso* as if it were nectar.

And yet ——

Wonderful settings though they are, they still remain for most Americans the settings for holidays, and not for life itself.

Search the faces of our expatriates. Listen to their conversation. They say they have gone abroad for intellectual and artistic stimulus or that they have gone abroad for greater personal liberty and development. Maybe. But their conversation rarely shows it. They talk of good restaurants, cheap little dressmakers, out-of-the-way places to buy furs for almost nothing, and they talk a good deal of each other.

When they get past middle age they forget sometimes even to make the pretense that America cramped and hindered them. They talk then of the maple trees at home, and the wide porches where people sat and rocked on summer evenings, and of the sound of snow that squinched beneath the feet of passers-by on cold winter nights. They reminisce a great deal about their friends at home.

And then as they grow really old they turn from their foreign acquaintances, of whom they were once so proud, toward the close and intimate association with their fellow Americans, those other products of the country from which they were once so eager to escape.

CHAPTER XIX

ENTERTAINING AS A FINE ART

When Americans who have lived long in Europe do not become expatriated, but return to their own country to take up life again, they are apt to find that a good deal of readjustment is necessary. They are struck by contrasts in such humble matters as daily routine, food, manners, noise, and, more important, they are bewildered by the radical difference in the tempo at which life is conducted in the United States.

Below these surface distinctions they also perceive a point of view about social matters which differs from that held by international groups.

An American diplomat of career and his wife returned to the United States some time ago after many years of residence abroad. They had lived in many foreign capitals in the course of their service, and as they were both unusually attractive they had made a great number of friends. Among all the people who had entertained them, the most conspicuous of their hosts had been the king and queen of one of the countries where they had been for some time. Their majesties had not only asked them to many parties at court outside the prescribed official

calendar, but had entertained them unofficially a number of times at the summer palace.

The American diplomats, who had sincerely liked the king and queen, had enjoyed being with them, but having known a good many courts, they were not deeply impressed by being singled out. They felt that crowned heads even more than other people needed the relaxation of being informally with their friends, and for them there was no greater significance.

However, although they did not insist upon talking about it, they found when they reached home that the newspapers had made much of their frequent visits with royalty, and they were asked all manner of questions about the details of palace life. They tried to satisfy the curiosity of their acquaintances without discussing their royal hosts any more freely than if they had been ordinary hosts, but they began to tire of the subject. The climax was reached, however, during a week-end which they spent in a fashionable American resort with some acquaintances whose great wealth had been acquired in the last generation.

The diplomats had met these people abroad and had entertained them in their own house and had thought they were pleasant, unaffected people. Therefore, when the invitation came to spend the week-end they decided to accept it.

They took the train their hostess had suggested, but when they got off at the station they could find

no one to meet them. They waited until the other passengers had distributed themselves in various motor-cars and then perceived that a very smart limousine with two men in livery was standing idle. They approached it and asked if by chance it belonged to Mrs. B——. The impassive footman admitted that it did, took charge of their bags, which were to be sent separately, and asked if their servants had arrived.

"It sounds like an English novel," the wife whispered to her husband as they got into the motor-car.

After a short ride the chauffeur turned into massive gates, wound round a driveway and stopped before an enormous house surrounded by formal gardens in the French style. Here another hard-faced servant in livery opened the door and without a word showed them into the vast hall.

They expected that some member of the family would be there to welcome them, but no one appeared. Finally they asked the footman to show them to their rooms, and he took them up-stairs to a suite of three rooms and two bathrooms, which he informed them had been prepared for them. The two large bedrooms were separated by a larger sitting-room. There were fresh flowers everywhere and the latest books and magazines. But the house was still and lifeless.

"Where can Sleeping Beauty be?" said the diplomat when the servant had left them alone. "I feel as if every one had been put under a spell. Where do you suppose our hosts are?"

Presently their luggage arrived and was promptly unpacked by a maid and a valet. At half-past four the footman knocked and asked when they would like their tea.

"Are we to have it alone?" asked the diplomat's wife.

"Yes, madame," he replied.

"Then bring it into our sitting-room," she ordered.

At six o'clock the house telephone rang and the secretary of their hostess spoke:

"Dinner is at eight; there will be twenty guests. The gentlemen will wear black ties. Mrs. B—— will receive in the south drawing-room."

At eight they made their way down-stairs, asked the butler where the south room was, and were received for the first time in the five hours they had spent under her roof by their hostess.

She spoke to them in very much the same manner that she received her other dinner guests.

Their bewilderment increased, for she had made such a determined effort to induce them to visit her that they could not understand her attitude of aloofness now that they were here.

Later in the evening, though, the diplomat's wife got the clew. She was seated at the right of her host, who had seemed, when she saw him in Europe, a kindly, genial man, but who in his own splendid house seemed a little ill at ease, as if he were afraid that in spite of all the servants and the secretaries

and the housekeepers, something might somehow go wrong. After they had been talking for a while he seemed to relax and become more comfortable.

At last he said to her, "I hope you folks will just make yourselves at home."

She could not help being amused at the thought of any one being at home in the rigid atmosphere of his house, but she told him truthfully that it was a very beautiful place and they had been glad they were free to come.

"Well, we were glad too," he said. "In fact my wife had her heart set on getting you here. But after you wrote that you could come, well, there certainly was more scurrying around and preparations than if the President of the United States was coming."

"But why?" she inquired. "You know how simple our tastes are."

"Well, that's what I told my wife, but she said that she knew how many times you'd stayed with a king and queen in their summer palace, and just because you were in America was no reason why you couldn't have everything done just as it was done there!"

She said when she told the story some time afterward that she scarcely knew what to say. For she could not help remembering their last visit to the summer palace when they had gone only a short time before sailing for home.

When they arrived at the station, the coachman,

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Queen Victoria Eugenia of Spain with the Empress Eugenie

King Alfonso of Spain

Princesses Christina and Beatrice of Spain at St. Cloud

Donna Antonietta De Martino
Wife of the Italian Ambassador to the United States

who knew them well, had come up smiling and friendly to welcome them. He had told them the news of the royal household on the way to the palace.

The door of the palace was opened by the king himself, followed by the young princes and princesses, with the queen just behind them. The children had embraced them; the dogs had jumped up and barked in friendly greeting, and the guests had been, in short, at once engulfed into the hospitable atmosphere of a family freed from all inquisitive eyes and ears. The king took the diplomat into his study for a cigar; the queen went up-stairs with his wife.

"Let's have our tea up here," her majesty suggested, and rang for the servant.

After the order had been given, the royal hostess, looking around the guest room as any hostess might, discovered that the open fire was too low for comfort, so she went over, knelt down in front of it, put on more wood, and discarding the bellows after a moment, she blew vigorously on the faint embers.

The rest of the visit was in keeping with this initial scene, but the two pictures most vividly impressed upon the American guest were the moment of their entrance when the entire royal household had assembled to greet them, and the memory of the queen kneeling in front of the fire blowing the flame into brightness.

Yet the multimillionaires had thought that with their frigid, impersonal, formal splendor they were doing things in a royal way!

"Of course I couldn't tell them," the diplomat's wife said. "And they probably wouldn't have believed me if I had. Few people are willing to believe that the great of the world are on the whole very simple."

She added that a question asked by a small cousin of hers had typified the point of view about royalty held by many people much older and more experienced.

"When you played tennis with the queen," the child had asked, "did she always wear her crown?"

Many experienced diplomats accredited to European courts feel that presenting their fellow countrymen to royalty is the most arduous of their social duties, because of the attitude of those who are presented.

"I dislike taking the casual visitor to court, because it's usually such a meaningless and perfunctory occasion," one of our representatives said the other evening at dinner. "In the first place the whole atmosphere is so formal and hedged about with rules of etiquette that the person who has begged to be presented acts when he gets there like a lamb being led to the slaughter. Why, I have often driven to the palace with a man who would talk delightfully all the way there, but the moment we would enter the royal palace he would seem to congeal. No matter how tactfully the king would try to make the occasion informal, the most self-assured of democrats would remain stiff and uninteresting."

"But that's nothing compared to the way their wives act!" an embassy *attaché* insisted. "The whole trouble is that outsiders never seem to think of kings and queens as human beings. They ask to go and see them just the way they want to see the inside of the cathedral or the statues in the museum. They make out a list of 'sights every tourist ought to see,' and going to court is just one of them."

"I marvel at the patience of royalty in consenting to receive so many strangers who are impelled chiefly by curiosity plus a desire to have the news of their audiences published in their home papers. These brief interviews, which sometimes consist of no more than an interchange of three sentences, can not possibly yield any real pleasure or profit to either side. But yearly the list of people desiring to be presented grows in length.

"It's not only true of Americans," said the wife of a foreign diplomat stationed in Washington. "When our people come over they long to be received by the president, and to say they have gone to the White House. It's a perfectly natural desire to see the great at first-hand. Moreover," she added shrewdly, "although the great might enjoy having these contacts more informal and human, the average visitor likes them to be just as imposing as possible."

She went on to say that before she had come to the United States, she had been told by many people—including some Americans—that she would find

irksome the large number of self-made men who had penetrated society.

"Quite the contrary has proved true," she declared. "If I can go out to dinner and sit next to a man who has started life as a coal miner or a street-car conductor and by his own efforts has made a great fortune, I can be sure of an interesting conversation. Provided," she amended quickly, "their wives are not near enough to scowl at them if they are natural and simple. Their wives are usually the ones who want to pretend they are aristocrats of the Old World type, and who employ genealogists to draw pretty family trees for them after the millions have been made."

"Yes," agreed her husband. "Do you remember the other day when we were lunching with that interesting man? My wife," he explained, "had just succeeded in getting him to tell us some very entertaining stories about the pioneer days and his work in the mines, when suddenly his wife gave him a most dreadful look, and he shut up, as one says, like a clam."

"Women are responsible for most pretentiousness," said the only man whose wife was not present. "Moreover, most women lack the true spirit of hospitality."

He went on to expand his theory. "What, for example, does the average woman think about when she's giving a party? Let's say she's decided to invite twelve people to dinner—informally, as she says. First of all, does she invite any of them because she

really wants them? Probably not. She'll say, 'We really must ask the Count and Countess of ———. We've dined there twice this winter since they've come here. I know they're bores, but we must do it. No, I won't ask Lady B—— again. She gave a large luncheon the other day, and although she was indebted to me, she didn't ask me.' And so it goes. Finally, however, they are all invited, in this perfunctory and inhospitable way. And what then is her concern? To see that the flowers are well arranged and there are several out-of-season delicacies on the menu, and that the drawing-rooms are dusted. Now none of these things have to do with true hospitality. They might be permissible if they were incidental, but treated seriously they destroy the real purpose of entertaining."

"What do you think—what do most men think—this purpose should be?"

"To produce a comfortable, relaxing atmosphere," he answered promptly. "Whether the tablecloth is of damask or lace or the terrapin is served before or after the roast is of no particular consequence. That's why the best housekeepers are often the worst hostesses. On the other hand, the casual informal housekeepers often give the most successful parties."

His dissertation provoked a spontaneous chorus of approval from the other men, and more reluctant assent from their wives. In the ensuing discussions, the two types of successful hosts were delineated.

As he said, nothing is more fatal to the pleasure of one's guests than too strict attention to the material details of entertainment. Good food correctly served may be a pleasant accompaniment of any dinner, but if instead of being an accompaniment it is intended to be its real purpose, the party is doomed to failure. This is the reason bachelors' parties are often so successful.

A man of my acquaintance, whose dinners are internationally famous, is always amused when he hears his women guests say, "Isn't it wonderful how well he entertains in spite of being a bachelor?"

Another man, who enjoys the informal companionship of congenial friends, usually entertains most successfully when his wife is on her annual trip to a certain European spa. His wife, who is an excellent housekeeper, but an inept hostess, was particularly astonished by one party which he gave recently during her absence. He had invited several very distinguished people, including a minor royalty and a famous officeholder, and several women whose names are synonymous with smart society.

"You had ten people for Sunday luncheon and used the kitchen china!" she questioned, aghast.

"Nobody knew the difference!" he declared. "I asked ——, the pianist, and he happened to feel like playing, so we had the piano moved into the dining-room. They came at half-past one and stayed until six o'clock."

Many women also are able to produce an atmos-

phere of informality and relaxation, but the first requisite disqualifies many others. It demands that the hostess herself be relaxed and at ease. If guests are late in arriving, or for some reason the butler does not announce dinner as soon as she thinks he should, or the cocktails are too warm and the soup too cold, she must appear to take no notice. If she apologizes or explains or even casts an anxious glance toward the servants, her self-consciousness is apt to spread to her guests and that awful chill descend upon those gathered together presumably for pleasant companionship. On the other hand, if the hosts, whether they are kings or queens or just Mr. and Mrs. Smith, seem to be enjoying themselves, almost any guest will fall in line.

In addition to using this method of creating a pleasant, unstrained atmosphere, there are hostesses who have become famous by initiating the convention and drawing out their guests by positive means.

To perfect this technique, however, requires such skill that it is fraught with dangers. Two women who have achieved distinction through this method, one in a European capital and the other in an American city, happen to be friends of mine.

One of these two had by chance been thrown for many years in the society of unusually prominent people. Due to her husband's achievements she had been hostess to countless men in public life—diplomats, artists, literary men, minor royalty, scientists. And she says that she gradually evolved a system by

which she would ask only one or two eminent persons at a time, and then fill in with a few good listeners. She tried never to have more than ten guests in all, so that there might be general conversation. Then after the first few minutes of preliminaries she would ask the guest, around whom the party centered, a carefully thought-out question designed to stimulate him to talk of his own accomplishments. Such was her skill that she never failed. Her parties became famous, for both the celebrities and the listeners came away feeling they had had an unusually delightful privilege.

After her husband's death, however, she ceased being in official life, and the character of her guests changed. She had less and less opportunity to entertain people of public importance. Nevertheless, she had grown so accustomed to this manner of being hostess that she kept it up even when the achievements of the people whom she tried to draw out were not of great consequence. Unless her guests were arrant egotists, they were embarrassed by her desire to make them monopolize the conversation; the other guests, moreover, had no interests in listening to the recital of mediocre accomplishments. Her parties, which had once been so brilliant, finally became tiresome, through exactly the same process. For she had forgotten that the *sine qua non* of this procedure was a guest of honor who could talk entertainingly on affairs of general interest.

The other hostess, to whose delightful house in

Europe throng people of various nationalities and diversified interests, accomplishes the more difficult feat of drawing out reserved and inexpressive guests rather than the professional conversationalist. This she does, not of course by direct questions, nor in fact by any apparent desire to make them talk, but by launching topics of interest, which are often in the form of hypothetical questions regarding human conduct. In this way even the guests who are usually shy sometimes become so excited by the ensuing controversy that they forget themselves entirely.

"My test of a successful party," she declares, "is that everybody will talk—all at one time, if possible, and say things they've never said before, and tell things they thought they'd never tell any one."

Her method depends largely upon her great skill and tact, but its success hinges somewhat upon her choice of guests. For although it is generally acknowledged that entertaining is an art, it is sometimes forgotten that there is also an art in being entertained. One guest who does not fit in has sometimes spoiled the pleasure of a dozen other congenial people. Sometimes the jarring note is struck through social inexperience. A newcomer who is out of touch with the interests of a group into which he or she is thrown will sometimes feel that he has nothing to contribute, not realizing that the first requisite to good conversation is an eager listener. Sometimes it happens that when the other guests are gay and amusing, one person—usually a woman—will re-

main austere and disapproving, chillingly aloof from the others. "But to me the most annoying of all guests is the aggressive egotist," declared an English hostess of much experience. "I mean the sort of person who insists upon monopolizing the conversation and resents my interruptions."

"Yes, yes, and the professional story teller," her husband agreed. "I must say the one thing I found fault with in your American hospitality—delightful as it was in every other respect—was the habit among your men of relating stories and anecdotes, many of which one had heard before. And then the other men were scarcely able to wait until the speaker had finished so that they could tell another story which would cap the first."

"That's not conversation," said the Englishwoman firmly, "and no one, I venture to say, enjoys it, except the speaker."

Once a guest has seized the reins of conversation and is galloping away with it, it requires great finesse on the part of the host to maneuver him into relinquishing it. Sometimes it can not be done, no matter what resourcefulness is brought to bear.

CHAPTER XX

THE SUCCESSFUL HOSTESS AND THE WELCOME GUEST

A WOMAN of my acquaintance, who has a minor official position in a European capital, is so much in demand as a dinner guest that many people have wondered as to the reason. Other women, not so sought after, are as attractive looking and as well dressed, and many others have higher titles and more sparkling conversation. Yet all manner of people invite her, weeks ahead, in order to insure her presence at parties, large or small. Not long ago we happened to be dining at the same embassy, and afterward our hostess, who takes entertaining quite seriously, explained her invaluable gifts.

"She is the most satisfactory guest I know," she declared, looking across the long drawing-room to the corner near the open fire where the object of our conversation was talking to the most difficult of the woman guests. "No matter where I put her, nor whom she sits next to, she always adapts herself. Every one likes to talk to her. I've heard her talk boat racing with a college boy as if she lived for nothing else, and then turn the next moment and discuss modern French poets with the man on the other side

with equal enthusiasm. She has a genius for knowing what people enjoy talking about."

The hostess sighed. "It seems obvious that guests should adapt themselves to their neighbors, I suppose; but how few of them do it! I had a dinner last week that I'm still furious about. I had asked only ten people and I had planned a nice, informal party. But at the last moment my husband asked me to include a man who was here on some important business matter. And, my dear, he insisted upon discussing politics with the woman next him, and he got really angry! The whole atmosphere was electric, and do what I could I could never entirely straighten it out. Every one felt uncomfortable."

In addition to the dull guests and the aggressive guests who mar the most carefully planned hospitality, there are also in every group, in all parts of the world, the guests who make a habit of being late. Their lateness, however, eventually becomes a source of pride to them, due to that curious twisted egoism which causes some women to boast that they can not add or multiply. Another phenomenon of habitual unpunctuality is that it is rarely indulged in by the guests of distinction.

At an official dinner of thirty people, for instance, twenty-eight will arrive within a few minutes of each other. Then, varying from twenty to forty-five minutes, the last, and very often the most obscure of the guests, will come in. Often they give no excuse; if they do, they show little originality, and

usually say their motor has broken down or that they misunderstood the hour.

When invitations are given by telephone, as they often are now even for quite large parties—although not, of course, official ones—there is always a chance of real misunderstanding. In England a note or sometimes a post-card is usually sent a day or two before the event, headed "To remind," with the hour and date clearly stated. To this is added the information so often desired as to whether the men shall wear formal evening dress or dinner jackets. Only they substitute the terser phrases, "white tie" or "black tie."

A good many hostesses who entertain frequently deliberately state a different hour to each group of guests. I remember a large party in Washington given by a highly successful hostess, who had set her dinner hour at half-past eight. After a good many experiences she had finally determined to try a new system. The invitations of the most unpunctual of her guests stated eight o'clock. Those who were always a few minutes behind time were told quarter-past eight, and only to those who were sure to be prompt was the real hour divulged. As a result of her plan, every one arrived at the same hour, and the dinner could be served promptly, for the first time, she declared, for several years.

It is not only that the actual dinner or luncheon may be marred by half an hour's delay, but that the period of waiting which the punctual guests are

forced to undergo is rarely more than a perfunctory and rather stilted interchange. The hosts can not help feeling annoyance and perhaps anxiety as to whether the missing guests have misunderstood the date or the hour; the guests regret their own efforts to be on time, and when the professional late-comers finally arrive, the atmosphere is sometimes overstrained. The only remedy, if the guests are known to make a habit of lateness, is either to follow the plan of the Washington hostess and tell them an earlier hour, or not to wait for them. If this latter method were carried out a few times, unpunctuality as a deliberate practise would wane. Guests of unusual attractiveness have sometimes been deliberately removed from the lists of strict hostesses who have been offended by their lateness.

"Never be late for luncheon and never be early for dinner," is a social maxim which suggests another habit sometimes distressing to the plans of the host.

"At every party we have ever given," Lord Curzon said one evening when we were discussing the technique of official entertaining, "some one has arrived at least half an hour before the time stated in the invitation. But after many years of experience I have learned to expect it, and so I am always prepared. In my London house I have a good many pictures of interest and various souvenirs which people enjoy seeing, so I usually show these things to the early guests and thus avoid the stilted conversation of most hosts whose eyes are inevitably fixed upon the door."

This reminded me of an amusing experience at our embassy in Rome, which occurred at our first large reception. As four or five hundred people were expected, it had been necessary to work out a system by which they would spread themselves comfortably through the several rooms and not remain crowded in the first reception room. We suggested to the members of the official staff, who were assisting us, that one good device to further this end would be to convey the idea to the guests who did not move on from the receiving line, that it might interest them to see the beautiful Greek marble head which was at the far end of the third room.

The plan seemed to work admirably. But when the reception was almost at an end and only a handful of people remained, we perceived a woman standing alone in the large drawing-room.

Thinking that she might just have arrived, I went over to her and asked if she would have tea.

"Oh, I've had my tea," she answered.

As she still stood there, I determined to try the scheme of moving her. "Wouldn't you like to see the lovely Greek head in the gallery?"

She looked at me and shook her head firmly. "No, thank you!" she said. "Seven different people have taken me in to see that Greek head!"

Another theory held by Lord Curzon, who was an excellent host and equally skilful as a guest, concerned the duty of people to talk to their dinner or luncheon partners, regardless of whether or not they

found them interesting. On this same occasion he looked across his table and viewed with disapproval a man and a woman seated next each other who were busily eating their excellent food and not speaking one word to each other. The man was an Oriental diplomat and the girl a delightful person, usually full of sparkling conversation.

"He ought to be talking to her even if he speaks Chinese and she answers in Bulgarian and neither can understand a word the other says!" declared the host.

This is the point of view held, I believe, more by the English and Americans than by any other people. Generally speaking, we maintain that people are asked to dine or lunch not so much to eat as in order to talk together.

A Frenchman said, apropos of this theory, "Certainly in England, where the food is so execrable, they must have lively conversation in order not to think of the food or wine. In France we like an opportunity to appreciate our cuisine. Yes, we enjoy talking together—there are no people who enjoy it more—but not necessarily at the moment we are savoring some famous dish or tasting some wine of rare vintage."

It is true that people who care for food as such pay much less attention to our conventional idea that if guests do not talk every moment during a meal they are failing in enjoyment. In fact, I know Continental hostesses who resent incessant chatter while

their chefs' efforts are ignored and the distinguished products of their wine cellars are gulped down between sentences as if they were commonplace.

The difficulties of eating and talking wisely at one and the same time are so obvious that some men in public life who attend dinners or luncheons of official or business importance, where their words will be sharply considered, make a practise of eating before they go. In this way they are able to center their entire attention upon the conversation.

The idea was carried to a picturesque extreme in Japan under the shogunate. Men invited to a dinner party—and of course only men were invited— always dined at home first. At the house of their host they sat and talked, with no mention of food, until such hour as it was considered proper to leave. At the door, as they donned their outer wraps, each guest was presented with a series of charming boxes, fastened together. In these boxes were rare and delicate dishes, prepared with a view to being consumed the next day at home by the guest and his wife and children!

In this way each dinner gave pleasure for two days, and the families of the guests bidden to dine must have rejoiced in the popularity of their male representatives. In fact this probably furnishes the only example in history of men's dinners of which their wives really approved.

Another Oriental custom based upon much the same theory, though differently applied, is that of

having professional entertainers—singers or dancers or players upon the samisen—perform while the meal is being served. In this way the guests are freed from the necessity of trying to talk and eat at the same time.

On the other hand, particularly among people who are normally restrained rather than voluble, it is helpful to have some mechanical process such as eating, which tends to make them less self-conscious. For this purpose the institution of tea is ideal. Except in England, where it is merely one of the four meals of a routine day, people are not usually seriously concerned with eating and drinking on this occasion, yet it furnishes a pleasant and often stimulating basis for fluid conversation.

"If I were running courts," a young embassy secretary said after a few experiences in attending receptions at one, "I'd have the queen pour tea with her own hands for each person she has to receive in private audience. Maybe my suggestion would be lèse majesty, but if it could be carried out it certainly would help to break the ice!"

He said that he spoke of this idea to the queen's son, when the latter was complaining of the difficulty royalty had when they wanted informal human contacts with the outside world.

"It began when I first went away to school," said the young prince. "Most of the boys of the sort I liked seemed to avoid me. One of the things they apparently resented was that no matter what I did

I was never punished. Finally the head master wrote my father and asked him what he should do with me. My father telegraphed back, 'Beat him whenever he needs it.' After that I was much more popular with the master and the boys too.

"Since I've left school," he went on, "I've felt most of the time as if a thousand pairs of eyes were upon me, no matter what I did. If I go to a ball and dance with any girl more than once, just because she's a good dancer or unusually pretty, all the gossips begin to say I'm going to marry her. If I don't dance with any one, they say I am spoiled. No matter what I do some one notices it and talks about it."

One of our diplomats accredited to a European court became very popular with the children of the royal household.

"What's the secret of their fondness for you?" some one asked him.

"I treat them just the way I treat ordinary children," he answered.

As a matter of fact he was also very much liked by the king and queen.

"Because he regards us as human beings and not as puppets," the queen said to some one. "If you only knew how refreshing that was!"

Apparently in some courts the rebellion felt by the younger members of the royal family dulls as they grow older, and as a result of being always on parade they acquire a formal and ceremonious manner which becomes second nature. They learn that

the average audience prefers elegance to simplicity, and this they furnish. Graciousness may be part of hauteur, and the two form the story-book conception of regal bearing.

Conversation of royalty must perforce become stilted, too, in the endless brief and meaningless contacts their position demands they shall have with the outside world.

Moreover, as they have learned, the merest word they utter is apt to be quoted and misquoted, so it is not strange that unless they are talking to tested friends they keep firmly to the weather and other topics of safe banality.

Who has not known the person who rushes excitedly away from a brief interview with royalty, eager to repeat to any one who will listen every word uttered?

They begin in a lowered voice, "The king said to me in confidence, 'I think we'll have an early spring.'"

An amusing story about current royalty concerns a young princess who was lunching with the queen of another country. There had been, of course, other formal occasions on which they had met, but on this particular one her majesty had asked the girl to lunch *en famille.*

The dining-room in the palace was large. The table seemed vast and the spaces between the four or five people were wide. Many servants in livery were in constant attention. The princess was shy.

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Lady Isabella Howard

© Harris & Ewing

Mrs. F. B. Kellogg

During the first course they talked of the weather. During the entrée they spoke of the picture galleries and other places of decorous amusement. Then conversation began to lag.

The queen said lightly, "And how is your mother now?"

As she had asked the princess this question on each of the other occasions they had been together, there was no novelty in the answer that her mother was well.

Nevertheless, the royal hostess went automatically through the family list, and the guest answered again concerning the health and activities of each one.

Suddenly the princess had an idea. She remembered a letter she had received that day from her grandmother, a charming, vigorous person who had sent messages to the queen.

"My grandmother ——" she began, but the queen interrupted her.

"Ah, yes, your poor grandmother. Let me see . . . just how long is it since the dear old lady died?"

The princess declared afterward that this inexcusable blunder on the part of the queen had been the only bright spot in the long-drawn-out luncheon.

Her grandmother, to whom of course she gleefully repeated the incident, was greatly incensed—not, she declared, simply because her existence had so plainly ceased to matter to the queen, but because it proved that the royal hostess had taken no real

interest in her guest. Her hospitality had been mechanical and not personal.

This is the keynote of the failure of many entertainments which have settings of great brilliance, but which nevertheless give little real pleasure to any one. Wealth alone may produce great banks of hothouse flowers, orchestras hired at fabulous prices, gold plate used as covers for a hundred dinner guests, and almost as many servants in livery who serve in bewildering succession rare foods and wines. Yet the guests often go away scarcely remembering the faces of their hosts, discussing chiefly the amount of champagne consumed and the probable cost of the magnificent decorations. The newspapers announce the next day that the hosts have again dispensed their princely hospitality.

But so impersonal and hotel-like may this sort of entertaining become that I know people of more than ordinarily good manners who do not even attempt to say good night to their hosts after such occasions.

"They probably don't even remember whether I've come or not!" a woman said one night as we were putting on our wraps in the luxurious dressing-room of a large house where we had dined. "I've heard that our hostess has alphabetical lists, and that when she wants to have a big dinner she simply tells her social secretary how many guests are needed, and invitations are sent to every fifth person on the list. Then the next time the alternate names are used. And for my part," she added, "I don't yet know whether our host was at the table or not! He cer-

tainly wasn't in the drawing-room when I came in, and as I sat in the middle of the table, I couldn't possibly see over the flowers and things to the end where I supposed he was. I asked several other people, and nobody seemed to know or to care. Nobody seemed to connect him with the party at all."

Really successful hospitality is always connected with the personality of its donors, and curiously enough, this is usually best accomplished when the hosts themselves are concerned with the desires and tastes of the guests.

Of a pleasantly wide range of hospitality which I happen to have enjoyed, one of the most vivid memories is of a luncheon in Tokio given us by a charming old Japanese baron.

A few days before the date fixed in his invitation, his son-in-law asked my husband to lunch with him. Their conversation covered a wide range of subjects and contained, among other things, the casual question as to which things in Japan interested us most. My husband answered that I had wanted to see the tea ceremony performed, not as it was done for the tourist, but as a part of the daily customs of the country. He spoke, too, as he recalled later, of our enjoyment of the various stringed instruments.

When we arrived at the beautiful grounds of our host on the outskirts of the city, we were welcomed most cordially, and I was escorted by the daughter of the house, whose English was excellent, to a delightful room, Europeanized for the comfort of foreign guests, with hairpins and powder displayed on

the dressing-table. We were then taken out into the gardens to a tea-house where the other daughters in the most exquisite of Japanese kimonos gave us tea. That is, with the fewest possible movements of their long slim fingers, they prepared our tea and served us with delightful grace. It was a stately ceremony, and it is said that its strict rules were prescribed centuries ago, but nevertheless their execution of it made it in this particular case a warmly personal interchange.

When we went back to the house for luncheon we all sat down on chairs which we termed comfortable, even though this radical change from habitual sitting on mats on the floor may have seemed anything but comfortable to our hosts. The food, too, consisted of Europeanized dishes, for foreigners rarely enjoy Japanese food.

After we had talked and eaten for some time, and luncheon was drawing to a close, two servants went quietly over to a screen of matting which separated this room from the next. This they rolled noiselessly away and revealed on a low platform the most famous performers in all Tokio—one a blind singer and the other a player upon a stringed instrument.

The wistful, beautiful music they produced still lingers after eight years, but the face of our host, when he realized our enjoyment, is even more vivid. Of the three arts, the art of hospitality which he has perfected is perhaps destined to give the greatest pleasure.

CHAPTER XXI

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING HUMAN

The social side of diplomacy, in the sense of conventional prescribed entertaining, is of little consequence compared with the social affiliations of broader aspect through which are knit relationships of mutual liking and personal confidence.

People who live always in an official world grow accustomed to dignified and formal exteriors, and, without minimizing their value as a background, desire something more personal than mere protocol and knowledge of correct precedence at dinner.

A shrewd commentator on various men in public affairs once said to me, "The reason X—— is not a success in the business of diplomacy is because he has trained himself to talk delightfully to strangers and to be at ease with a houseful of guests—but put him with less than twenty people and he's lost. He's acquired such a thick coat of formality and impersonal conversation that he can't put it aside. He talks to one man as if he were addressing a roomful. It's all right to be correct, but it's more important to be human!"

A story I heard when we first went to Rome, and

every one showered stories about our predecessors upon us, illustrates this point amusingly.

A former American Ambassador to Italy did not appear at a large official dinner for which he and his wife had sent out invitations weeks in advance. The guests were indignant, for it was well known that he was hunting not far from Rome, and his absence seemed a deliberate affront to the distinguished people to whom he should have been host.

However, he returned home two days later full of enthusiasm about his successful hunt, and went personally to each of his thirty guests, telling them with frankness how carried away he had been with his sport, and asking their individual pardon.

"And did you pardon him?" I asked the delightful old lady who told me the story and who had observed with critical eyes a long procession of ambassadors come and go.

"Pardon him?" she repeated. "Of course we pardoned him—and a curious thing happened. Up to that time we had not been sure whether or not we liked him. But he was so human and so charming in his confession that we not only pardoned him but after that we loved him!"

Upon our return to Washington, almost five years since I had begun to weigh the value of the social side of diplomacy, I happened at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Schlesinger to sit next to Riaño, the Spanish Ambassador, distinguished dean of the diplomatic corps.

"For forty years I have followed the profession of diplomacy," he said. "And for twenty-five I have lived in the United States. This I know—in America, more than any country of the world, the importance of friendship in diplomatic life can not be overestimated."

He went on to explain that because of mere geographical distance, in addition to other difficulties in the way of complete understanding between our country and those of Europe, it was essential that the diplomatic representatives sent to us, as well as those we send abroad, should have as their primary qualification, the ability to create this friendship.

"For that is a relationship which can be built up only by individuals. Documents bearing impressive signatures and large red seals have often, as history shows, failed to create it. I'm not sure," he added, "that any treaties have actually been signed over the cigars and coffee shared by the friendly representatives of two countries, but sometimes the mutual trust and belief in each other's word which has thus been established has made treaties unnecessary!"

Any diplomat of experience can relate endless examples of the importance of this interweaving between nations. They will tell you, too, that to produce an enduring fabric of friendship requires not only long and patient labor between the representatives of foreign peoples, but above all a sympathetic, understanding point of view. This true appreciation can be gained only through personal contacts.

For example, our present Secretary of State, Mr. Kellogg, undoubtedly has a much keener insight into international affairs because during his ambassadorship at the Court of St. James, he played golf with various representatives of foreign countries. And the delightful hospitality which he and his gracious wife dispensed at Crew House in London must have had its share in interpreting the United States to foreigners.

When it was announced that the British Government was sending Sir Esme Howard as ambassador to our country, a former colleague of his at Madrid declared it a most happy choice.

"Because," he said, "he and Lady Isabella, his wife, possess that thing which is so needed in diplomatic life—the art of making friends."

This is the outstanding quality through which Colonel House has been able to render such great service to our country. Due to a rare selflessness combined with disinclination for public life he has always refused to accept official position; nevertheless he has had at times much more influence in international affairs than many duly accredited officials who have not shared his gift for gaining the confidence and personal liking of the men by whom these affairs were conducted.

Our ambassador in Paris, Mr. Myron T. Herrick, is another example of the potency of personal charm in building up relationships between countries, as well as the one which is often more difficult, of averting lasting misunderstandings.

Another of our diplomats whose social skill has added to his distinguished record in representing our country abroad, is former Ambassador Henry White, who now lives in Washington. He and Mrs. White form a magnetic center for their friends from diverse parts of the world and although he is no longer official, he continues to contribute to that necessary understanding and appreciation between peoples.

Indeed the social side of diplomatic life proves of such enduring importance, that the very furniture and *objets d'art* with which its actors surround themselves sometimes express more accurately than official histories, the inner stories of war and peace.

This is suggested most colorfully in the auction sale of household goods which is sometimes held by a man who has served long in the career and at last retires to private life. Spread out for the eyes of the curious are the rich brocades he has collected years and years before, at his very first post, in the Far East. Those porcelain figures, it is said, were presented to him, when he was only an under secretary, by the Empress Dowager of China. On that faded yellow sofa a lovely princess once sat and said it must be he who would break the news to his *attaché* that they could never meet again. Out of those crystal goblets kings and queens have drunk; those tapestries now adorning the lofty cobwebbed halls of the auction rooms have dignified one embassy after another where gay and stately guests have come and gone. Standing on this very Persian carpet a grand duke

had thrown his white glove into the face of an officer who had danced too often with his young wife; from these gold plates the great of the world have dined.

The printed catalogue tells you nothing of all this. The gold is weighed in at so much an ounce, the set of crystal goblets is not even complete. The number of knots to the square inch of the Persian carpet is stated succinctly. The yellow brocade, on which fell the tear of the princess, is merely described as faded and stained.

But to-day in a remote island of the Pacific, some child may be playing peacefully in his father's garden instead of being under guard of an alien army, because long ago two cups of tea were drunk one afternoon upon this table of polished teakwood, listed now in the catalogue as Number One Hundred and Thirty-Two.

THE END